

LIFE

A KING'S STORY: PART II

AN IMPERIAL JUBILEE

THE PRINCE MEETS MRS. SIMPSON

THE DEATH OF GEORGE V



NEW YORK'S FIRST LADY
ENTERTAINS U.S. MAYORS

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for whitcomb

Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

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Spring brides will thank you—warm-heartedly—for any of the five loved patterns in Community—thank you for Community's wear-famous solid silver "Overlay." You'll be thankful for the budget-thoughtful price of all Community* patterns (your jeweler has dinner services for eight as low as \$49.75). No federal tax.

PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE

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Best tire value starts INSIDE...with B.F. Goodrich

"RYTHM RIDE" GIVES YOU MORE SAFETY, COMFORT, MILES

FRED WARING

Musical star of stage, radio and television says:

"LOOK INSIDE FOR INSIDE PROOF"

"Rythm makes the difference in music," says Fred Waring. "But I never knew it made the difference in tires too—until I saw inside proof in a BFG Silvertown."

You can see it too—how B. F. Goodrich tire cords are precision spaced in live rubber, with *no cross threads!* Free to work together in rythm to give you the best tire value—"Rythm Ride!"

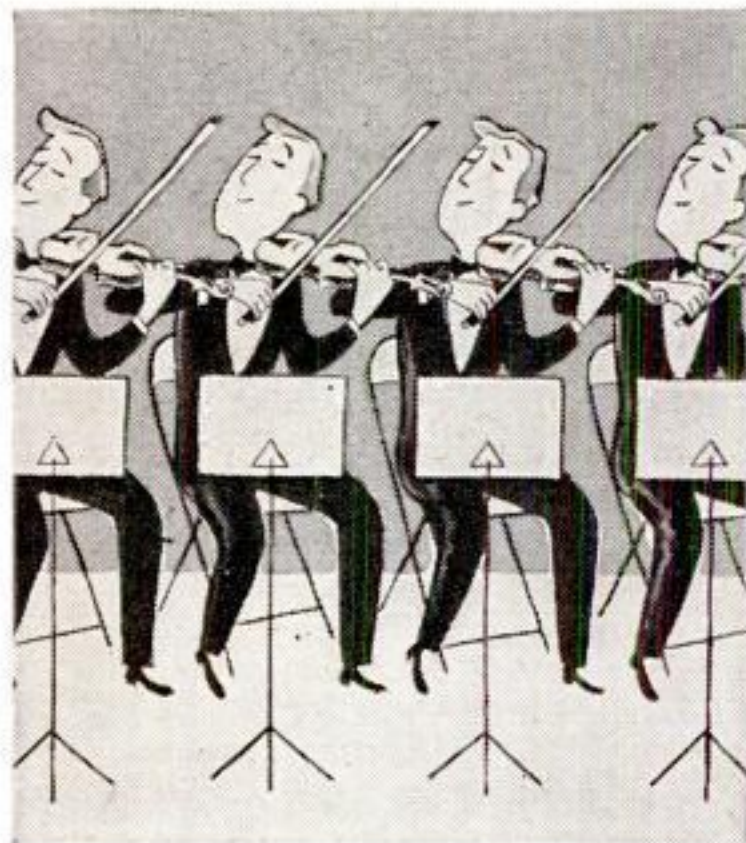
Yet "Rythm Ride" tires cost no more. See your B. F. Goodrich dealer now. He'll be glad to arrange convenient terms, plus a generous trade-in allowance.



IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH MUSICIANS ARE BEST, YOU CAN TELL WHICH TIRE IS BEST:



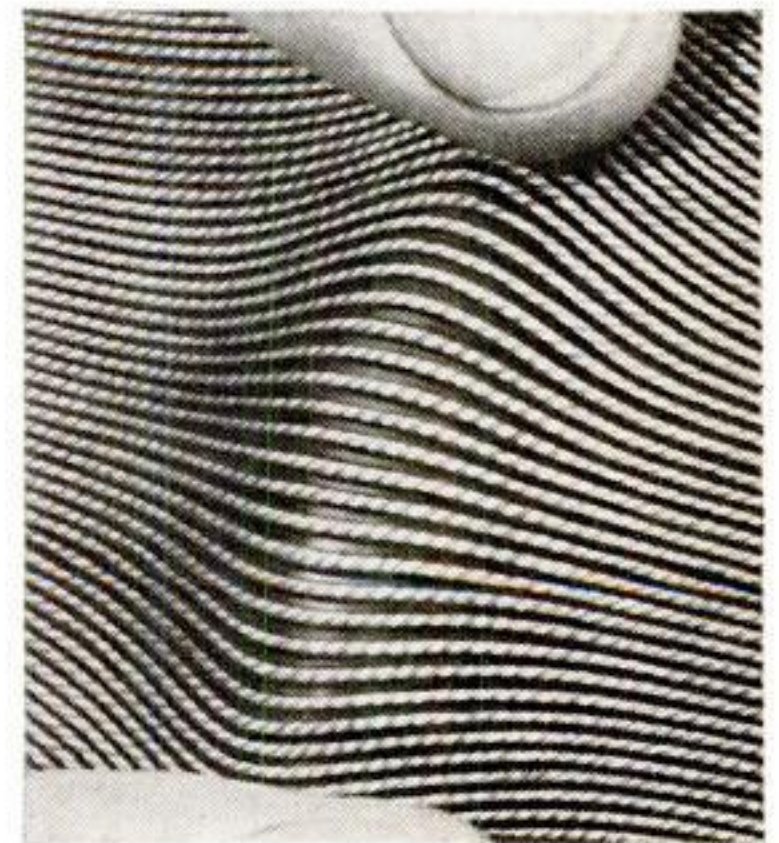
1 In every tire thousands of cords flex as you ride. But in most tires, non-working cross-threads hamper the cord action. Cords are as *out of rythm* as the young musicians above.



2 In a B. F. Goodrich tire there are *no cross-threads*. Cords are free to work in *rythm* like the violinists above—free to pass impact from one to another, smother road shock, reduce wear, cushion bumps.



3 Most tire cords bunch and gap because of shackling cross-threads. Result: weak spots, "slacker cords", overworked cords. But BFG cords are sealed in rubber with uniform spacing and tension.

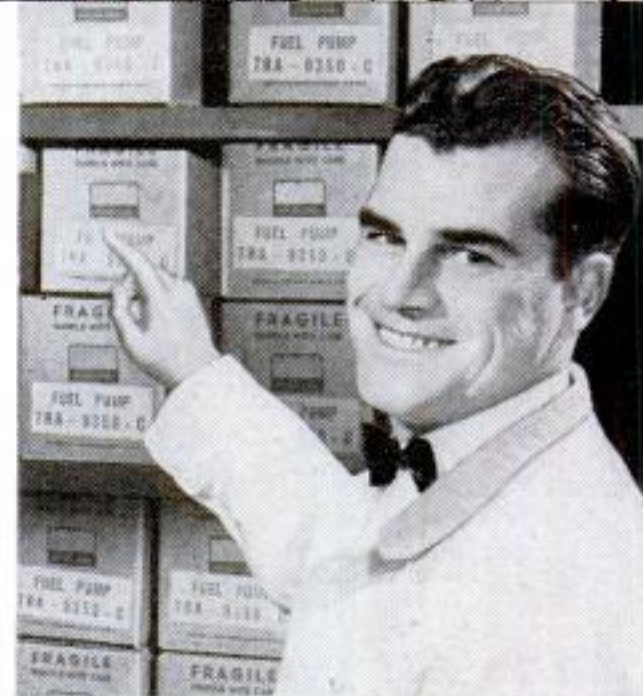


4 Only B. F. Goodrich has the equipment and skills to give you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every purpose. Buy today. See your BFG dealer. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

"Mister, You're a Genius!"



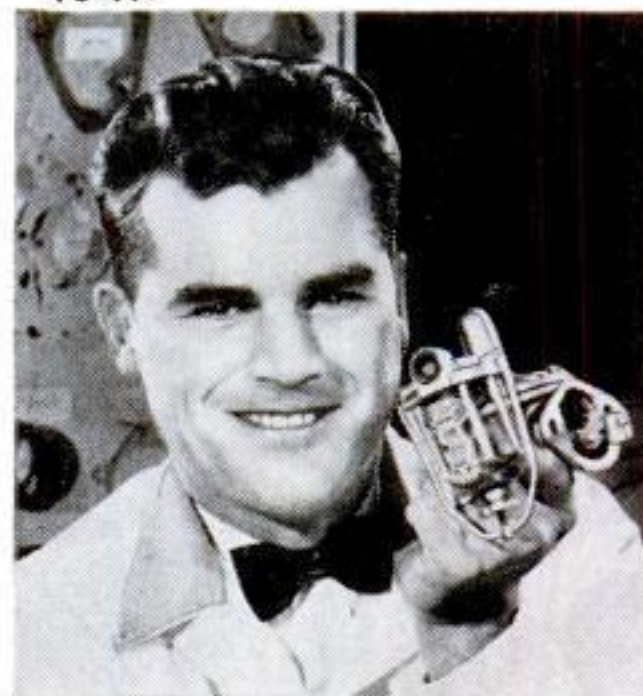
"A MATTER OF MINUTES AND YOU'VE GOT HER RUNNING LIKE NEW!" I TOLD THE MECHANIC.




"THAT'S EASY," HE REPLIED. "WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT PARTS, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT."




"RIGHT PARTS?" SAID I. "YES, GENUINE FORD PARTS," HE CONTINUED. "THEY'RE MADE RIGHT TO FIT RIGHT TO LAST LONGER."




"AND, BECAUSE THEY'RE DESIGNED BY THE MEN WHO DESIGNED YOUR FORD, THEY SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY."



GENUINE Ford PARTS



"THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SMART TO LOOK FOR THIS SIGN (AT FORD DEALERS AND SELECTED INDEPENDENT GARAGES). AND ALWAYS SPECIFY GENUINE FORD PARTS."



KEEP YOUR FORD ALL FORD!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ARTIFICIAL HEART

Sirs:

You name the manufacturers of the artificial heart, as well as Dr. John Gibbon Jr. who invented it ("Artificial Heart," LIFE, May 8). But, invading the normal tenor of the dogs' lives, laying their hearts bare, you do not even give them names. To you they are numbers—"30 min," "33 min" and "32 min."

CATHERINE S. GOODNOW
Greenbush, Mass.



● "30," "33" and "32" are respectively Pinocchio, Charley and Wigwag. When Wigwag's picture appeared in LIFE a Washington doctor thought he recognized him as a lost pet. Wigwag now lives with the doctor.—ED.

SAN ANTONIO FIESTA

Sirs:

As an avid LIFE reader for many years, I believed your features were always complete. With "Life Goes to a San Antonio Fiesta" (LIFE, May 8) you have ruined this illusion.

You ignored: the pilgrimage to the Alamo, coronation of the king, King's Ball, king's visit to orphanages and hospitals, military review, queen's coronation, street dance, illuminated parade, the Battle of Flowers Parade and many other interesting events.

For your zeal in giving a misleading picture of our fiesta, I join many others in awarding you a Bonehead (the complete opposite of an Oscar).

J. W. BERETTA
President

First National Bank
San Antonio, Texas

Sirs:

We love LIFE! Unfortunately, though, you didn't go to the fiesta as evinced by pictures used. You went to incidental spots and didn't see the real fiesta. It was wonderful! Too bad you missed it. . . .

JACK N. PITLUK

San Antonio, Texas

● LIFE's photographer, with assistance of local cameramen, covered 40 events and submitted 1,100 prints. Naturally there was not enough space to show all events. LIFE's editors, as they always do, selected the pictures they thought best portrayed the spirit of the fiesta.—ED.

Sirs:

You say, "Even San Antonio's Mexican population, for whose ancestors San Jacinto was a humiliating defeat, joined in the partying." Would LIFE find it less remarkable if all Americans of Mexican descent retired to the outskirts of town and sulked under a cactus during fiesta week? . . .

RICHARD SANCHEZ

San Antonio, Texas

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

AMAZING THING

By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW TING CREAM FOR

FOOT ITCH

—REGULAR USE
HELPS RELIEVE
ITCHING—
SOOTHES
BURNING

BETWEEN CRACKED
PEELING TOES—
AIDS HEALING
AMAZINGLY!



DURING WAR USED
IN HOSPITALS
NOW RELEASED
TO DRUGGISTS
GUARANTEED
TING MUST SATISFY YOU
A WEEK—OR MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS TING
CREAM PROVED
EFFECTIVE IN KILLING
SPECIFIC TYPES OF
ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI
ON
60 SECOND CONTACT!


EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS
HAVE FAILED TRY
AMAZING TING
CREAM TODAY!

GREASELESS, STAINLESS
ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY 60¢ A TUBE.

TUMS

Beat BAKING SODA for Acid Indigestion

Tums neutralize almost twice as much excess stomach acid as the same amount of baking soda. Very important, Tums can't cause acid rebound. That's why Tums give you fast—longer lasting relief. You can eat your favorite foods without suffering from heartburn, gas due to acid indigestion. Get Tums from your drug-gist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.



TUMS
EAT LIKE CANDY
STOMACH DISTRESS

for the tummy

Try a 25¢ Box

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?

Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT



...the six beautiful pieces above are Sterling Inlaid silverplate.

...they cost only \$7.16.

...52 pieces, enough to serve a four-course dinner to 8 people, cost \$68.50.

Yes, you *can* have a beautifully set table for far less than the cost of Sterling silver! Can this be the reason why so many women would rather have Holmes & Edwards Silverplate? Surely, the money saving is an inducement, especially to young couples just starting out. But it is not the only reason for influencing their choice of Holmes & Edwards.

Price is a factor, but what about pattern beauty?

Usually, the first thing a woman looks for in silverware is pattern beauty. Holmes & Edwards gives her four designs to select from, each a pre-tested design with wide acceptance. When you hold them in your hand note the rich beauty and magnificent detail of each design. Your "expert" eye detects superb die work and fine finishing... tell-tale marks of good craftsmanship.

Thus quality and beauty of design are added reasons for choosing Holmes & Edwards Silverplate.

Will Holmes & Edwards remain beautiful?

Frankly, ordinary silverplate may show signs of wear after years of service, but Holmes &

Edwards is by no means ordinary silverplate. Holmes & Edwards is *Sterling Inlaid* silverplate!

An exclusive Holmes & Edwards feature 

It is no longer necessary to spend a large sum for Sterling to have a beautiful silver service, because Holmes & Edwards Silverplate is Sterling Inlaid. The backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks are *inlaid* with two blocks of Sterling. In this way, the beauty of Holmes & Edwards patterns is protected for years and years to come.

Is all silverplate alike?

Definitely no! Sterling is Sterling, but in silverplate there are many kinds. First there is ordi-

nary silverplate with little or no wear protection. Then there are various kinds such as extra plate, reinforced, overlaid, etc. But only Holmes & Edwards Silverplate is Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling. Any dealer will gladly demonstrate this feature for you.

Can I add to my set later on?

Yes! All Holmes & Edwards patterns are carried in open stock, so you can add pieces in your pattern as you need them. You can buy a single piece at a time, a place setting for \$7.16 or a service for eight including chest for \$49.95 and \$68.50. You can also buy many serving and fancy pieces, such as oyster forks, iced tea spoons, pie server, gravy ladle, etc.

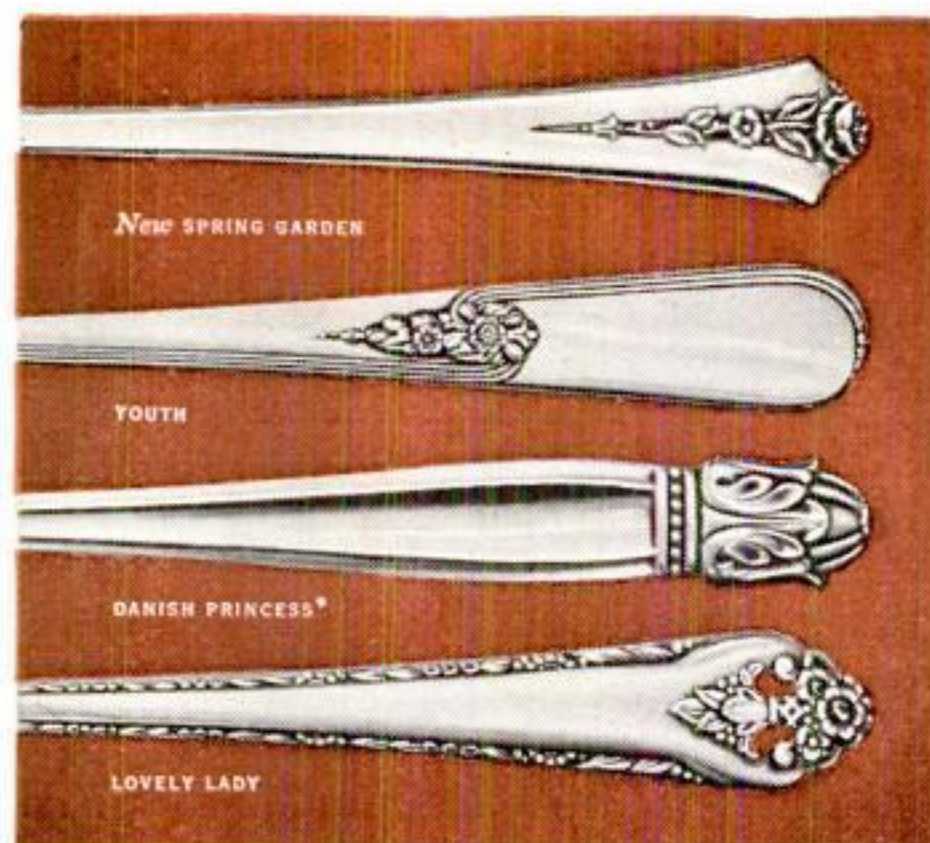
For as little as \$1.00 down

Most silverware dealers have budget plans, in many instances, for as little as \$1.00 down. (No excise tax.)

And if you will phone your dealer, he will be glad to arrange a showing of Holmes & Edwards patterns right in your own home (with no obligation to buy, of course).

In choosing Holmes & Edwards, you not only get the best value for your money, but the very finest of all silverplate. You will always be proud of your Holmes & Edwards pattern.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE®
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This One



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by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Do you mean they call that wet ditch in Texas the San Antonio river? In Pennsylvania it would be a "run" or at most a "brook" and would not be big enough to have a name.

L. K. FRANK

Grove City, Pa.

PARIS MANNEQUIN

Sirs:

In your article on Christiane Richard ("Paris Mannequin," LIFE, May 8) you bestowed upon me two more babies than I deserve. It said I have four babies. In fact I have had but two. It is perhaps a matter of statistics. I would dearly love to have four babies. But LIFE is in too much of a hurry.

TANIA

Chez Dior
Paris, France



TANIA CHEZ DIOR

Sirs:

Possibly you have confused me and Tania Chez Dior, or is it coincidence that I too am a model and the mother of four, ages 11, 9, 7, 5?

TANYA

Chez Heim, Paris
New York, N.Y.



TANIA CHEZ HEIM

ITALIAN GARDENS

Sirs:

In the "Italian Gardens" article (LIFE, May 8) you say Cardinal Ippolito was the son of Lucrezia Borgia. I believe he was her brother-in-law.

DONALD HABERMAN

Wood-Ridge, N.J.

● Lucrezia Borgia had two relatives named Ippolito—both cardinals. One was the brother of her fourth



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LAND OF ROMANCE

Grand old Virginia is a complete package of vacation enjoyment. Sports, famous resorts, colorful traditional events, scenery unsurpassed and many lovely, historical shrines—all assembled for you in Virginia—linked together by modern highways and excellent rail, bus and air facilities. To do the things you've wanted to do, and see the things you've wanted to see, come to Virginia—America's Most Versatile Vacation Land.

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WANNA BE KISSED?



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Old Style
Sauce
A dressing men like!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Diana Lynn co-starring in
"Paid in Full" a Paramount Picture



"Diana Lynn's
hands
get La Cross care"

says FRANCES JACOT
Studio Manicurist
Paramount Pictures, Inc.



"While it takes only three basic implements to give a manicure," says Miss Jacot, "it takes implements of La Cross precision quality to give a perfect manicure." That's why so many professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure implements. And that's why celebrities like Diana Lynn, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross implements for home manicures, too!

La Cross Professional Triple-Cut File with Cleaner Point... finishes as it files... 40¢
Others from 15¢

La Cross Tweezer... swiftly whisks eyebrows to loveliness... 50¢

La Cross Cuticle Scissors... designed for delicate, accurate cutting... \$2.50

La Cross

America's Finest Manicure Implements Since 1903

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

husband, the other was a son by her fourth husband. It was the son who built Villa d'Este.—ED.

Sirs:

I was wondering what ever became of William Powell. Now I know! He's a fountain at Villa d'Este.

HARRY LEVY

Birmingham, Ala.



FOUNTAIN

POWELL

SEA OF MUD

Sirs:

No wonder Ed Whitfield slithered past pursuers for two hours ("Sea of Mud," LIFE, May 8). He happens to be a good football player. While at Camp Lee, Va. in 1945 he played with Levi Jackson and other football stars.

ED WATKINS

Muskegon Heights, Mich.

● Whitfield was also a junior varsity halfback at U.S.C. In 1943 he was called "unsung hero of the team" by the school newspaper.—ED.

DOUKHOBORS

Sirs:

I hope the Doukhobors won't be confused with U.S. nudists ("Naked Doukhobors Go on Rampage," LIFE,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Lewyt's smooth metal Dust-Bowl empties clean in seconds!

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You can even clean the nursery without waking the baby!



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Exclusive Lewyt "Videopak" prevents distortion of radio & television reception!



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PRESERVES YOUR RUGS!

No. 80 Carpet Nozzle gets more dirt, lint, hairs, with less rug wear! Magic "Energizer" maintains peak suction!



SPECIAL DUSTING BRUSH!

Whisks away dirt from venetian blinds, lamps, furniture, shelves—does all dusting. Even cleans ash trays!



10 HANDY ATTACHMENTS!

Light, easy to use and store! Lewyt comes complete with everything you need for every cleaning job—no extras to buy!

LEWYT COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY CLEANERS

Ask your Lewyt Dealer for free Home Demonstration! See your Classified Telephone Directory.

Larger model now available for Hospitals, Hotels, Clubs, Theatres, Offices, Institutions. Write for details!

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PICTURE BOOKLET ON MODERN HOME CLEANING

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Without obligation, rush me FREE copy of Lewyt's Picture Booklet on Modern Home Cleaning!

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SILVERSMITHS—ESTABLISHED 1824

FRANCIS FIRST

MARLBOROUGH

6-pc. place setting approximately \$24.50 to \$33, including tax, at leading stores.

Helpful Hostess Hints: For fascinating booklet, "How To Be A Successful Hostess," send 10c to Box 990 LF, Taunton, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

May 8). As a member of the American Sunbathing Association I know you don't see real nudists looking so glum. They love a happy, clean life and never burn anything but their skins.

DON SHELTON

Topeka, Kan.

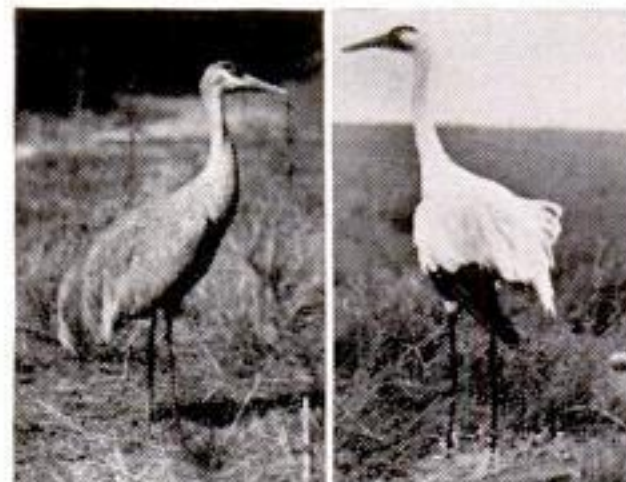
WHOOING CRANE

Sirs:

You say there are only 37 whooping cranes in existence ("Whooping Crane No. 38?" LIFE, May 8). My father-in-law in Florida says he has seen 100 of them at a time.

VIRGINIA DOUGLAS

Eustis, Fla.



SANDHILL

WHOOING

● Chances are they are Florida sandhill cranes, commonly miscalled whooping cranes by Floridians in spite of smaller size, darker color and a whoopless cry.—ED.

TRICYCLE

Sirs:

In Letters to the Editors (LIFE, May 1) you show a tricycle from a rummage sale as a humorous gimcrack. This conveyance is needed for exercise by young victims of cerebral palsy.

Old tricycles of this kind should be made known to a cerebral palsy center.

IRENE DECKER SIEGEL

Chicago, Ill.

CORRECTION

Sirs:

In connection with an article on Bikini bathing suits ("The Trouble with the Bikini," LIFE, Sept. 12, 1949) you published a picture of my 15-year-old daughter Billie June (whose professional name as a model and actress is June McCall) with a caption stating: "Abdominal scars are revealed. This has caused many women, whose surgeons have left their stomachs looking like old golf balls, to shun the suits." My daughter has no abdominal scars, and I cannot understand how any appeared in the picture.

WILLIAM A. PALINKAS

Burbank, Calif.

● LIFE's apologies. The apparent scar was caused by creases on the negative.—ED.

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Be good to you

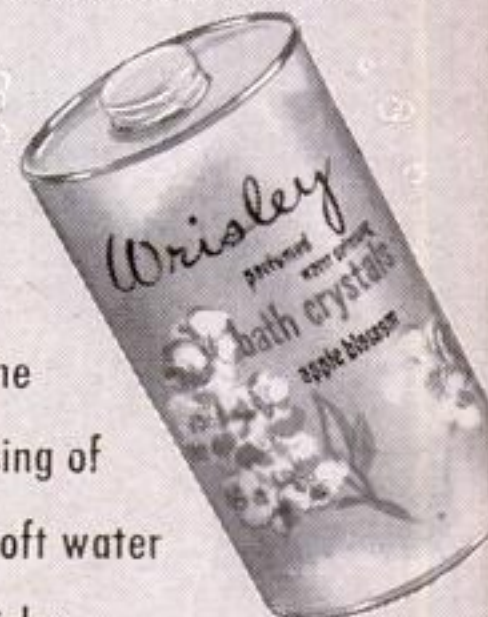


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...with Wrisley

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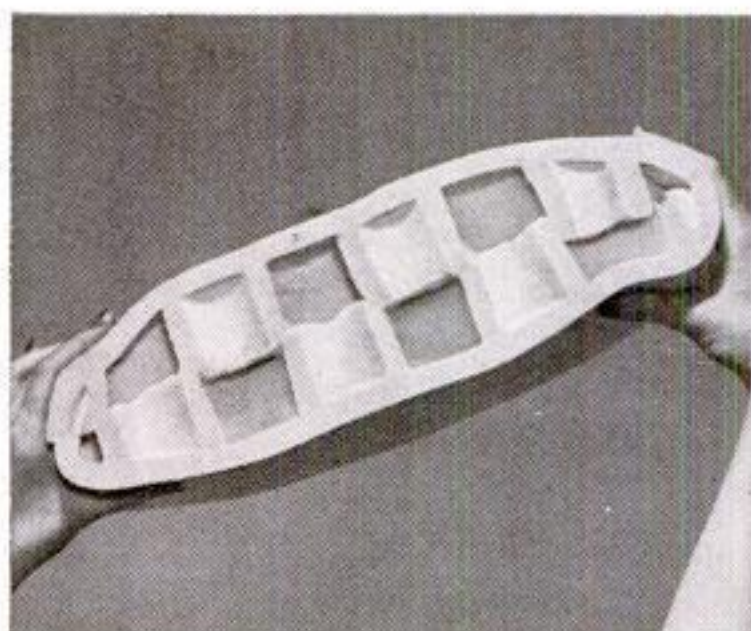
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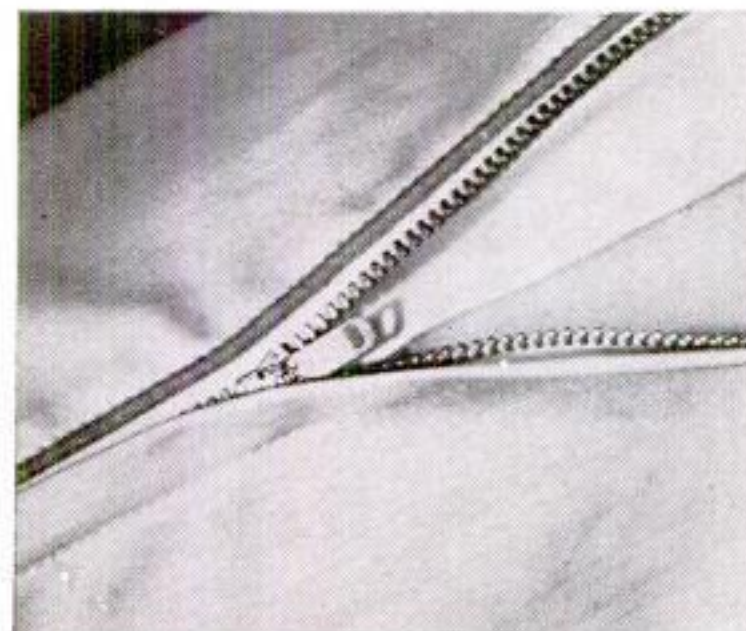
See for yourself why no other pillow—foam or feather—
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1. Only PLAYTEX Pillows give you *Superfoam*, highest quality foam! *Completely different* from other pillows, PLAYTEX assures restful sleep—never sags or lumps!



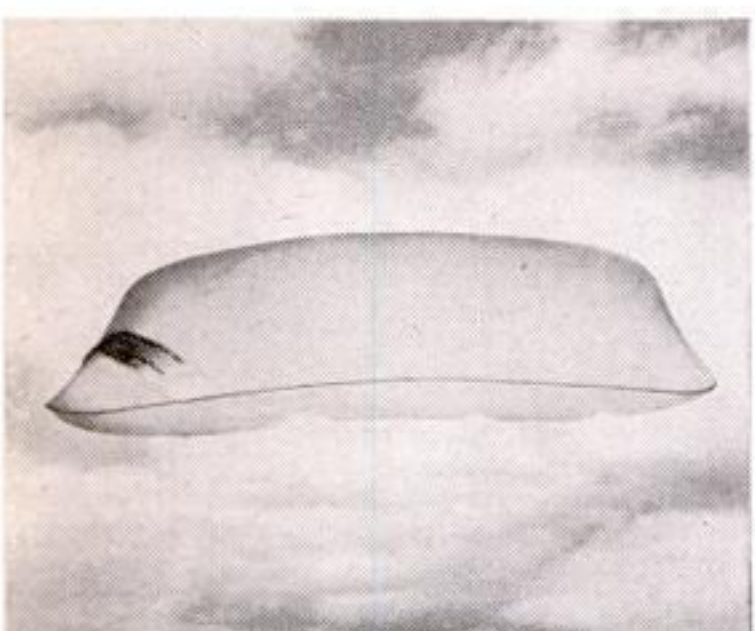
2. Only PLAYTEX Pillows feature patented "staggered core" construction for greatest comfort. Your pillow is fresh, cool—has millions of air cells that "breathe"!



3. Only PLAYTEX Pillows are cased in finest cotton or rayon-satin covers! Hidden zipper has inner flap, prevents pillow wear and tear—a PLAYTEX exclusive!



4. Only PLAYTEX Pillows always look freshly plumped! Twist it, crumple it—your PLAYTEX Pillow won't lose its shape or "break down" the way inferior pillows do.



5. Only PLAYTEX Pillows are lighter, more buoyant than you ever thought a pillow could be! Lulls even the lightest sleeper into deep, restful sleep!



6. Only PLAYTEX Pillows give you a choice of thicknesses! Regular Height and Extra-Plump if you prefer a "higher" pillow! Each offers you relaxing sleep!



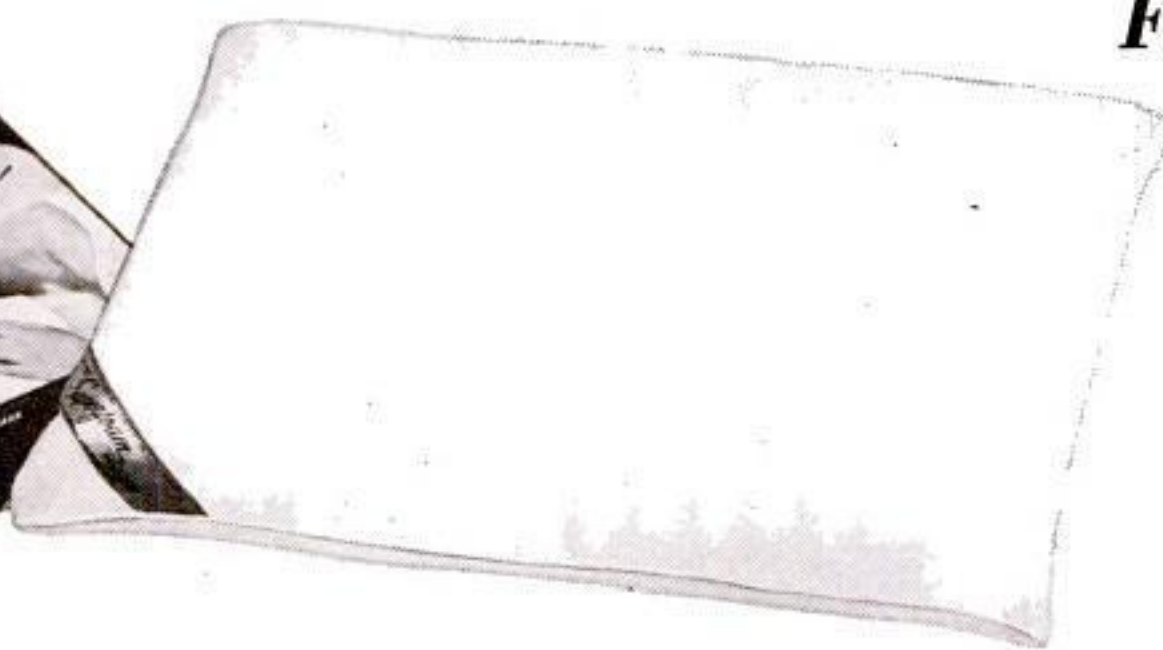
7. Only PLAYTEX Pillows have *Superfoam*, 100% allergy-free, dust-free, mildew-proof! No feather dust and irritations to make you sneeze, cough, choke at night!



8. Only PLAYTEX gives you *Superfoam** quality—never "seconds" or "irregulars." And the difference between PLAYTEX and so-called "bargains" is less than 10¢ a year!



Beautifully gift-packaged. At department stores, furniture stores and sleep shops, everywhere.



*For every occasion . . .
no gift compares with
the gift of sleep!*

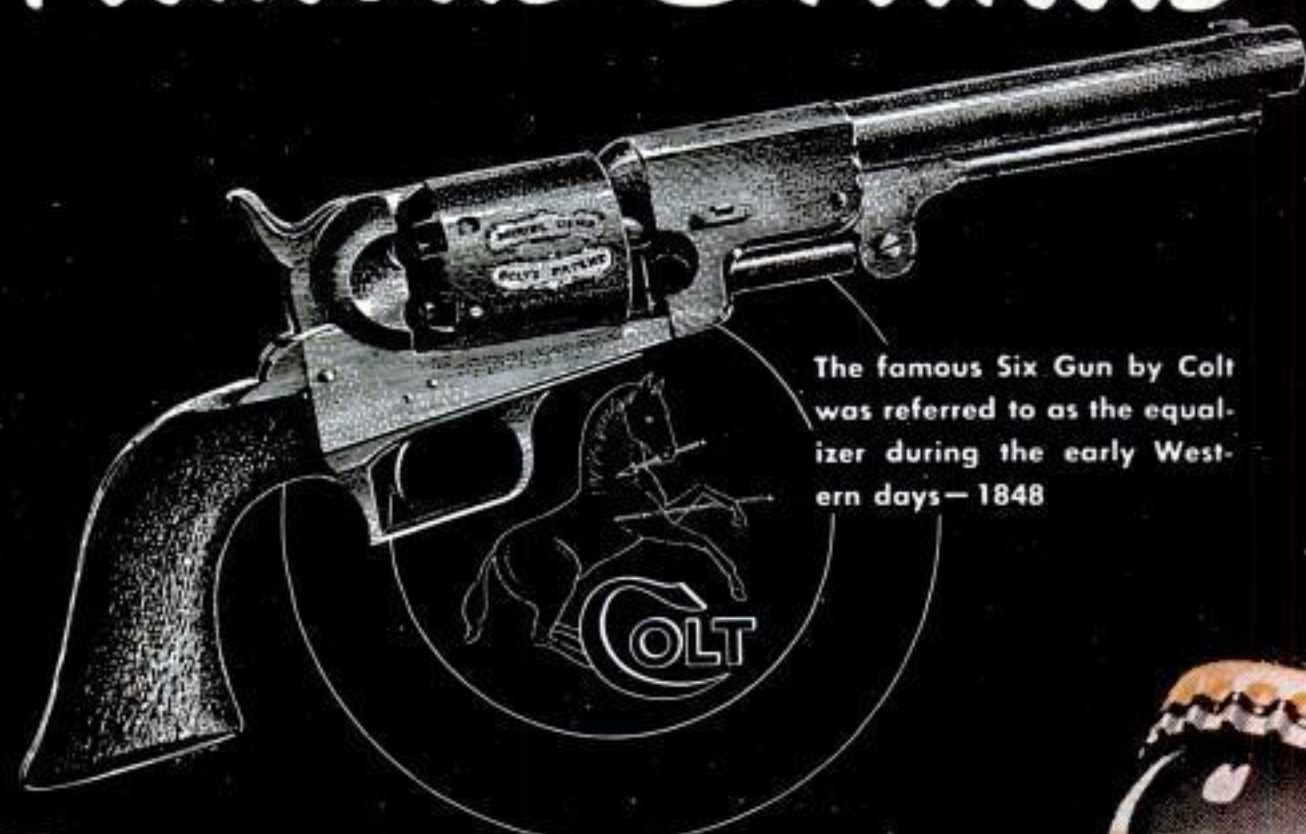
Regular Height, white, pink, or blue extra-fine Sanforized cotton cover, nylon double-stitched for longer, stronger wear . . . **\$8.95**

Extra-Plump, white, pink, or blue extra-fine Sanforized cotton cover, nylon double-stitched for longer, stronger wear . . . **\$9.95**

Also, luxurious nonslip rayon satin covers, concealed zippers, slightly higher.

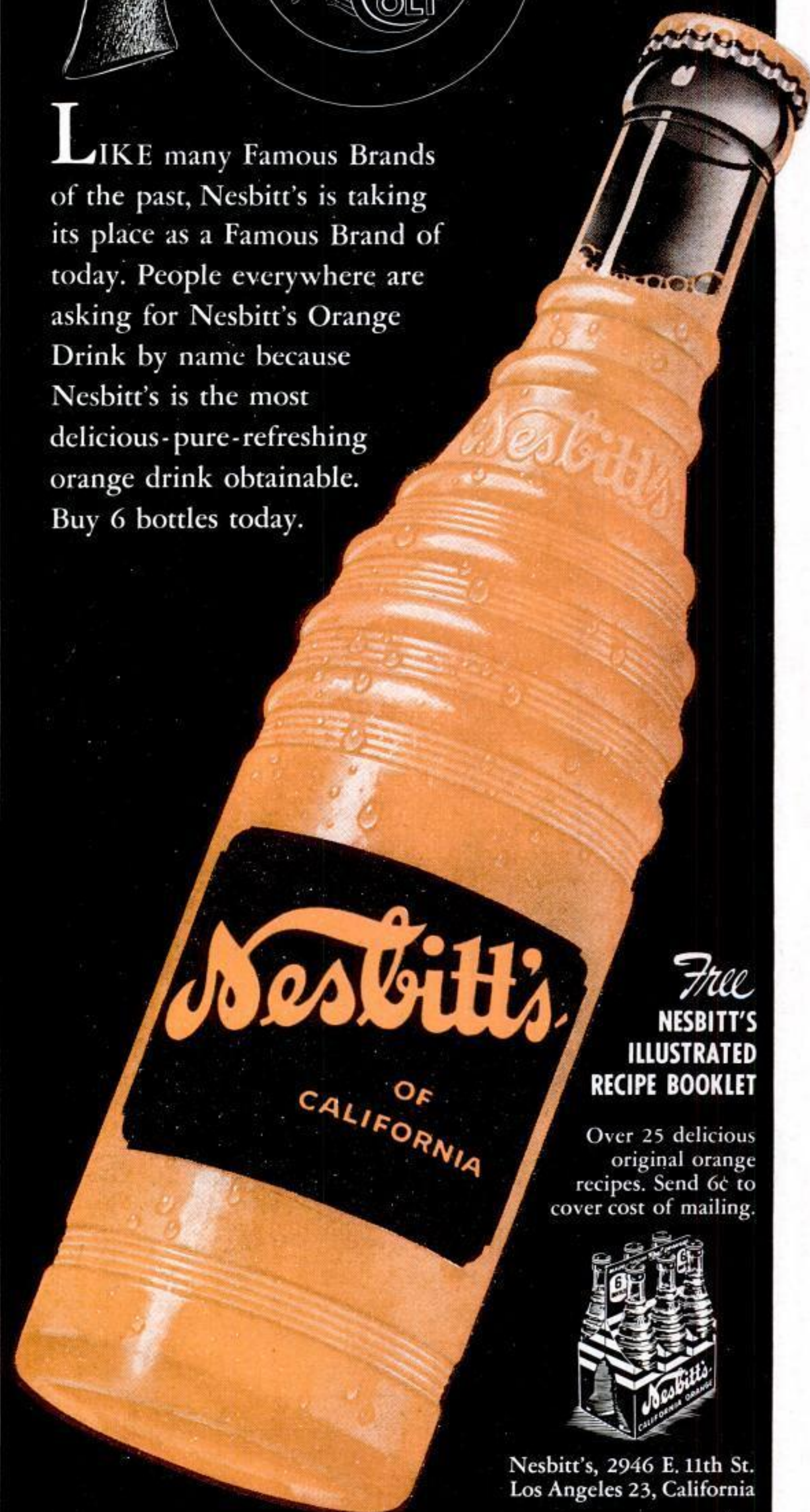
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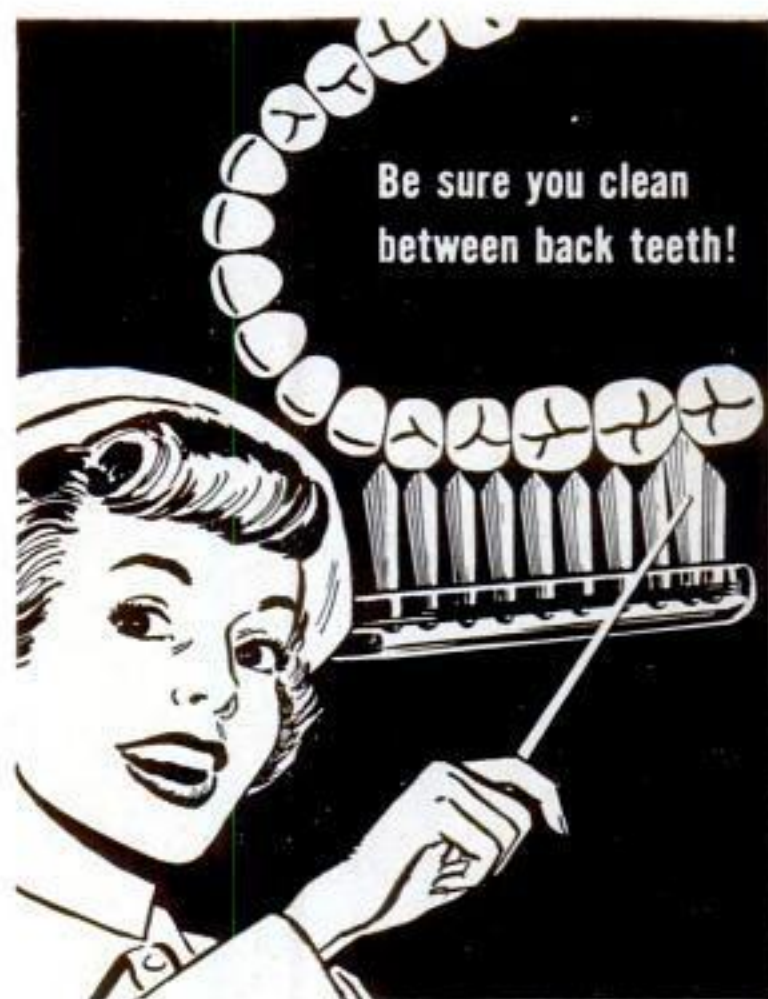
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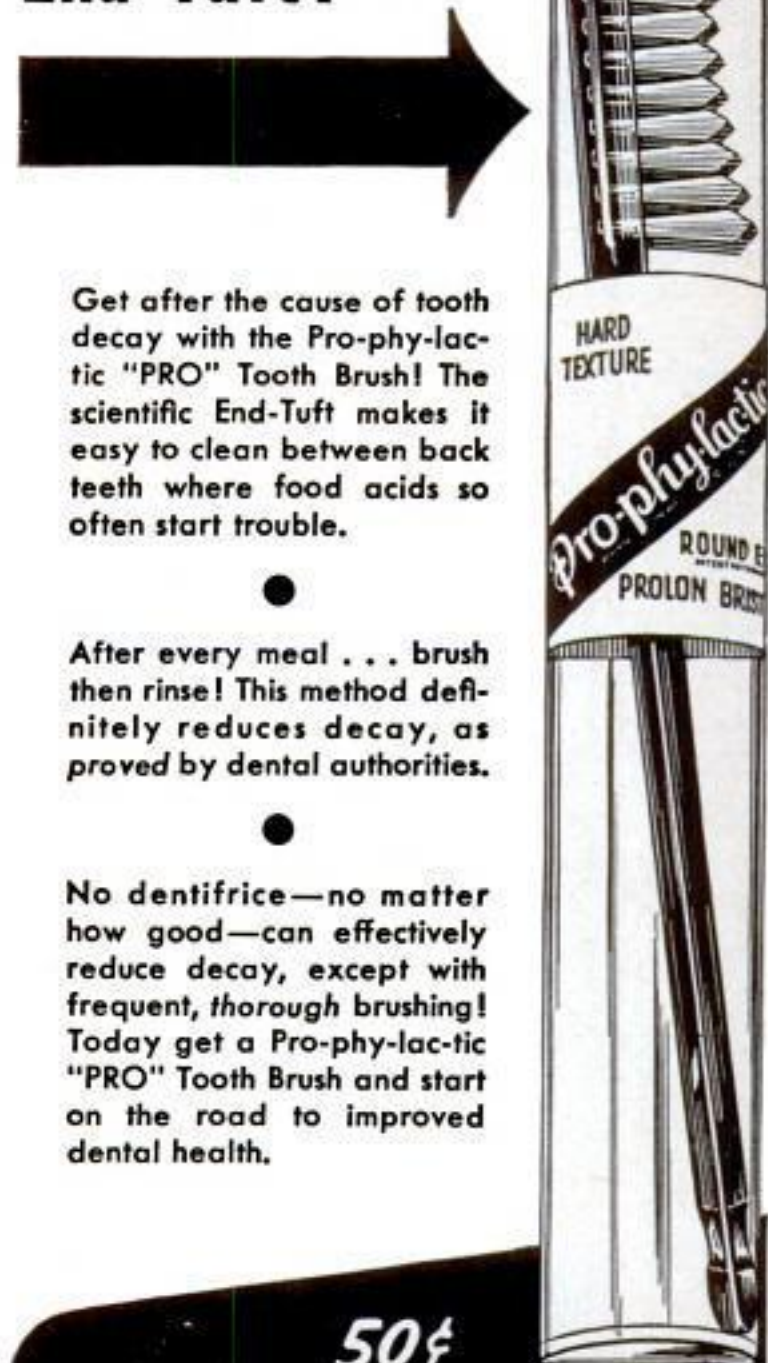
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She's DuBarry beauty Leslie Ames... lovely exponent of the new 1950 look in make-up. Note how the camera catches the fine-textured "mat" finish of her complexion. She uses DuBarry Face Powder... beloved by models for its even spread of color, its gentle bloom and the way it clings for hours. Hypo-allergenic, too... good for your skin. Popular fashion shades, \$1.00 and \$2.00, plus tax.



Du Barry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS BY

Richard Hudnut

Makers of the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



DRIVERS LINE UP AT OAXACA FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH DAY

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... LIFE got these racing photos by calling for help

When LIFE's Mexico City correspondent suggested covering the 2,200-mile auto race down the full length of Mexico from the Texas border to Guatemala, the editors were fascinated but frustrated. There would be 132 stock passenger cars of almost every make, from 1937 Cords to 1950 Cadillacs, driving like mad over the Pan American Highway across towering mountains and steaming jungles to win the 150,000-peso (\$17,340) first prize. There were sure to be some spectacular accidents—and there were even likely prospects of romance (p. 12).

But the story presented practical difficulties. One or two photographers assigned to cover such an event would hardly be able to get to all the critical points of such a long race and still reach the finish fast enough to catch the winner crossing the line. Then the Mexico City correspondent discovered

that no fewer than 75 professional photographers, plus dozens of willing amateurs, were going to be along the way. LIFE called out to them for help. The photographs on these pages were selected from the work of 10 professional photographers and one amateur—a man who happened to be standing at the spot of the only fatal accident (above, right).

Driven in eight separate stages over a period of six days, the race was held to celebrate completion of the entire Mexican section of the Pan American Highway. First day a driver was killed. Second day 20 cars were wrecked or burned out. On the fourth day the drivers went through hail and a cloudburst. On the fifth day the temperature went up to 105°. Only 52 of the 132 entrants officially finished, and American cars—originally rated below the flashy French and Italian autos—finished one, two, three.



ONLY DEATH occurred early in the race when Guatemala's sole entry, a wealthy 28-year-old coffee plantation owner named Enrique Hachmeister, was unable to make



↑ ANOTHER WRECK distracted driver of this 1950 Nash. As he roared around turn, he got so interested in the demolished car that he drove right into it.



A RACING CAR WINDS OVER DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN STRETCH NEAR GUATEMALAN BORDER





a sharp curve about 20 miles from the starting point. The 1949 Lincoln somersaulted off the road into a ditch, and Hachmeister died three hours later in a Juarez hospital.

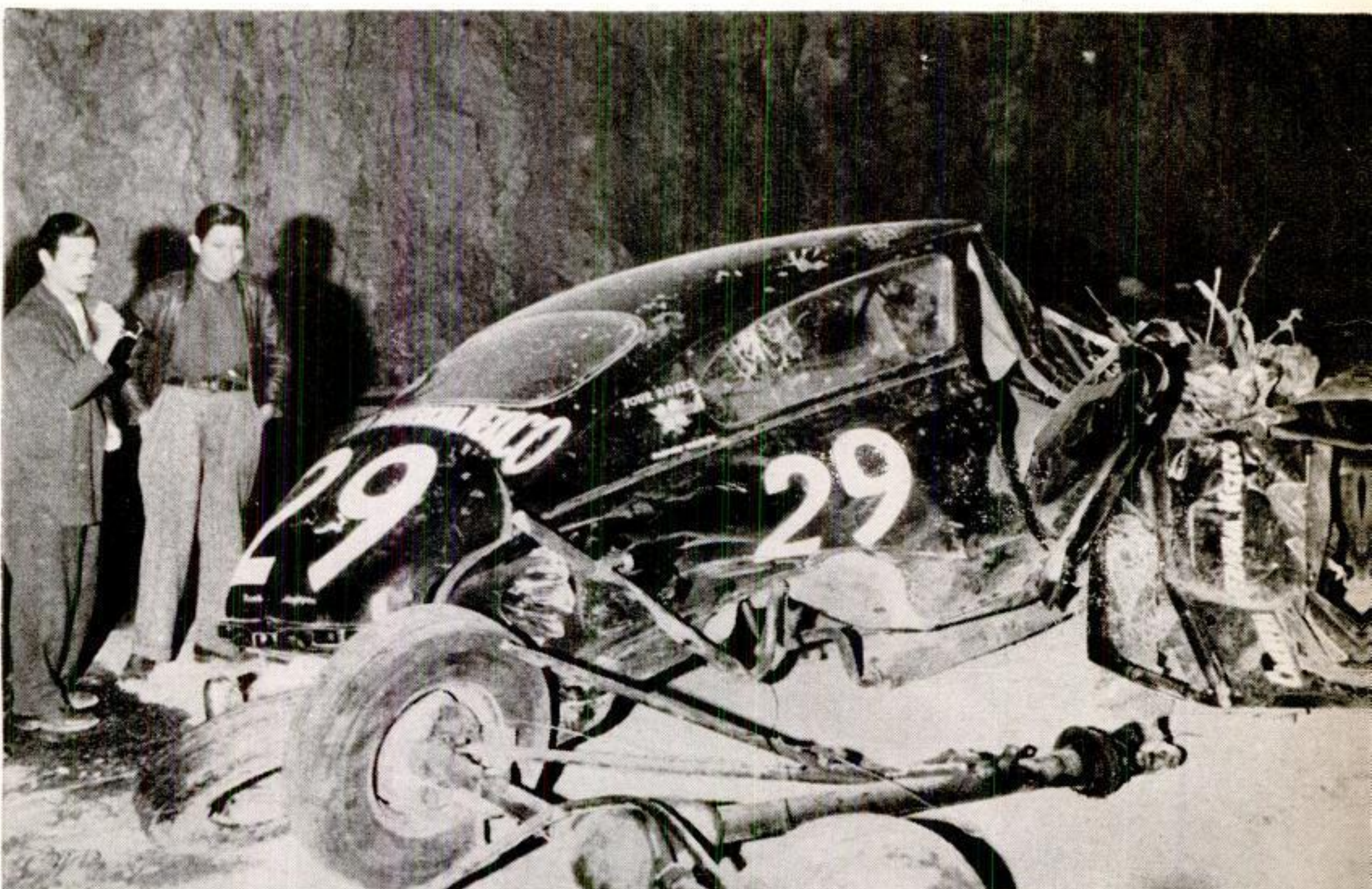


MEXICO'S HOPE for victory was this battered 1950 Cadillac. Presented to its driver by President Alemán, it went off the road less than an hour from the start of the

race, turned over three times. But the wheels were all still in line, the motor was still running. The driver got it back on the road and finished the six-day race in 27th place.

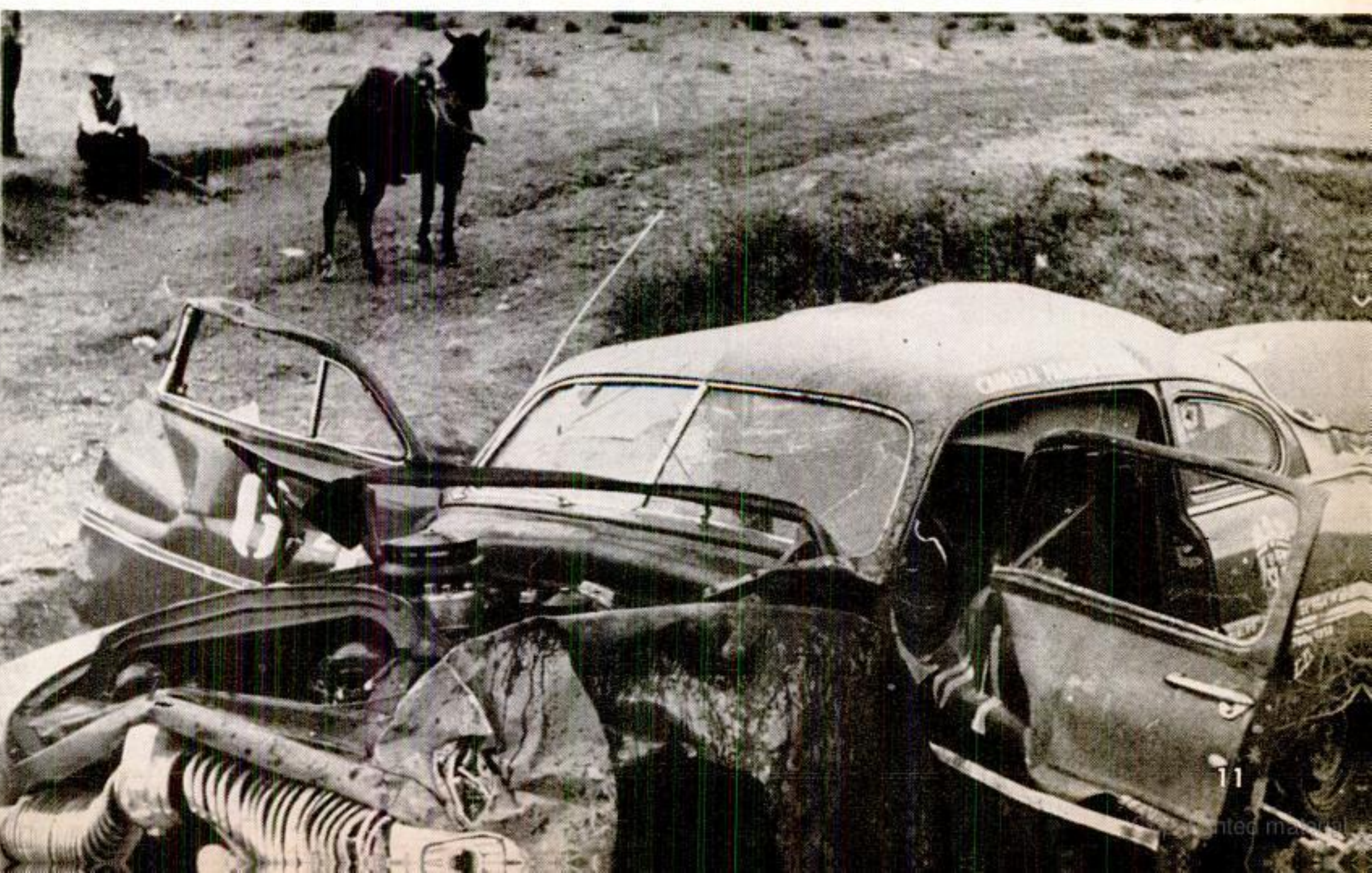


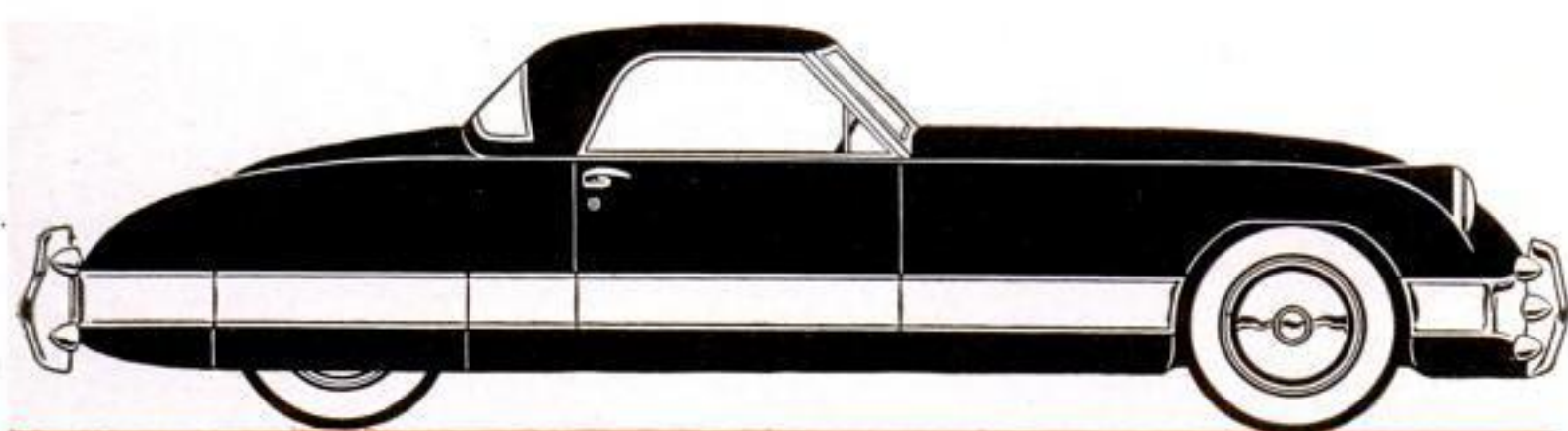
A DITCH trapped a 1949 Ford, driven by two Mexican entrants. It turned over twice but its occupants were unhurt, set it back on road and went on to finish.



PARTS OF TWO CARS clutter roadway. In background is another view of car No. 29 shown in picture at left. Wheels belong to entry which hit cliff earlier.

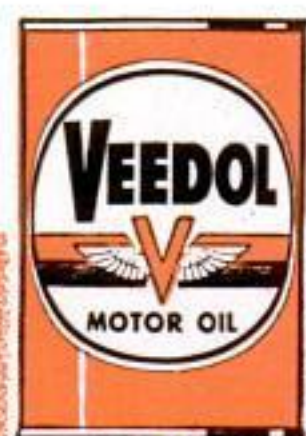
A RAVINE was the end for a 1950 Mercury. It ran off the road north of Mexico City and dropped 50 feet. Both the driver and his assistant were severely hurt.





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RACING CONTINUED



WINNING CAR, a 1950 Oldsmobile, flashes over the finish line at El Oco. It covered the 2,200 miles in 27½ hours of elapsed time, averaging 80 mph.



WINNING DRIVERS are Hershel McGriff (left) and Ray Elliott, who drove from Portland, Ore. for race, beat closest rival by little more than a minute.



ROMANTIC RACERS, Marie Brookerson, 70, and her ranch foreman, Ross Barton, vowed to marry if they won. They didn't win but got married anyway.

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as you get in this hearty, nutritious
roast beef dinner!



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Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20 lb. dog

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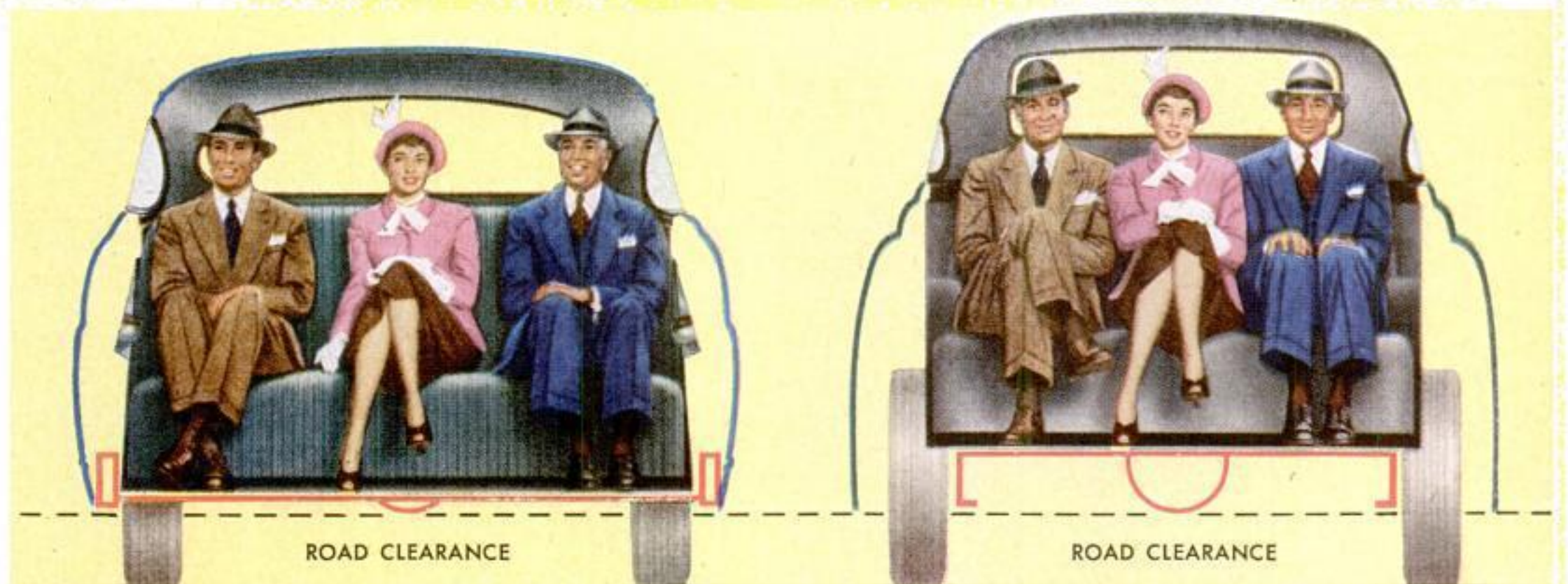
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Your best friend's best food!

FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF SWIFT & COMPANY

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Hudson's "step-down" design brings benefits in room, riding qualities and safety not obtainable in any other car at any price!



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LIFE'S COVER

Mrs. William O'Dwyer, the former Sloan Simpson, is the second member of her family to appear on LIFE's cover. The first, as she reminded Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, was her late father's first cousin, Lieut. General William H. Simpson, who commanded the Ninth Army's drive for the Rhine (LIFE, March 12, 1945). The "Sheriff's Posse" hat which frames Mrs. O'Dwyer's dark brown hair is not her own. At a garden party for the U.S. Conference of Mayors (pp. 41-46), the hostess tried it on at the behest of the owner, a guest from Texas.



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ABBREVIATIONS: CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; B.S., BLACK STAR; EUROPEAN, EUROPEAN PICTURE SERVICE; INT., INTERNATIONAL; W.W., WIDE WORLD. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE REPRODUCTION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES HEREIN ORIGINATED BY LIFE OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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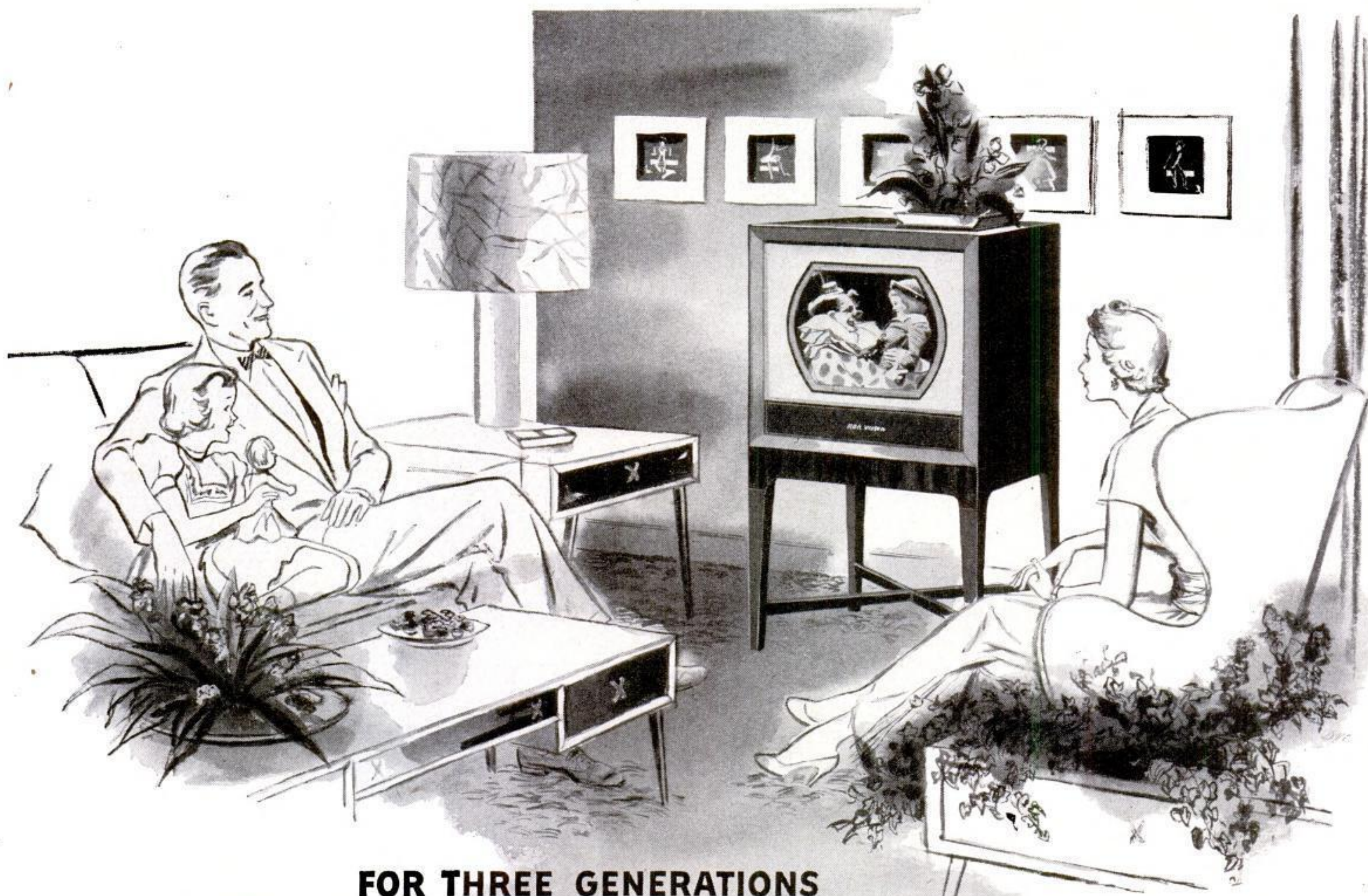
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Fluffy-light Etiket deodorant cream

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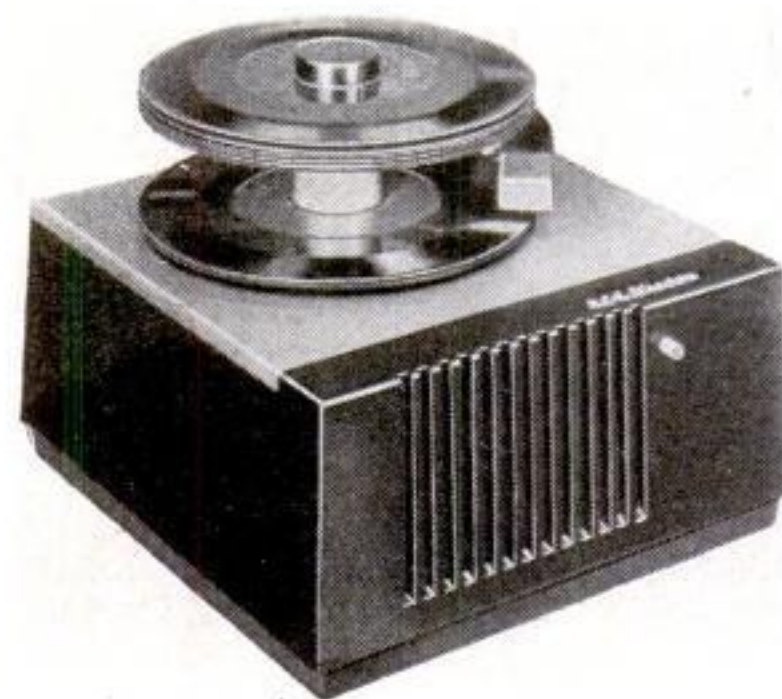
This one's very light to carry, extra light on the purse, in stunning, alligator-grained plastic. It plays on its battery wherever you play. Plugged into an AC or DC electrical outlet, it "doubles" as a handsome table radio. Has the exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system. RCA Victor BX55.

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Factory-Service Contract extra. **\$29995**
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"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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IN THE WAKE OF SOUTH AMBOY'S DISASTROUS BLAST, UTILITY POLES LEAN DRUNKENLY, COAL DUMPERS AND A MACHINE SHOP (CENTER) ARE TWISTED WRECKS

THE SOUTH AMBOY CLOCK STOPS AT 7:26

One night last week, in the grubby little factory city of South Amboy, N.J., the city hall clock pointed to 7:26. Some of the 9,500 people in town were eating dinner, but along the main drag the stores were open and shoppers were out in the drizzling rain. In some of the houses parents helped their teen-age girls struggle into their party clothes, for St. Mary's School was having its junior prom that night. Near the waterfront a Pennsylvania commuter train from Manhattan slid past the yards adjoining the railroad's docks, heading for the station. Nearby on Pier A, longshoremen were transferring the last of 12 freight cars of ammunition to a string of lighters. Standing offshore in Raritan Bay was the Isbrandtsen Line's *Flying Clipper*, her hull still scuffed from a recent bombardment by Chinese Nationalist planes. She was to

load the shells and antipersonnel mines for a voyage to Pakistan.

The city hall clock never got to 7:27, and the 467 tons of the *Flying Clipper's* deadly cargo never got loaded. The explosives erupted into the sky above South Amboy. The concussion shattered windows over a radius of 12 miles; hundreds of people, blinking at the sound of the blast, looked at their arms and legs and saw that flying daggers of glass had stabbed them. In a Catholic church the stained glass windows dissolved over the worshippers who left their prayers to run into the streets crying that the atomic war had come. The city's lights went out, a man was blown out of a barber chair and a high school boy, tying his tie before a mirror, saw his image disintegrate as the glass flew at him. In the wrecked and darkened business area

the dazed shoppers heard the wail of sirens, while all over town a rain of oily mud, blasted from the bottom of the bay, came down on them in dirty gobs. Panicky crowds tried to leave town and head south, while portly Mayor John B. Leonard, who had been dumped on the floor in front of his collapsing television set, manned a sound truck to bawl hoarse assurances that the danger was past.

At dawn, with the cause of the explosion still unknown, people saw that Pier A, the freight cars and ammunition lighters had vanished. So had 22 longshoremen, and four were known dead. Three hundred and twelve were injured. In the waterfront area, sown with live mines, searchers walked gingerly as they began a hopeless search for the other victims of an explosion more devastating than New Jersey's famous Black Tom disaster of World War I.



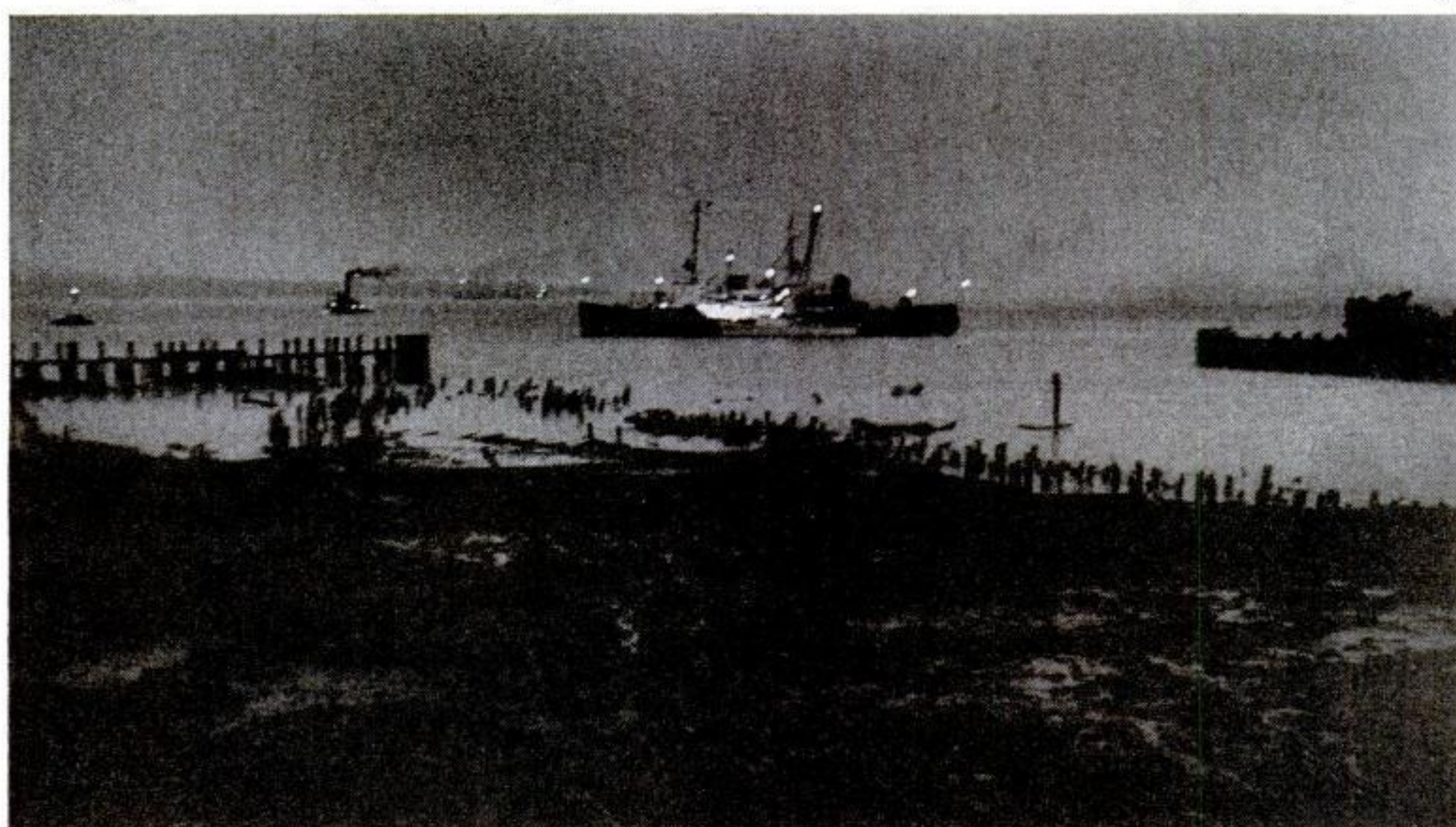
MUSHROOM CLOUD rising from South Amboy is photographed moments after blast. Charles Pearson, buying

fishing rod in Perth Amboy store several miles away, ran into street when he heard explosion and took this picture.



GLOWING FIRES from three burning coal barges cast a weird light over Raritan Bay hours after explosion. The

barges caught fire when nearby ammunition went off and were towed out into stream to keep fires from spreading.



SHEARED STUMPS of piling and mass of floating debris are all that remain of Pier A in South Amboy after

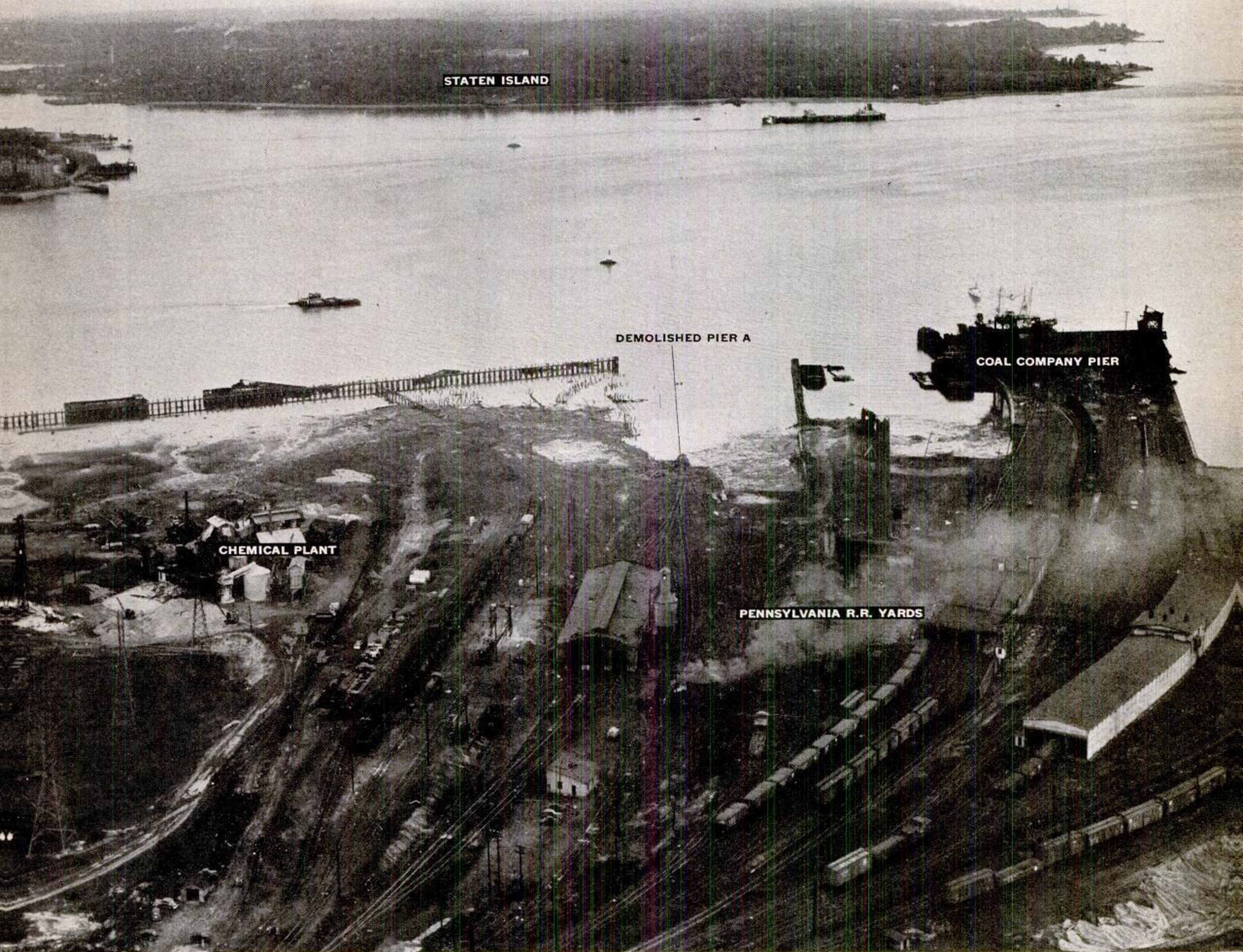
blowup. As dawn approaches, two Coast Guard cutters stand by in Raritan Bay playing searchlights on scene.



AERIAL VIEW of the disaster scene, looking toward Staten Island, shows how destruction spread over a wide



FLOODLIGHT marks a path through dock area while Marines mark scattered antipersonnel mines with stakes.



area. The thickly settled downtown section of South Amboy, which suffered caved-in walls and windows, lies a few

hundred yards below the bottom of picture. No trace remains of freight cars and lighters at Pier A. Heavy damage

was done to Pennsylvania Railroad yards and shops, the chemical plant and local power plant in lower foreground.



BEDROOM of Miss Betty Ust's home is littered with fallen plaster; here she pulls loose laths from the ceiling.



CHEMICAL PLANT near the blasted pier, lighted by fire department floodlights, is shattered as if by shellfire.



MASCOT of a sunken coal barge cowers on a pier, looking for its master. Other bargemen gave dog a beef bone.



IN CHURCH, South Amboy's First Presbyterian, recently redecorated, stained window glass and framework litter the pews. This was one of the hardest hit sectors.



IN RAIL YARD a 400-pound anchor, blown 550 yards from the harbor, lies on tracks smashed by impact. Below, day shift of troops takes over on morning after the blast.



South Amboy Blast CONTINUED



IN POST OFFICE a Fort Monmouth soldier surveys the business district wreckage through a window blown

in by concussion. Army and state police concentrated on liquor stores, taverns and banks to guard against looting.



IN FIRST-AID STATION victims of flying glass are wrapped in blankets. Beatrice Anderson (*background*) is

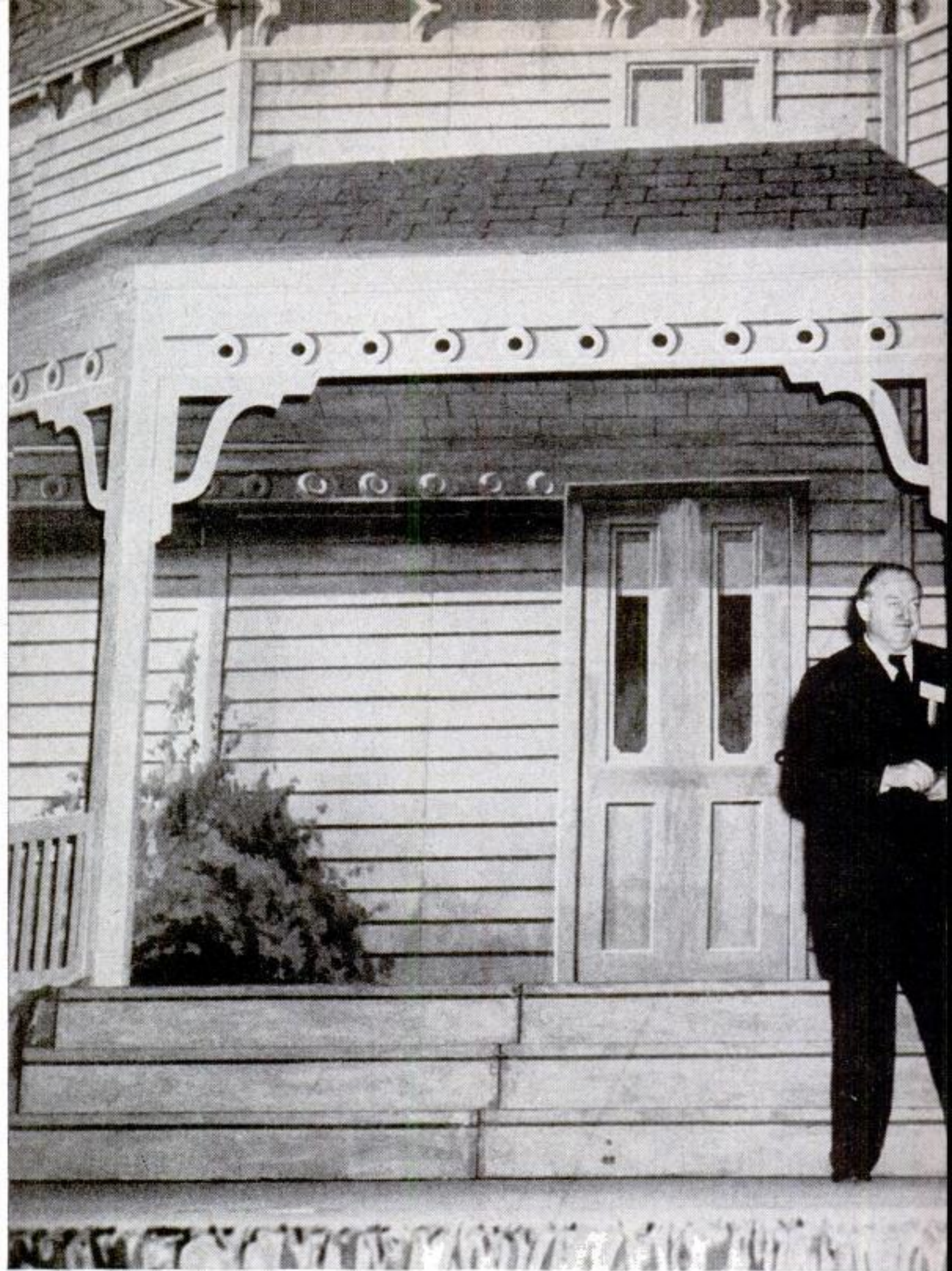
comforting her 81-year-old father, aid station custodian, who was blown through window of his home into coal pile.



HALF A MILE FROM BLAST, FLOWER SHOP DISPLAY
IS A HODGEPODGE OF VASES AND SHATTERED GLASS



ON CHOW LINE privileged Democrats line up to march into banquet held by Host Committee. In foreground is Rhode Island's Governor John Pastore, followed by Navy Secretary Matthews. Truman arrived in Chicago that evening but too late to attend.



ON STAGE the President is escorted by Senator Scott Lucas past a Chicago Stadium setting representing the Truman home in Independence, Mo., following an act built around a replica of Jefferson's Monticello (*below*). In the background is a radio director

POMP AND POLITICS

Bad staff work mars finale to Truman's big swing

It was billed as supercolossal political vaudeville. Taking the 150th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's election to the presidency as their excuse, the Democrats made plans for a three-day Jefferson Jubilee in Chicago on May 13, 14 and 15, timed to coincide with the tag end of President Truman's "nonpolitical" tour of the Northwest. But when it was over, the Democratic National Committee had proved less clever at stage-managing than Harry Truman himself, whose whistlestop speechmaking had been brilliantly successful.

Two days of "panel discussions" on such subjects as civil rights and public



AT CABINET MEETING Barkley extols Jefferson. On each side of Veep sat Cabinet members, who painted rosy picture of the economy, answered planted questions.



BALLOONS salute Truman on Madison Street bridge. Attached to some were certificates redeemable for \$2 Jefferson bills. Wind blew most of them down Chicago River.



THE FIRST FAMILY acknowledges cheers on entering the stadium. Behind Trumans are their friends, the Mon Wallgrens, who accompanied them on Western trip.



waiting to give Truman his on-the-air signal. Truman is carrying brown loose-leaf notebook from which he delivered 57 speeches in nine days. This was the only frankly political speech of the trip—he praised the Democrats as the party of “progressive liberalism.”



ON SKID ROW—West Madison Street—spectators line the Truman parade route. A reporter tried to interview one of the men, who asked him, “Who’s Truman?” Informed that Truman was President and was going to make a speech, he asked, “Why?”

health consisted mostly of platitudes—although Southerner Jonathan Daniels did enliven one by opposing a compulsory FEPC. Moreover the staff work was bad. When Washington V.I.P.s, including Vice President Barkley, arrived in Chicago on May 14, nobody met the plane. And when Barkley and six Cabinet members (absentees: Secretaries Johnson, Snyder and Acheson) appeared at the opera house that afternoon, for a “Report to the American People,” it was the biggest Democratic bust since free silver. Good weather and a Cubs double-header proved too much competition, and 2,400 of the 3,600 seats were empty.

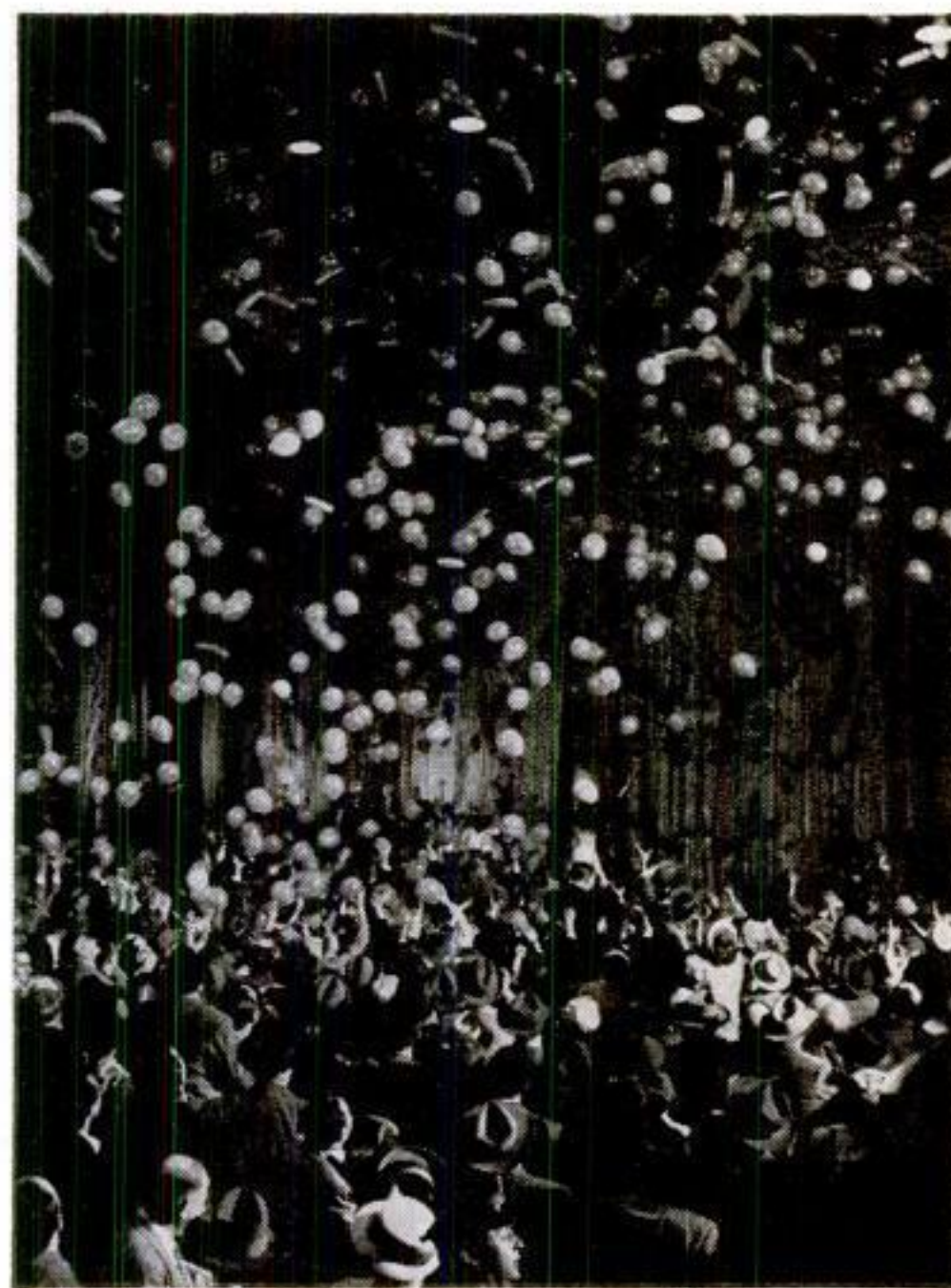
Next evening Truman spoke in Chicago Stadium, following a Jefferson pageant on sets representing Monticello (*below*) and Truman’s home (*above*). He also heard a new song called *Here’s Harry* (“... a broad-shouldered President ... the whole country’s neighbor”). The stadium was filled with 25,000 people, but only because ushers herded Skid Row derelicts in at the last minute (“Come in and get warm”). The mystery was what happened to the tickets; hundreds who wanted them couldn’t get any. The local Kelly-Arvey machine blamed the National Committee, wailing, “We could have filled three Chicago Stadiums.”



PAGEANT BEGINS as choristers hum musical background before setting of Jefferson’s home. In 16 episodes achievements of Democratic presidents were glorified.



POLITICAL GESTURE by Truman at end of speech boosts Lucas, his Senate majority leader who faces a stiff fight for re-election against Republican Everett Dirksen.



MORE BALLOONS are dropped from stadium ceiling while the presidential party makes getaway after Truman’s speech. But the streets outside were nearly empty.



AT A RODEO which they organized on the afternoon of their fund-raising barn dance, the mayoress and town board ride an old jalopy. All the performers were local farmers,

cowhands and townspeople. The town of Hope, sometimes called "Hopeless" before the election of the women, is in the cattle-raising country of southeastern New Mexico.



BOARD MEETING is held in the home of Board Member Trimble (second from left), who is the telephone operator, cannot leave switchboard. Husbands sit in background.



COMMUNITY SUPPER is served by officials. Left to right: Board Members Pauline Schwalbe, Mabel Fisher, Tempie Cox, Ada Belle Trimble and Mayoress Ethel Altman.

PETTICOAT RULE IN NEW MEXICO

Lady politicians take over the town of Hope and begin ominous reforms

"If them women get elected, I'm leaving town," said veteran bachelor Earl Miller. But the people of Hope, N. Mex. (pop. 300) went heedlessly ahead and elected not one or two women, but five—a mayoress and a four-woman town board—who had campaigned on the platform that "women are better equipped from every standard to bring order out of confusion." Miller had thought the people would have better sense because they had experienced petticoat rule once before. Mrs. Ethel Altman, re-elected this time, served as mayoress in 1934 and planted a lot of trees, which are now so big they keep the nice warm sun off the sidewalks. Moreover during the campaign the women had got after the highway department and made it cover the main street of town, which was made of perfectly good New Mexico dirt,

with a lot of hard asphalt. But the people went ahead and elected them women, 41 votes to 7, and will now have to put up with them for two years at least.

As soon as the women (aged 56, 54, 45, 32 and 28) took over, they acted up. The town had no taxes and thus no money, so on May 13 the women threw a big barn dance and raised 800 whole dollars. This money will lie around, worrying people's minds, until it is squandered on some civic improvement. Previous male governments never did any such thing.

The women have not yet carried out any of their ominous plans, which include "striving to better our community," but the men are worried. "It will be a labor government," says one. "We will labor." As for bachelor Miller, he has taken a noble stand: "I'm not going to let them women run ME out of town."



A VICTORY SIGN in the window of a local store indicates that there is very little future for male town officials.



FLOWERS FOR MAYORESS are presented through kitchen window on day of the rodeo by Mrs. Ida Prude.



SHADE TREE planted in 1934 by Mrs. Altman, standing under it with her husband Bonney, is now full-grown.



LONE MALE OFFICIAL elected in female victory was Police Judge W. E. Rood, who found jail lock rusted shut.

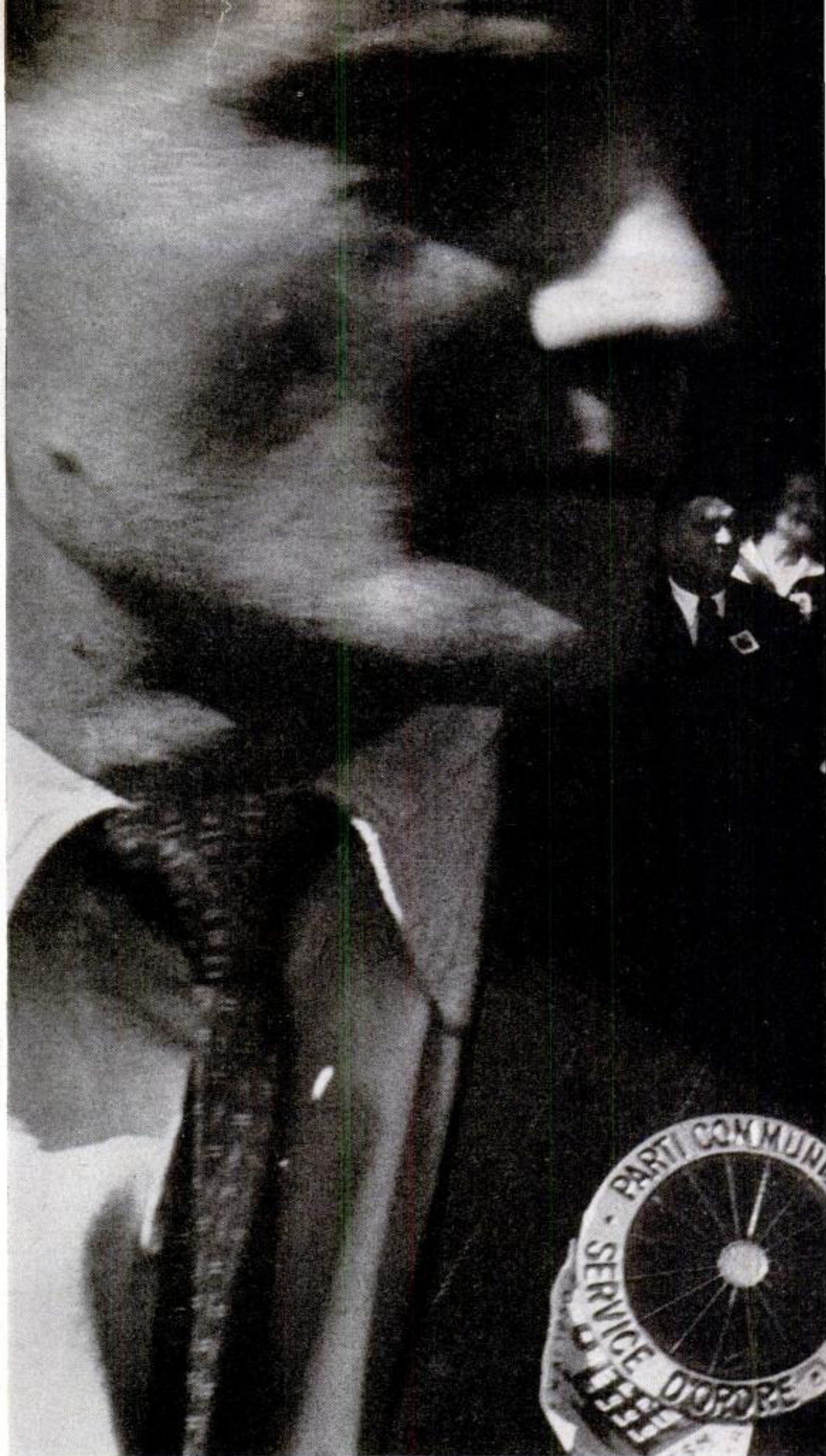


JOLIOT-CURIE ACCEPTS REDS' APPLAUSE AS HE SITS IN STAND SHOWN AT RIGHT

COMMUNISTS BACK JOLIOT

But despite them, France acts firmly in cold war

The smiling face of Frédéric Joliot-Curie, recently ousted French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, had not lost its place in Communist hearts or propaganda. In France the grim faces of Red Security Guards protecting him at protest rallies (*right*) underscored their resentment at his dismissal, and last week the Russians' Free German Youth Movement invited him to be honorary president of the introductory congress to their Whitsuntide rally in Berlin. But this did not bother the French government, which was at last facing up to the cold war. As positively as they had acted on Joliot-Curie, the French last week took the lead from the U.S. and Britain with a concrete proposal at London's Big Three Conference for solving one of Europe's knottiest problems (*below*).



SPORTING BADGES OF FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY, TWO SECURITY MEN GUARD



BRITAIN'S BEVIN HAS OFFHAND SALUTE FOR LONDON GUARD AT BIG THREE TALKS



DEAN ACHESON HAS AN ENERGETIC SALUTE AS HE LEAVES LANCASTER HOUSE

WEST EUROPE BACKS UNITY

Sparked by France, Atlantic nations merge strength

Robert Schuman, foreign minister of France, came to the London Conference of Foreign Ministers with a big plan. The week before, with a diffident smile, he had outlined it to the French cabinet, fumbling in his briefcase and saying, "I have something here. . . ." The "something," as he now presented it to his colleagues Ernest Bevin and Dean Acheson, proved to be a plan to merge the coal and steel industries of France and Germany, eradicating not only a traditional and dangerous rivalry but also fusing Europe's two greatest heavy industry



PARIS REVIEWING STAND. AT LEFT OF JOLIOT-CURIE (CENTER, IN PROFILE) IS LAURENT CASANOVA, CHARGED WITH BLOCKING U.S. ARMS SHIPMENTS TO FRANCE



WITH A SHY SMILE, FRANCE'S SCHUMAN ARRIVES TO SPRING HIS SURPRISE

centers into a single unit to serve the Atlantic powers. With such a meaningful plank to start on, the London talks moved smoothly onward to the broader deliberations of the 12 Atlantic Treaty nations. Last week the conference ended with a decision to coordinate all military and economic activities of the Atlantic nations under a single, probably U.S., chief. This was more than even Dean Acheson had hoped for when, at a Pilgrims Society dinner in London (right), he had called upon all to abandon narrowly nationalistic views of their sovereign rights.



ERNEST ATTLEE LISTENS TO ACHESON AT PILGRIMS SOCIETY DINNER →



A WATERY WASTELAND, which resembles the glacial lake which once covered the valley, stretches south

from Morris, Manitoba. Horizon is roughly at the U.S.-Canadian boundary, 30 miles away. River channel is to

the left, out of picture. Morris's 1,100 residents had been evacuated from homes when picture was taken. Stranded



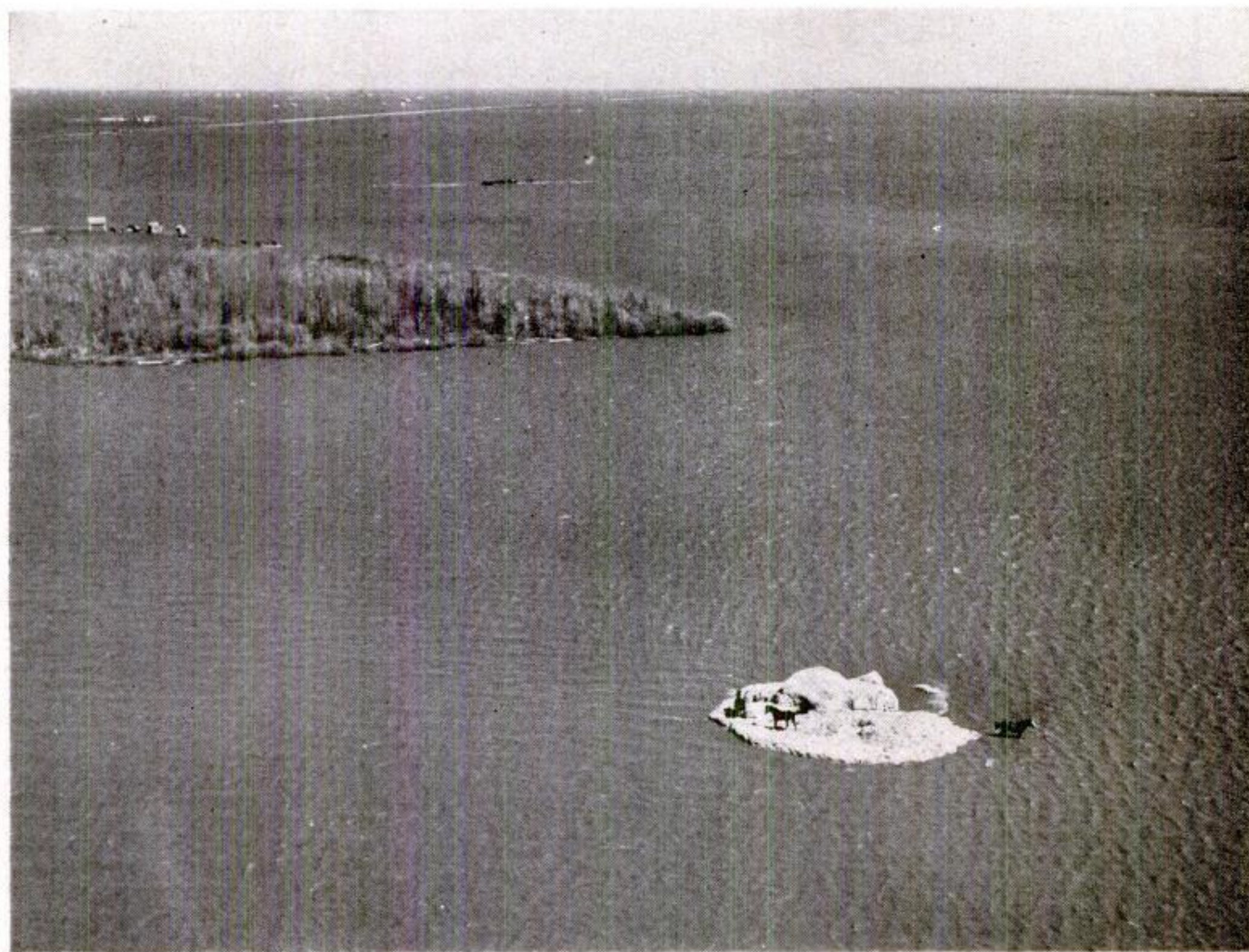
ELEVATED CAR hangs in a block-and-tackle sling over water six feet deep near home of a Winnipeg man, who cached bicycles on roof.

THE FEARFUL CREST OF A FLOOD

With 600 square miles under water, Canadians wait for river to recede

In Southern Manitoba last week the Red River of the North, out of banks for five weeks, flowed northward into the climax of its most terrifying performance in five generations. On May 18, when LIFE's Tom McAvoy took the aerial photograph at left, the river had crested at 30.3 feet in nearby Winnipeg, 12.3 feet over flood stage. Six hundred square miles of farmland were under water, and damage was reported as far south as South Dakota. But in besieged Winnipeg, where 10,000 homes were under

water (LIFE, May 22), the people breathed more easily. The earth-and-sandbag dikes, thrown up in a few frantic days as the river surged to its crest, were holding, and the evacuation of women and children slowed to a trickle. As the river receded at the rate of a fraction of an inch a day, farmers hoped to replant fields in time to harvest part of a flax or late barley crop before the autumn freeze. Meanwhile, estimates of damage ran from \$100 million to \$400 million, not counting thousands of drowned gophers.



STRANDED HORSES, who retreated to a lonely dollop in middle of flooded area, subsist on straw and wait

for the waters to go down. Other animals, not so lucky, were isolated without food; still others were evacuated.

VOICES OF DOOM

Dr. Norbert Wiener, mathematician of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is bothered about a supposedly imminent "second industrial revolution brought about by automatic machines." As the leading U.S. "cyberneticist," or expert on mechanical control devices such as photoelectric cells, Dr. Wiener predicts a vast unemployment problem when "electronic brains" take over in the factory and "completely wipe out the assembly line." This could happen within a decade, Dr. Wiener says. We've heard prophecies of similar doom before and we are not impressed. Someone is always predicting the elimination of man by the machine. Someone is always proving that the earth can't support its population, or that the topsoil is irretrievably blowing away, or that the water problem can't be licked in dry places—that man, in sum, is incapable of mastering the environment that he is continually recreating. With all respect to anyone as grand as a cyberneticist, we don't believe it.

WORKING DIPLOMATS

Included in a list of State Department shifts announced last week are the names of James Riddleberger and Samuel Reber. You probably never heard of them, but they are worth notice. First with General Lucius D. Clay and lately with High Commissioner John McCloy, Jimmy Riddleberger has been making sense for the U.S. in Germany since 1947. He knows Germany, the Germans, their language and their ways as all too few American officials in Germany do, and he is due much of the credit for whatever good the Occupation has accomplished. Now he is coming home, and Sam Reber is taking his place as the High Commissioner's political advisor. Sam Reber is another of the many unknowns who do the unsung chores of American diplomacy. Since early 1948 he has been sweating out the endless, fruitless negotiations for an Austrian peace treaty. Always patient, always alert to U.S. and Western interests, he has endured two years of Soviet insult and frustration. If nothing has been gained, nothing has been lost, and that is saying a good deal. High Commissioner McCloy is lucky to have had Jimmy Riddleberger and to be getting Sam Reber, and the U.S. is lucky to have such men in its service. Fortunately for the U.S. there are more of their kind than might sometimes be suspected.

The result of the Republican primary in Pennsylvania last week was a victory for enlightened conservatism. Governor James H. Duff gave Boss Joe Grundy and his organization of entrenched standpatters the worst licking the Old Guard has ever had in Pennsylvania. Governor Duff was nominated for the U.S. Senate and his running mate, Judge John S. Fine, for Governor, by majorities which put the Grundy candidates and high-tariff, follow-the-boss Grundyism to shame. The candidates and the newspapers called it a fight between Duff "progressives" and Grundy "conservatives." But Governor Duff is an intelligent conservative if there ever was one. In line with a discussion of reviving

conservatism on this page two weeks ago, we prefer to switch terms and say that good Republican conservatives beat bad Republican conservatives in the Pennsylvania primary.

Jim Duff and Judge Fine still have to beat the Democrats in the November elections, and by all accounts it's going to be a hard fight. But we notice that Democrats outside of Pennsylvania are worried by the Duff victory in the primary, and they ought to be worried. Given G.O.P. candidates of Jim Duff's caliber and type, the strong trend running toward enlightened conservatism in this country should favor the Republicans and work against the Truman Democrats wherever there is a real two-party contest.

THE FEATHERBEDDERS LOSE

Another straw in the conservative wind was provided last week by the firemen and the railroads. The firemen's union had struck four railroads and confronted the others with a demand that extra firemen be put on big diesel locomotives. Here was a clear case of make-work featherbedding in its most outrageous form. Two Federal inquiries had found in recent years that the extra firemen were not needed and that their employment could not be justified on the grounds of safety, efficiency or anything else. It was a straight attempt to hold up management for useless jobs that would have added some \$40 million to annual railway costs. Outrageous featherbedding practices are all too familiar in the U.S. economy, and not so long ago the firemen's union would probably have got away with this particular holdup. But not

last week—not now. It is significant of the times that railway management stood firm on this one, and that the union gave in (with a few concessions to save its face). The outcome was a further sign that now there are limits to what managements must surrender in the interests of labor peace. In the recent Chrysler strike the root issue was the right of management to finance pensions for its workers as cheaply as possible, rather than be forced into a rigid cents-per-hour union formula. Here the outcome was more of a compromise. But the union failed to get away with demands that would have been surefire not long ago, and management was able to take a stand for both the corporate and the general good. When this kind of thing happens in successive strikes, the national atmosphere of the U.S. is changing for the better.

IDEAS ARE POWERFUL

Americans must often think that little or nothing comes of their various public efforts in other parts of the world. The results seem especially meager when the efforts take the form of ideas, of suggestions having to do with the policies and attitudes of other nations. All this being so, two items in the news from abroad last week were very welcome indeed. They showed that ideas do have a power of their own, and that American ideas can be effective on occasion.

The first item concerns the British, who have been reluctant to join in the economic integration of Western Europe. Now it looks as if they are coming into a new banking union which is intended, among other things, to make each country's currency readily available and useful to all the others. Paul Hoffman of ECA is the daddy and apostle of European integration, and the proposed currency union is the result of his efforts. No doubt all sorts of gimmicks and reservations will turn up in the British concessions announced last week, but all hands are to

be congratulated on a promising advance.

The second item comes from Turkey, where more than 80% of the voters participated in a free national election last week. The relatively new Democratic party, pledged to free enterprise and libertarian practices, defeated President Ismet Inönü and his People's party. President Inönü is the political heir of the late Kemal Atatürk, a truly remarkable dictator who did the backward Turkey of the 1920s a lot of good but had little use for democratic ideas. The People's party carried on his authoritarian regime and would probably be doing so today if American spokesmen had not intervened in 1947. American aid for Turkey was just coming up, and with quiet discretion U.S. representatives suggested to President Inönü that the government receiving it ought to be more tolerant of democratic practices than it had been. The result was a free, knock-down-and-drag-out political campaign in the best American style, and victory last week for the party of democratic capitalism in Turkey.



When you make a wish
for a favorite dish,
isn't it often— **CHICKEN?**



Just as sure as you like Chicken
you'll like *Campbell's* Chicken Soup



Rich **CHICKEN** broth

You'll taste at once the well-liked flavor of fine chicken in every spoonful — golden-gleaming, delicious.



Rice steeped in **CHICKEN**

You'll relish the fluffy rice, so full of the deep chicken flavor—and so extra-nourishing and satisfying.



Tender pieces of **CHICKEN**

You'll enjoy the tender pieces of chicken so generously added—for every rich and brimming plateful.

Look!...



FIESTA FRUIT FAN

Tempting, you say, with its unusual shape and attractive decoration! Ah—but wait till you sink your teeth into its delicate texture—and savor its appealing flavor! No wonder it was an award-winner in the Bakers' \$10,000 Contest!



**BAKERS
PANEL
NATIONAL
Award
WINNER**



PRIZE WINNER BREAD... This formula now available to bakers everywhere—the outstanding loaf of white bread in the Bakers' \$10,000 contest. It's a true champion in flavor, texture, and appearance.



ROYAL MACAROON CAKE... Coconut macaroon topping gives a distinctive, delicious touch to this prize-winner. Between its light, golden layers there's plenty of flavorful filling. It's delicious!

YOUR BAKER is bringing you a... **10,000 FEAST**

Watch Bakery Goods Featured during June for big

PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNERS

STARRING A NEW COFFEE-CAKE

"FIESTA FRUIT FAN"



BOSTON LEMON PIE . . . This luscious dessert starts off with flaky pie crust—has delicately browned lemon sponge cake on top—and when you cut it, you'll discover smooth, piquant lemon custard inside!

Prepare for a luscious surprise, folks—a new and alluring coffee-cake. It's called Fiesta Fruit Fan, and it leads off a mouth-watering June Parade of Prize-Winners—exciting new food creations that recently won awards in a \$10,000 National Bakers' Contest.

Thousands of bakers throughout the country entered their choicest recipes in the big contest. A panel of expert judges awarded prizes to 121 outstanding entries. These award-winning recipes are being made available in book form to bakers everywhere—so you can look forward to *many* new bakery food treats.

So watch the displays of bakery goods in June for the Parade of Prize-Winners headed by Fiesta Fruit Fan. Then keep on watching those counters all through the year for other award-winning foods that will be coming your way!

**BAKERS
PANEL
NATIONAL
Award
WINNER**

♦ **Take Note of This Emblem . . . You'll be seeing a lot of it!**

This distinctive emblem has been designed to identify the attractive, unusual foods made from award-winning recipes. Bakers in all parts of the country will be using it not only during the June Parade of Prize-Winners but also in the months ahead. When you see it—or when your baker refers to a food as a "National Award Winner"—you'll know an exciting *new* treat has been added to the delicious old favorites your baker offers you throughout the year.

On behalf of Your Baker by Pillsbury Mills, Inc.

**LET
THE BAKER
DO YOUR
BAKING!**

The most wonderful thing has happened to cream cheese!

New Borden Formula Guarantees a Freshness, Flavor, and Texture That Cream Cheese Never Had Before



There's just one thing for you to do!

Get down to your food store as fast as your legs can carry you and buy at least one 3-oz. package of the new Borden's Cream Cheese!

Made in a brand-new way by a new formula, Borden's tastes better than any cream cheese you know. Fresh and delicate—a flavor that teases and tempts you!

The texture is entirely new. Lighter, fluffier. It breaks cleanly, doesn't crumble. It's smooth . . . spreads easily.

One taste, and you'll be making excuses to eat Borden's Cream Cheese every day . . . so try these ideas:

Berry and Cream Cheese Salad: Place a ring of golden pineapple on crisp salad greens and crown it with a generous chunk of the new Borden's Cream Cheese. Garnish with sliced fresh strawberries. Superb!

Springtime Sandwich Assortment: Make the most delicious sandwiches for parties, picnics, or lunch boxes with Borden's Cream Cheese . . .

- . . . by itself, on date and nut bread;
- . . . on rye bread, with chopped chives or avocado;
- . . . on white bread, with mint jelly or marmalade;
- . . . on whole wheat, with chutney or India relish

Get Borden's Cream Cheese from the dairy case at your store today . . . in 3-oz. or 8-oz. packages. It's always fresh. Borden's Cheese distributors see to that! And it's made and packed to keep fresh longer!

In fact we're so convinced that Borden's Cream Cheese is the best you ever ate, we've put an *absolute guarantee* on every package. If for any reason you're not satisfied, return it to your store for full credit!

Borden's Fine Cheeses

Folks who know cheese say "Borden's please!"



Best behaved cheese you ever cooked with!

Here's one cheese food that has real character in the flavor! Slices clean when cold. Cooks superbly. Never strings nor curdles! It's Borden's Chateau*—the finest cheese food for cheese dreams, sauces, and cooked cheese dishes . . . for cold plates and sandwiches, too. At your store. 1/2-lb. package (plain or pimento) or 2-lb. loaf.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Folks can't seem to get enough of this!

Borden's Gruyere is a delicate, delicious Swiss process cheese with a nut-sweet flavor. Grand for dessert, for snacks with rounds of Melba toast or crackers, and mighty welcome in a lunch box.

©The Borden Company



Reminder-add these to your shopping list!

Four more of more than forty cheeses that Borden's makes for cheese-lovers! Borden's offers you more fine perishable cheese specialties than any other cheese maker. Shop for them in the dairy case at your store.

LIFE

CONGRATULATES

KING RAMA IX

In Bangkok jazz-loving Phumiphon Aduladet, having cremated his brother, the late King Ananda (LIFE, April 17), and married 17-year-old Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara, had one more climactic piece of royal business to discharge: to crown himself King Rama IX of Siam. The preliminaries included his anointment with water from 18 provinces of Siam and the extension of invitations to Hindu gods to pervade his royal person. Then he took up the crown and placed it on his own head. For a ride among the populace afterward (right) he wore a hat with a one-sided brim, which Siam's kings have worn ever since one of them, according to legend, had the left half of his brim sliced off by a sword stroke in battle some 400 years ago.



NEW QUEEN is confirmed by Phumiphon. Woman attendant at left is crawling backward from royal presence.

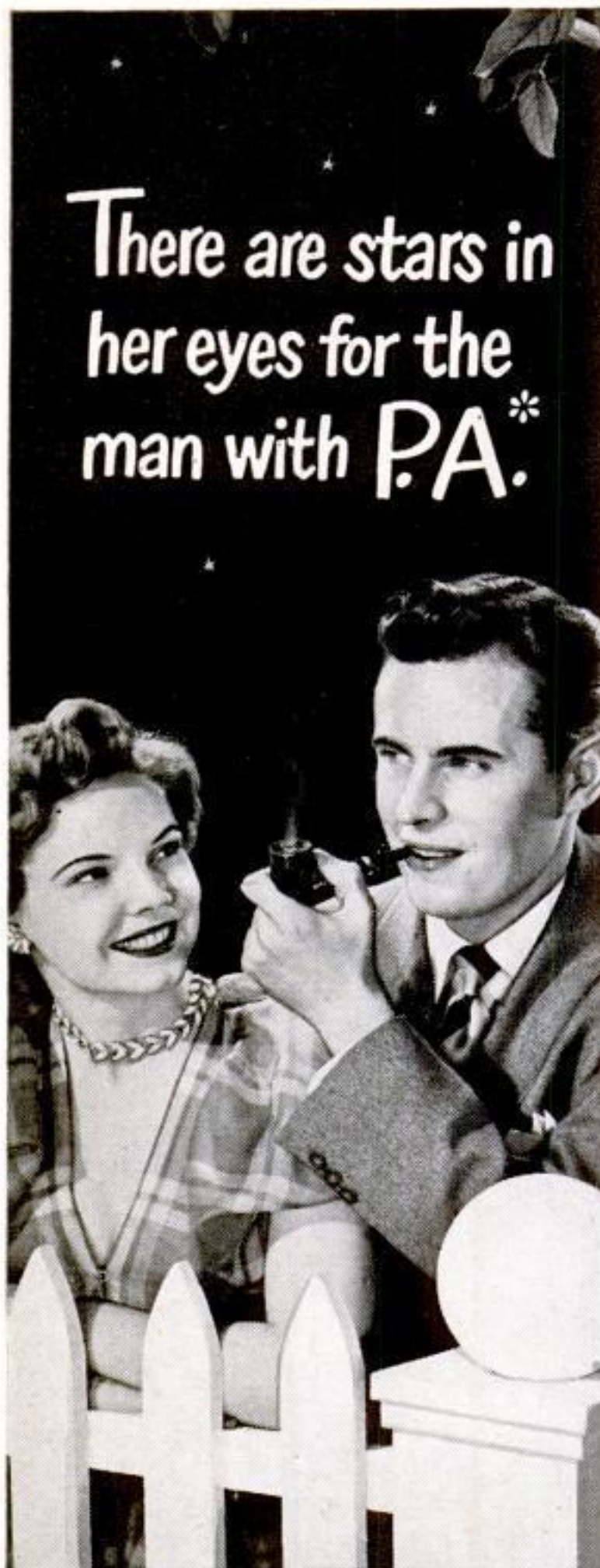


NEW AND OLD QUEENS, Sirikit and widow of Pradjhipok, Phumiphon's uncle, watch as new king passes.



BORNE ON A PALANQUIN, the new king, wearing sunglasses, rides through Bangkok after

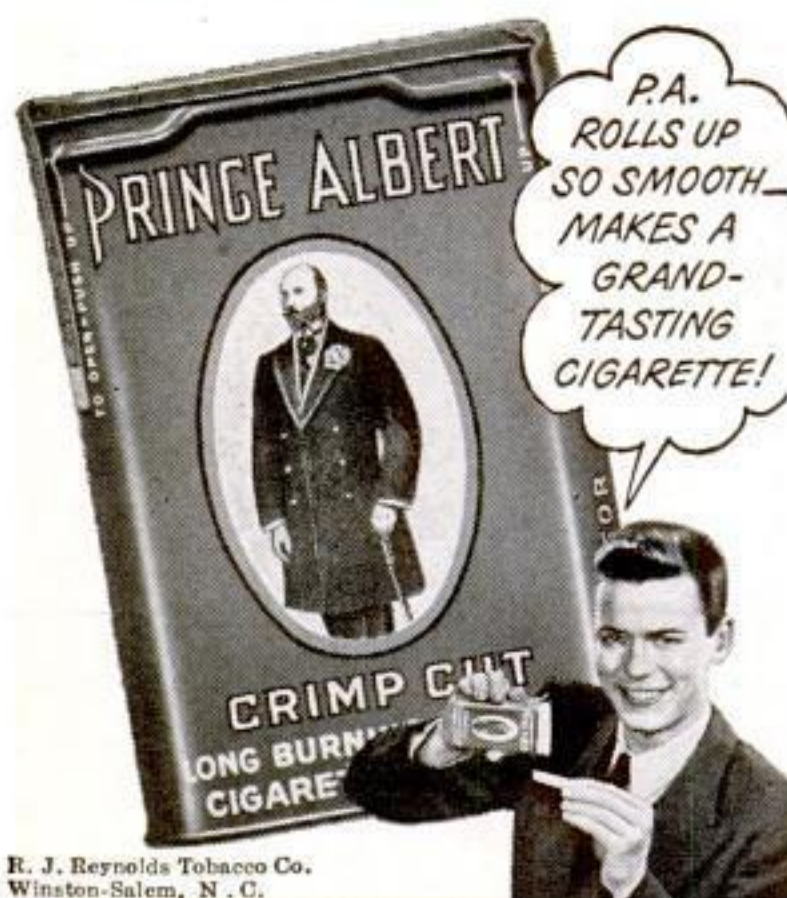
coronation. Coronation ceremonies used to take two weeks, but Phumiphon's were cut to five days.



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

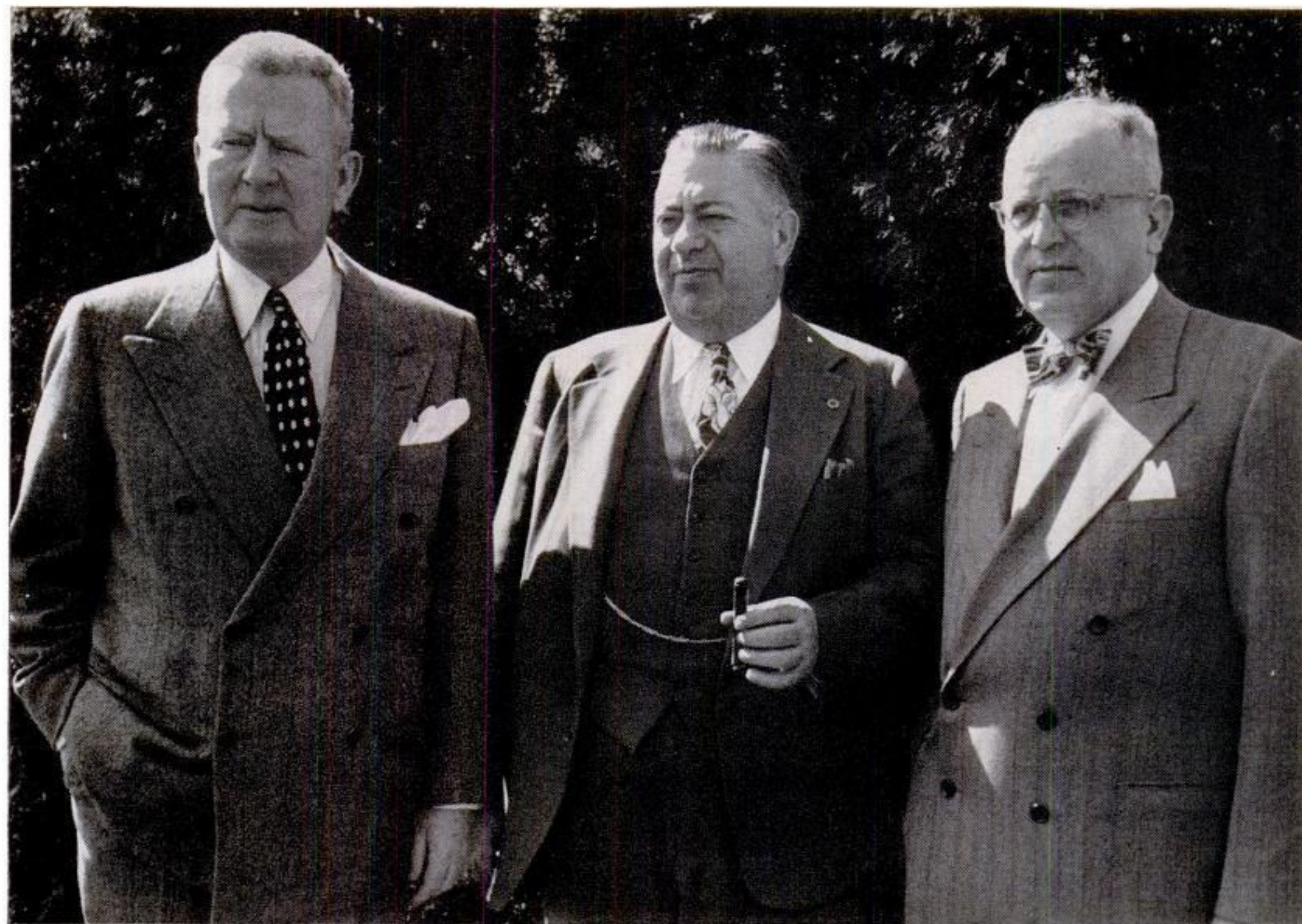
● Yes, there are stars in her eyes for the man with Pipe Appeal! And *his* eyes light up with joy as he smokes a pipeful of Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

Get P.A.! Crimp cut Prince Albert's choice, rich-tasting tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite for greater pipe comfort.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke



PENNSYLVANIA'S DUFF, WOOD AND FINE

Governor James H. Duff's fight to take control of Pennsylvania's Republican party away from the old-guard machine, led for 27 years by Joe Grundy (LIFE, May 8), resulted in a successful landslide. In last week's primary Duff was nominated for U.S. senator over Boss Grundy's man, John Kunkel, by a majority of more than 500,000.

Judge John S. Fine, Duff's choice to succeed him as governor, beat Grundy's Jay Cooke, and State Senator Lloyd H. Wood, another Duff man, was nominated for lieutenant governor. The Democrats were not congratulating themselves on Duff's victory. Grundy's ticket would have been easier for them to beat this fall.



ITALY'S ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI

The 13-year-old soprano from Pesaro walked onto the big stage of Carnegie Hall for her American debut and, with her mother at the piano, calmly sang through 129 taxing minutes of Italian operatic arias and folk songs. Her voice was lyrical and sure and, in the trickier coloratura passages, as agile as almost any mature diva's. When she was through, one man rose and shouted, "*Una*

angelica da paradiso" ("An angel from paradise"). Music critics, more restrained but still tremendously impressed, acclaimed her "a real *wunderkind*." Anna Maria, whose father is a cellist, has been singing since she was 6 but has never had a formal lesson. She wants to stay in the U.S., where she has begun a series of radio and television appearances, and plans a concert tour.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



1. TV Tim, producer of a television show,
Came into Statler, looked around, and cried: "One thing I know—
A fine and friendly telecast that passes every test
Is showing ME at Statler, where you really *are* a guest!"



2. "I'll climb in Statler's famous bed so *you* can see the bliss,
The happiness, the comfort, of a bed as soft as this.
Eight hundred thirty-seven springs are sleep-producing fact—
And if your set shows me asleep, well, honest, *that's no act!*"



3. "A close-up of my beaming face in Statler's gleaming bath
Will symbolize enjoyment (and will dodge the censor's wrath).
Then swing the camera just to show the water steamy-hot,
The piles of soap, and snowy towels stacked up on the spot.



4. "Say, what a shot a Statler meal will make upon TV!
We'll picture Statler's wondrous food for all the world to see.
The soups, the salads and desserts, the vegetables and meat,
And Statler chefs in starring role . . . I'll simply sit and eat!"



5. "No need for telefoto lens," said Tim, "to get a shot
Of me as I go out to shop from this convenient spot.
It's close to business, shops, and shows; it's near the station, too.
As every scene at Statler shows—it's *just the spot for YOU!*"



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK (FORMERLY HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA)
BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON
STATLER OPERATED: HOTEL WILLIAM PENN • PITTSBURGH



What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use Vitalis "Live-Action" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" Nothing like 50-seconds' tingling massage with the *active* Vitalis formula to (1) stimulate your scalp (2) prevent dryness (3) rout flaky dandruff (4) help check excessive falling hair. Your scalp feels refreshed, *invigorated*. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

Vitalis "LIVE-ACTION" care gives you Handsomer Hair



Now see how much neater, how much handsomer your hair is—set to stay that way all day! Natural-looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter today.

"LIVE-ACTION"
***VITALIS**
and the
"60-Second Workout"

• Many scalp specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout stimulates scalp, prevents dryness.



A PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Your barber knows how to give you a stimulating, refreshing Vitalis application for scalp and hair. Ask him for a professional application of "Live-Action" Vitalis.

LIFE CONGRATULATES CONTINUED



YUKIO OZAKI

At the tender age of 91 the former mayor of Tokyo (1903–1912) and a member of the Japanese parliament since 1890 found himself still hale enough to take a trip to the U.S. with his daughter, Viscountess Yukika Soma. He was too late to see blooms on the Potomac River cherry trees, which he sent to the U.S. in 1912 as a gesture of friendship. Still filled with goodwill, he came with General MacArthur's approval on a five-week trip to argue against an early Japanese-American peace treaty—"neither Japan nor the condition of other countries is ready"—and to suggest that the U.S. keep its troops in Japan to maintain peace.



WILLIAM SMITH AND ELMER BENDER

Released after 19 months imprisonment by Chinese Communists, Navy Chief Electrician's Mate Smith, 32, of Long Beach, Calif. and Marine Master Sergeant Bender, 27, of Cincinnati were brought home. The two men, whose light plane was forced down in Red territory in October 1948 said they were blown off course before their engine failed. The Communists, they reported, had fed and housed them adequately. Smith (*left*) was met by his family, including 19-month-old Patrick (held by Mrs. Smith) whom he had never seen. Bender (*right*), whose wife and child were kept home by a measles quarantine, was with them at week's end.

Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike milder than any other principal brand!

These scientific tests, confirmed by independent consulting laboratory, prove Lucky Strike mildest of 6 major brands tested!

MARLENE DIETRICH says:

"I smoke a smooth cigarette—Lucky Strike!"



Let your own taste and throat be the judge! For the rich taste of fine tobacco — for smoothness and mildness . . .

THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF IN A LUCKY!

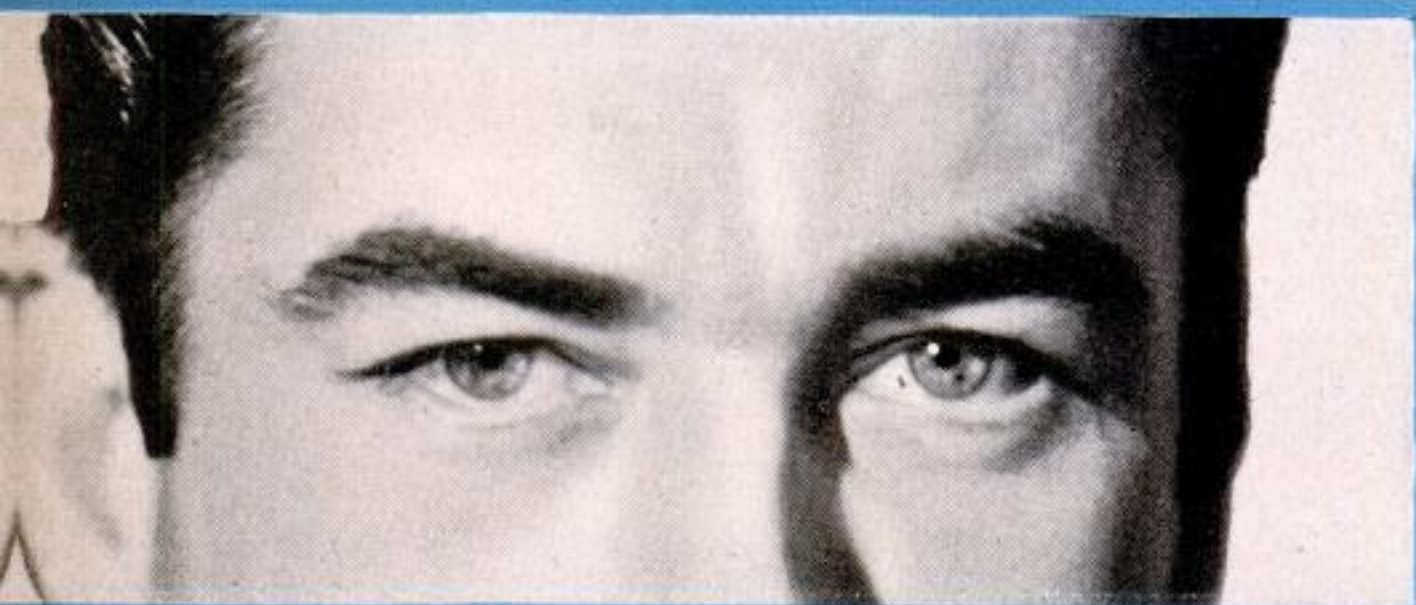
COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

Copyrighted material

How to help him get out from "UNDER PRESSURE"



Chances are, he'll come home tired again tonight. Surprise him with a little freshening magic of your own making. A big shimmering pitcher-full of Iced Tea.

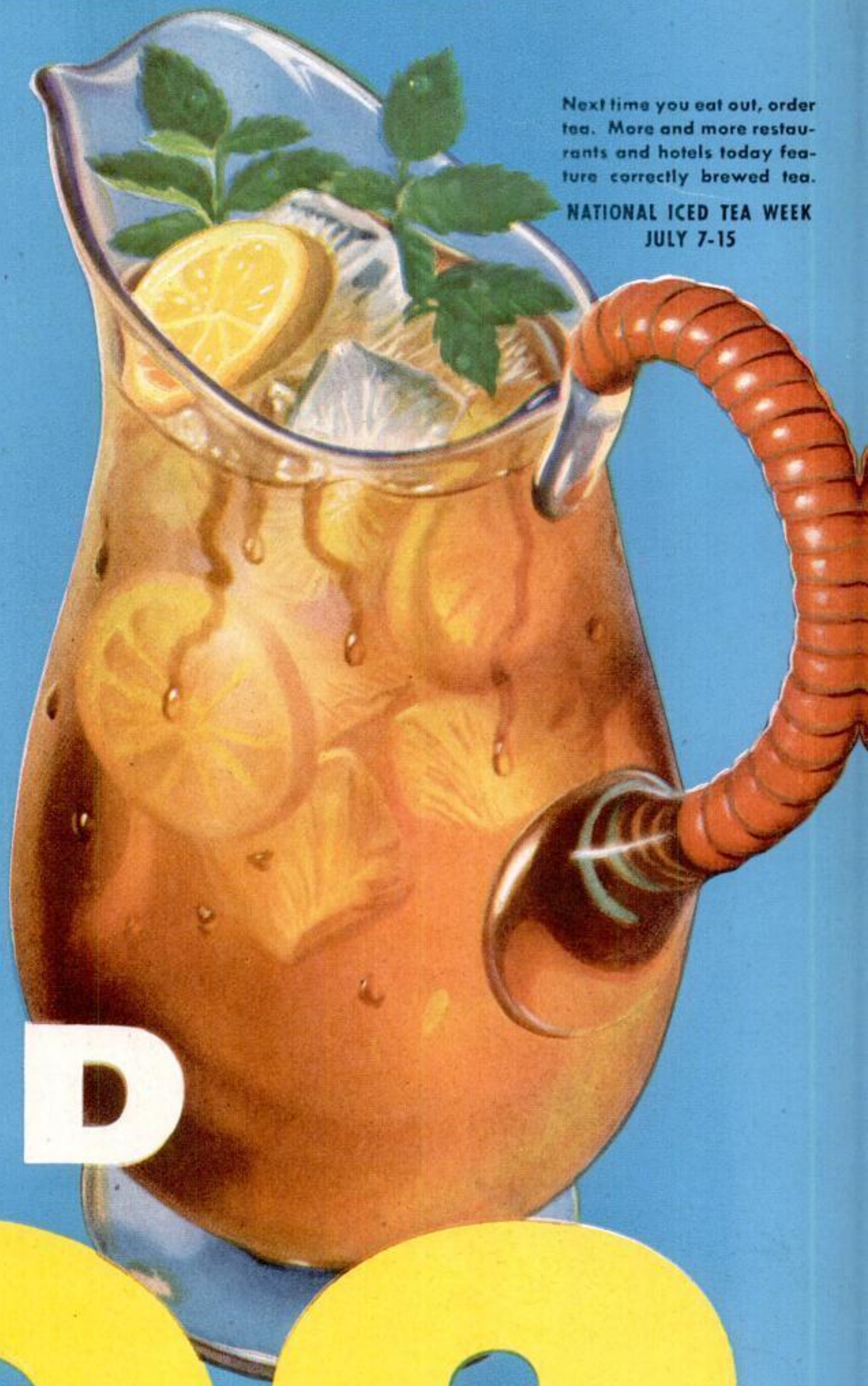
For iced tea is more than the Great American Cooler Off-er. Isn't tea nature's answer to this "pressure" age? Isn't tea the one refreshing mealtime drink that steps you up without keying you up? Doesn't its clean cool taste make everything you eat taste better?

Try tea—a steaming cup or a frosty glass. See if it doesn't help relieve the pressure of the day and make you feel better.

And isn't it good to know that tea, fine tea, costs less than any other beverage!

give him some

ICED tea



Next time you eat out, order tea. More and more restaurants and hotels today feature correctly brewed tea.

NATIONAL ICED TEA WEEK
JULY 7-15

TO MAKE GOOD TEA
THE STEPS ARE THREE

Tea Council



1 Have the water
for your tea
Boiling, boiling
merrily!



2 Tea bag or teaspoon—
it matters not,
One for each cup and
one for the pot.



3 Don't skimp the time
in which you brew it
Three minutes or more—
no less will do it!

P.S. For Iced Tea,
use half again
as much tea and
plenty of ice.



HER SMILE, ready as any politico's, flashes as she chats with her husband and with Chicago's Mayor Martin Kennelly (*below*).

MRS. O'DWYER MAKES BOW AS HOSTESS

The new first lady of New York City presides graciously over historic Gracie Mansion

If the job of running New York City is, as it is supposed to be, the most demanding in the country next to the Presidency, the job of New York's first lady must be equally demanding on a woman. Had she let it, the job could have overwhelmed Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer, 33, the former model who married widower Mayor William O'Dwyer last Dec. 20. Besides the complex task of presiding over Gracie Mansion on the East River, which is to New York what the White House is to Washington, she faced the responsibility of conserving her gregarious husband's energy, which had been giving way to exhaus-

tion under pressure of his work. To this end she has screened his phone calls at home, drastically restricted social engagements and tried to shoo guests out by 10:30 p.m. Not until this month, at a Tammany Hall banquet and a garden party at Gracie (*see cover*) for the U.S. Mayors' Conference, did she relax her discipline and make her joint debut with her husband as a public figure. At both affairs she charmed politicians with her good looks and her ability to be gay without being a flibbertigibbet. Friends of ebullient Bill O'Dwyer say he is thriving, as husbands should, under his young wife's shrewd management.

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AT DESK in her upstairs sitting room Mrs. O'Dwyer goes through morning mail. The photograph on desk is a recent color picture she took of her husband in Florida.



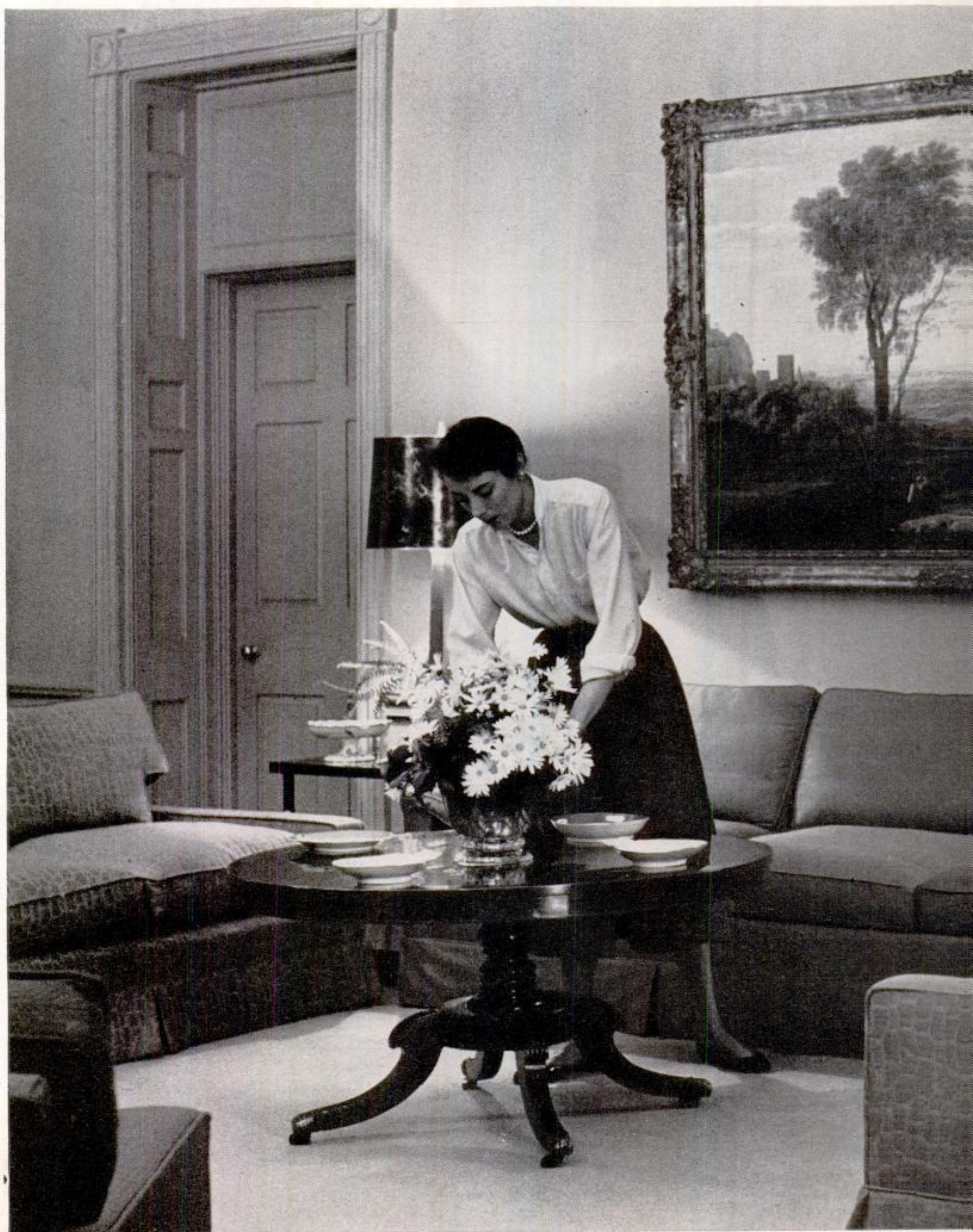
IN BASEMENT laundry room mayor's wife arranges flowers for mansion. No gadabout, Mrs. O'Dwyer does a lot of reading (*below*) when her husband is at City Hall.



Mrs. O'Dwyer CONTINUED



FROM ITS VANTAGE POINT IN WOODED CARL SCHURZ PARK, GRACIE MANSION FACES OUT TOWARD EAST RIVER



IN THE MANSION'S COMFORTABLE DRAWING ROOM MRS. O'DWYER STRAIGHTENS A LARGE BOWL OF DAISIES. THE

HOW SHE RUNS HER BRIDE'S HOUSE

The nine-room house that Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer moved into as a bride was built in 1799 as a fashionable summer home by Archibald Gracie, well-to-do owner of a fleet of clipper ships, on a battleground of the Revolutionary War. In Gracie's day it was visited and admired by such guests as the Marquis de La Fayette, Alexander Hamilton, President John Quincy Adams and Washington Irving. Acquired by the City of New York in 1891, it was used as a municipal museum after 1927 until it was designated as the mayor's official residence eight years ago in the late Fiorello LaGuardia's term.

Like any bride starting up housekeeping in her new home, Mrs. O'Dwyer made a few changes in the old Colonial house this spring. She redecorated the cozy upstairs sitting room where she and the mayor often eat dinner when they are alone. She borrowed several paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's storerooms and has hung them around the house. In the mansion's spacious drawing room (*below*) she rearranged the furniture to seat nine persons in one area because, as she says, "Everyone wants to sit near the mayor." She would like to repaper the graceful main hall (*right*) with something more Colonial in mood, when the budget permits it. What with supervising a staff of four servants—paid by the city, which maintains the house—she has little time for extracurricular activity. She is dead serious about keeping her husband's own social activity within reason: "I," she says, "am the 'no' department."



PAINTING IS A CLAUDE LORRAIN COPY ON LOAN FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM



IN MAIN HALL she wanted to please her Irish husband by hanging a portrait of an Irishman, so she borrowed the one above of Daniel ("The Liberator") O'Connell from Metropolitan Museum. In cocktail dress (*below*) she descends staircase into the hall.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo



It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, good for the whole family!

\$1.00; economy size \$1.75

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

ENRICHED CREME

Shampoo with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better.

*powdered, 1%

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights

Mrs. O'Dwyer CONTINUED



AT GARDEN PARTY FOR MAYORS, O'DWYERS (FOREGROUND) GREET GUESTS



TEXAS OFFICIALS WERE AMONG GUESTS WHO CLUSTERED AROUND SLOAN

IN RECEPTION LINE O'DWYERS WELCOME GUESTS, PASS THEM ALONG TO





ON LAWN OVERLOOKING EAST RIVER, TRIBOROUGH, HELLGATE BRIDGES



ROME'S MAYOR SALVATORE REBECCHINI BOWS TO KISS SLOAN'S HAND

BIRMINGHAM'S MAYOR W. C. GREEN, CONFERENCE PRESIDENT, AND WIFE



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



What style

for a box camera—and what pictures! Just aim and press the new thumb-action shutter release; get wonderful black-and-white and full-color snapshots. Flash shots, too, with Kodak Photo Flasher. Camera, \$5.50. Flasher, \$1.55.

BROWNIE
HAWKEYE
CAMERA
\$5.50

Big news

in low-priced "miniatures." Just a handful—but lots of luxury features. Makes sparkling color transparencies for projection, for prints; beautiful album-size pictures in black-and-white. Camera, \$29.95. Flashholder, \$11.08.



KODAK
PONY 828
CAMERA
\$29.95

Most exciting Kodak cameras since snapshots were invented

All prices include Federal Tax



KODAK
TOURIST
CAMERA
Kodak Lens
\$24.50

New simplicity

in a folding camera. Factory-set, no adjustments to make. Just sight and press the built-in shutter release. Clear, sharp snapshots, both black-and-white and full-color, are that easy! Flash shots, too, of course. Camera, \$24.50 (other "Tourist" models to \$95). Flashholder, \$11.08.

Snapshot insurance

that preview feature. No settings; just aim and press the button. You see every detail of your picture in the big finder before you shoot. And like *all* modern Kodak cameras, the Duaflex makes crisp, clear snapshots in black-and-white and full color—indoors or out. Camera, \$12.75. Flashholder, \$3.33.

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester 4, N. Y.



KODAK
DUAFLEX
CAMERA
Kodak Lens
\$12.75






Happy choice for the graduate... for the
June bride... a Kodak or Brownie camera
See your dealer

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Copyrighted material



New Way to Put on the Dog!

Dress up your ties with **TY-LINES**,
latest bit of magic by **SWANK**. The *Scottie*  on the tie,
and on his leash, seems to challenge gravity. Does he? Does the
leaping *Sailfish*?  Or the antique *Key*? 
You'll learn the secret when you wear one. There's a
Horse  too, and a ship's *Anchor*.  \$2.50 each.

Always look for the name **SWANK**
on all our products.

Men prefer
SWANK

SWANK — © Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. O'Dwyer CONTINUED



HANDSHAKING over, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer and Mayor Green get ready to mingle with the crowd. Sloan gave firm, friendly clasp to each of 700 hands.



BUSSING his good friend, Novelist Fannie Hurst, who is a frequent guest at Gracie Mansion, Mayor O'Dwyer brings an indulgent smile to his wife's face.



LOOKING ON, a crowd of young East Side neighbors of O'Dwyers hang on mansion fence and stare unabashedly at the guests leaving the garden party.

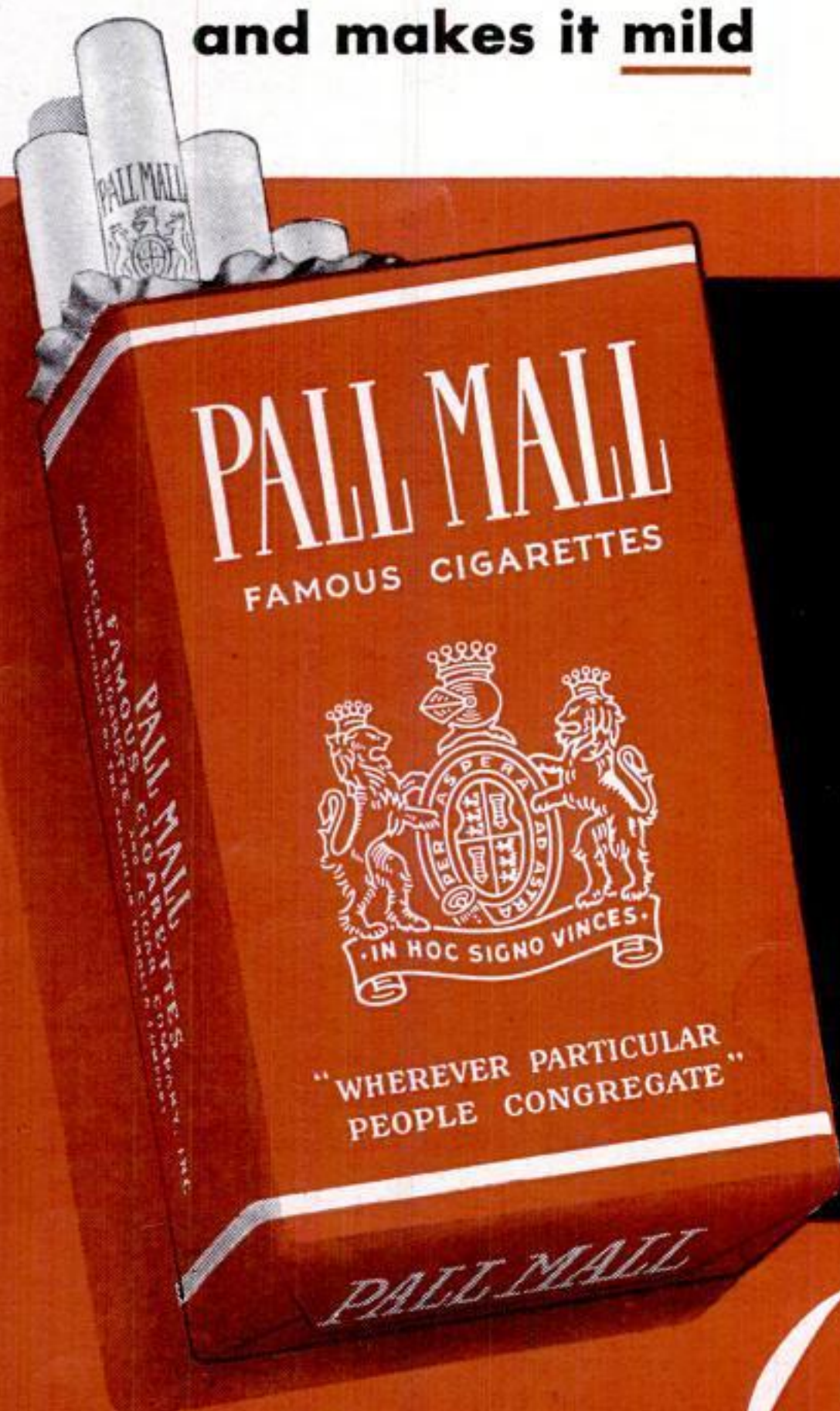
GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH

enjoy smooth smoking

PALL MALL's

greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...

**filters the smoke
and makes it mild**



PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs

or 10...

or 17...

when you smoke

PALL MALL

Puff by Puff

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

You're Always Ahead

Study the puff chart! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

Outstanding...and they are mild!

THIS IS THE PEN

that "panicked" the public!

*It looks like a dream... it writes like a dream
...it packs ten wanted features... it restores
your confidence in what a dollar can buy.*

"How do you do it for a dollar?" That's what folks who sell pens keep asking us about the sensational Wearever Pennant.

This is the dollar pen that gives you your choice of 5 interchangeable points.

This is the dollar pen that looks like a million; writes like a wizard.

This is the pen with all the 1950 features (listed at right) that add writing ease, luxury appearance, dependability.

Own a Wearever Pennant—write with it daily... and you'll say with enthusiasm: "This is the best writing instrument I've ever owned, regardless of price!" If your dealer is out of stock, write us his name and we'll supply you through him. DAVID KAHN, INC., North Bergen, N. J.

GREAT GIFT for Graduation, Birthdays, Father's Day.
No gift more useful than a fountain pen. No gift more acceptable than a Wearever Pennant.

By the World's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer
55th YEAR—FOUNDED 1896



WEAREVER
PENNANT

ONLY
\$1
AMAZING
VALUE

No other pen selling at \$5 or less has all these features:

- 5 INTERCHANGEABLE POINTS.** Choose your favorite. Replacement points, 50c each
- VACUUM-SEALED INNER CAP.** Assures instant starting
- C-FLOW FEED.** Transparent Lucite shows when to refill
- FORTICEL BARREL.** New, colorful, enduring plastic
- DURA-TIPPED POINT.** Reinforced tip for smooth writing, long wear
- EXTRA INK CAPACITY.** For longer service between fillings
- DOUBLE GRIP CLIP.** Tension spring holds it securely in pocket
- INK CONTROLLER.** Reservoir on pen point keeps ink flowing
- CHOICE OF COLORS.** Pearlized finish in lustrous shades of maroon, green, navy and gunmetal

WITH YOUR CHOICE
OF POINT



Other Wonderful Wearever Values

Wearever Tri-Color Pen writes blue, red, green. \$1



Wearever Pennant Matching Pen and Pencil Set in beautiful gift box. \$1.98

Dealers: Want to make more pen profits? Write David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J., for the Wearever Profit Story.

HOW JIM CURED "BUDGET HEADACHE"!

LEAKING AGAIN! THIS PEN IS A NUISANCE...

HERE, TRY MY WEAREVER PEN

SA-A-Y, THAT'S A SMOOTH WRITING NUMBER...AND GOOD-LOOKING, TOO...HOW MUCH?

ONE DOLLAR, JIM, AND YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

ONLY \$1! BOY, THAT'S THE PEN FOR ME...AND THE KIDS...AND FOR THE GIFT PROBLEM, TOO!

GIFT BUDGET

Wearever Pens for everyone this year. Put savings into tax budget...and clothes for the family

WEAREVER

Fountain Pens • Mechanical Pencils

At leading chain, drug, stationery and department stores

© 1950 David Kahn, Inc.



MICHAEL H. BEVANS

IN RIVER BOTTOMLAND, IN THE MIDST OF WILD CANE, A 5-FOOT CANEBRAKE RATTLER USES A BROKEN BRANCH TO HELP PULL OLD SKIN BACK OFF ITS BODY

AMERICAN SNAKES

PAINTINGS OF LEADING U.S. VARIETIES SHOW HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE HARMFUL FROM THE HARMLESS

Snakes, being cold-blooded creatures numbed by temperatures below 50°, do not start their year's activities in most of the U.S. until middle or late spring. When the air warms up, they come out of holes and crevices where they have been hibernating to look for mates and food. It is then, as they slither across the ground, that most people see them and are frightened by them. The only dangerous snakes in the U.S. are rattlers, coral snakes, moccasins and copperheads. But it is difficult to distinguish between the harmful and harmless reptiles. To help identify common snakes, LIFE presents on these pages the realistic drawings of Michael H. Bevans, artist and naturalist.

Soon after they come out of hibernation, most

snakes shed their skins, a process they go through several times a year. What the snake casts off is the scaly top layer. The shedding is primarily an allowance for growth. If the snake did not get rid of its old encasement it would be as bad off as a fast-growing boy wearing last year's suit. At molting time the old skin begins to loosen on the snake's body and a new layer forms beneath it. By rubbing against stones or twigs, the reptile can gradually work the loosened skin back over its body, the way a stocking is removed inside out.

A snake's skin also plays a role in its mating. Although males of some species may recognize the females by their different coloring, they generally tell females by the skin odor. With most species

mating is preceded by a courtship ritual. Male garter snakes and water snakes, for example, rub their chins along the backs of the females. Some snakes lay eggs, others give birth to young wrapped in membraneous sacs. Eggs are usually laid in rotting logs, in sand and under rocks, but the membrane-encased young may be dropped anywhere. Which ever way they are born, the baby snakes are able to fend for themselves without mother care. By early summer, snakes, which have lived together in colonies during the winter, scatter to their separate hiding places. They seek cool spots under rocks or brush because, being cold-blooded and unable to maintain constant body temperature, snakes cannot tolerate hot weather any more than cold.

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POISONOUS SNAKES OF U.S. are shown left of tree above. Since venomous snakes are more nocturnal than harmless ones, all but the coral snakes have elliptical pupils better adapted for night than round-pupiled eyes of nonpoisonous species. All—again except coral snake—have triangular-shaped heads with two bulges at back where venom sacs are located. Rattlers are best recognized by rattles on the ends of their tails. Sidewinder, member of rattler family, gets name because it travels sideways in looping motion. Among timber rattlers in northern U.S., color varies from black to yellow. Western diamondback, a vicious snake, competes with the black-footed ferret for rodents and when on

the prowl sometimes comes face to face with the rival hunter. The pygmy rattlesnake eats lizards, frogs and other small creatures but can be baffled by the weirdly constructed, hard-to-grab praying mantis. The eastern diamondback may grow to more than seven feet, is the largest of the venomous snakes. Copperheads and moccasins belong to the same family; copperheads can be recognized by their color, but one has to look closely at the broad head and body markings of the moccasin to distinguish it from some harmless varieties. Coral snake, which has most deadly venom of all U.S. snakes, has bright bands which go completely around body. Except for egg-laying coral snake, all venomous snakes here give birth to membrane-wrapped young,

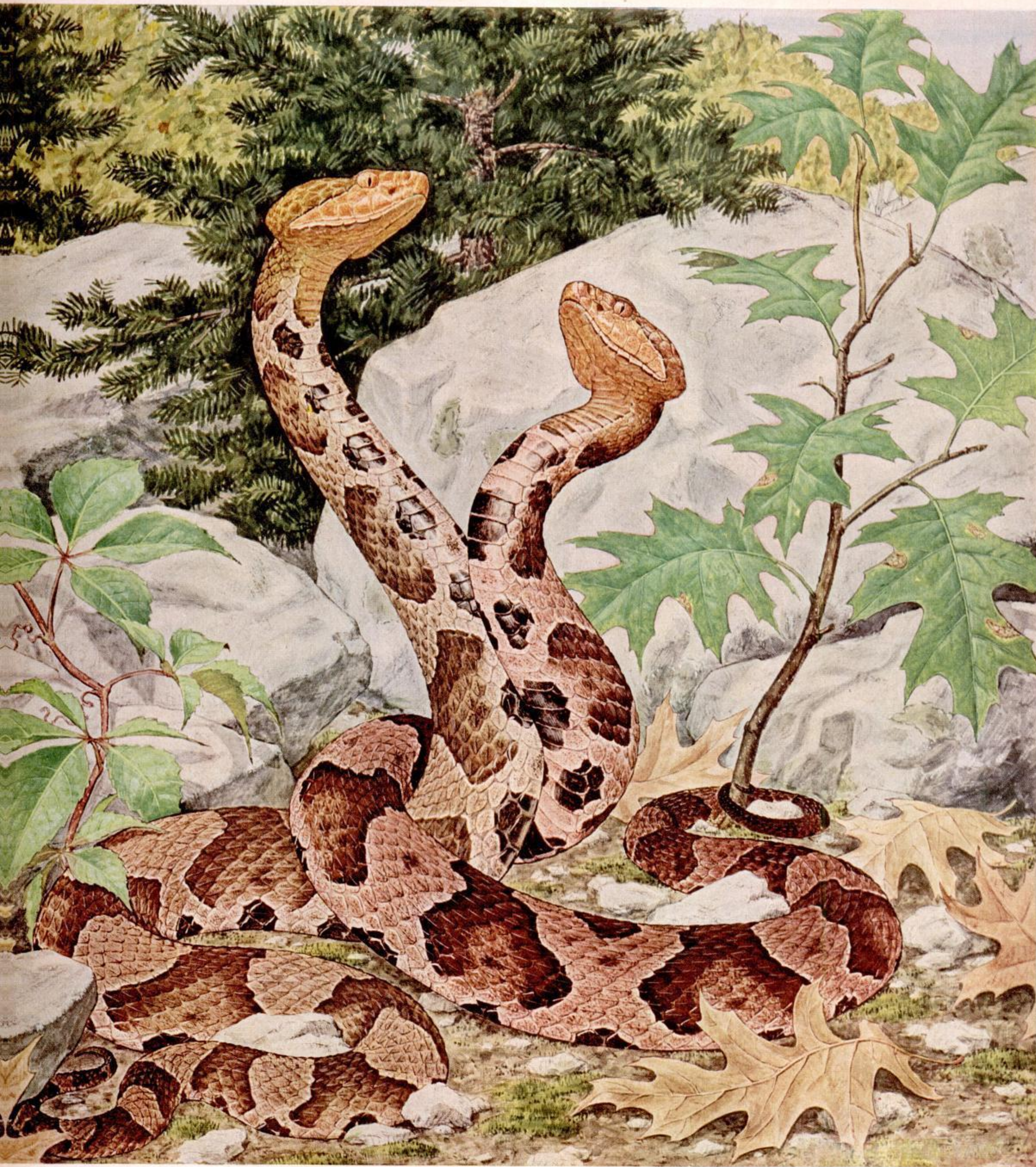


HARMLESS SNAKES OF U.S.

outnumber the venomous snakes by about six to one. Some, like hog-nosed and water snakes, can flatten out heads to look like venomous snakes. Hognose, however, can be distinguished by upturned nose. Water snakes can be told from moccasins by narrower heads and body markings. Though scarlet and scarlet king snakes are often confused with coral snakes, colored bands of scarlet snake do not cross its belly, and bands of both are arranged in different color order. Majority of snakes can climb trees, but pilot black snake, yellow rat snake and keeled green snake are more arboreal than most. Pilot snake gets name from legend that it leads other snakes to

safety in time of danger. Yellow rat snake is great enemy of rodents. Keeled green snake has rough or "keeled" scales. Largest of harmless snakes is the indigo snake, which sometimes grows to eight feet. Black racer is one of speediest snakes, has been clocked at 5 mph. Milk snake does not suck milk from cows, as legend has it, but makes its home near barns simply to be close to a supply of mice and rats. The pine snake, found in the Southeastern pine woods, has a hiss that can be heard 100 yards away. The king snake, constricting a garter snake above, kills both venomous and nonvenomous snakes. Garter snake is first to appear in the spring and last to disappear in the fall. All nonpoisonous snakes here lay eggs except garter and water snakes, which bear live young.

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COMBAT DANCE between two male copperheads is a kind of Indian wrestling match in which two snakes intertwine and try to throw each other out of position. Contest starts when two males, coming upon each other by chance or purpose, identify each other as potential competitors, possibly for the same territory. One of them advances and tries to wind the forepart of his body around the other. Entwined, they rear higher and higher until nearly half their bodies are off the ground, all this with much weaving, waving and shifting of position, the two feinting and

sparring at each other like fighting cocks. There seems to be no deliberate effort to use the fangs which could inflict serious injury. The wrestling continues in an almost ritualistic and increasingly violent fashion until one of the snakes gives way and they both crash to the ground. The loser generally crawls away. If he does not, the fighting may continue for hours. Combat dances take place among males of many other varieties. They tend to keep the snake population spread out and in better relation to the food supply, there being only so many mice, frogs and insects to a given territory.

General Electric designs a better lamp bulb for fixtures like these...

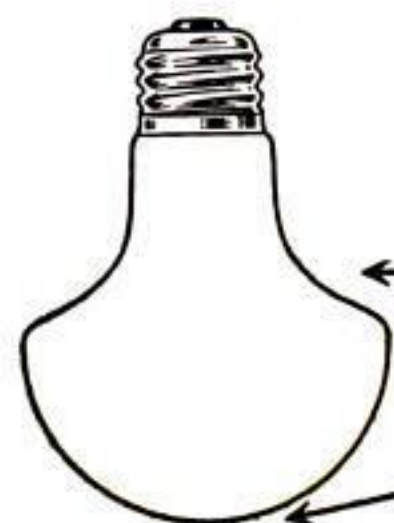
NEW 50-GA BULB BRINGS NEW BEAUTY TO FIXTURES—GIVES SOFTER LIGHT

YOU'LL never believe your ceiling fixtures could be so beautiful—not 'till you try this new General Electric bulb! And you'll find it wonderfully flattering to people and surroundings, too.

Designed for overhead lighting fixtures where ordinary bare bulbs in base-up position are now used, General Electric's new bulb gives a charming, soft effect—mellows the light to add new beauty to furnishings and complexions.

The new and different shape of the 50-GA bulb directs much of the light upward. An enamel coating on the under-portion gives the downward light added softness and warmth.

Wherever you are using bare bulbs base-up, in overhead fixtures in dining room, living room, bedroom, and hallways, you'll want to replace them with these new bulbs. If your G-E Lamp dealer does not yet have a supply, he'll have some soon. Get enough for every socket, and spares **40¢** besides! 50 watts only plus tax



HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Used as shown here—base-up—the new 50-GA bulb gives a beautiful soft lighting effect.

← Light is directed upward through inside frosted portion of the bulb.

← Enamel coating softens the downward light.

← Unshaded spot here adds attractive sparkle to the bulb and to your room.



New beauty for chandeliers! Modern design of the 50-GA bulb makes fixtures look better both lighted and unlighted. Flatters complexions, clothes and room surroundings.



Bare-bulb ceiling fixtures take on a "dressed-up" look when you use General Electric 50-GA bulbs. Grand for living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, halls.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



1. "HOT LAB"—UNDERGROUND. Experiments with radioactive isotopes help Ford develop better materials and find new methods. Scientific workers bury themselves in a concrete vault and handle dangerous isotopes with special remote-control equipment.

Already they have found the following uses for radioactive material: to determine the level of molten metal in cupolas; to measure and control the thickness of sheet steel in the Ford rolling mill; radiographic inspection of heavy castings for unseen defects.

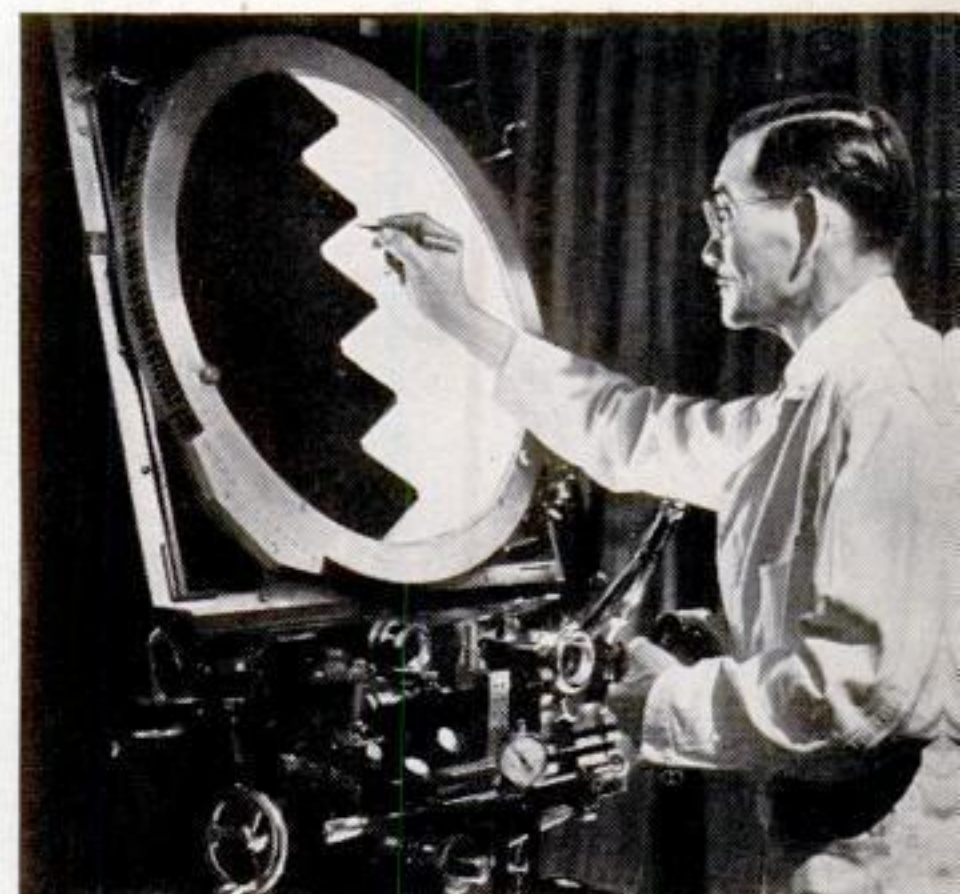


2. "THIS CHART REDUCES DEFECTS," Quality Control expert tells a group of major suppliers taking a training course at the River Rouge plant. "Even with 100% inspection some defective parts slip by the keenest human eyes. With this chart system, we come

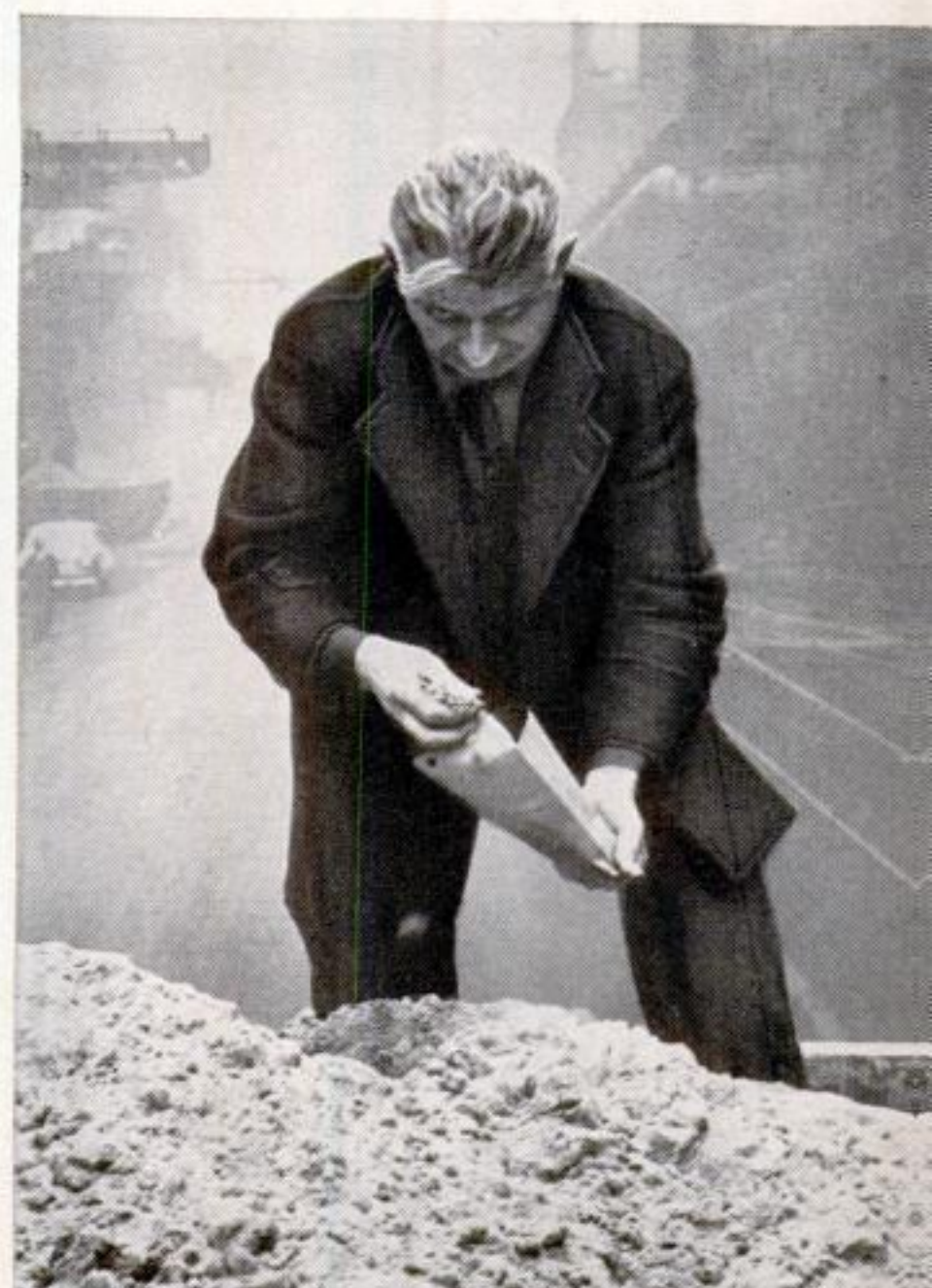
close to eliminating defective material." Independent manufacturers who sell to Ford, study Ford methods so they can adopt them in their own outside plants. Ford knows quality manufacturing demands quality materials which meet exact specifications.



3. HUMAN HANDS CREATE THE MACHINE. In the "Rouge's" huge tool and die shop superior craftsmanship goes into the fashioning of giant dies which stamp out interchangeable car parts. Ford stresses top standards in workmanship to build quality into all cars.



4. CHECKING A GAGE. Engineer Masao Hirat is not examining the teeth of a giant saw! He is checking the magnified shadows of precision-gage threads. On this screen a variation of 0.004 of an inch looks like a quarter of an inch. Quality at Ford demands precision.



5. EVEN SAND must meet strict specifications for perfect molds for perfect castings for perfect cars! Samples are sent to testing laboratories as soon as materials are unloaded. By building quality into every car part, Ford assures quality for Lincoln, Mercury and Ford cars.

WHAT'S GOING ON AT FORD . . .

265,000 PEOPLE WITH ONE AIM— THE PERFECT CAR

And they're getting close through
cooperation and Quality Control

IT WOULD take some 15,000 perfectly coordinated parts to produce a perfect automobile.

Such theoretical perfection may be beyond human reach. Yet Ford is getting closer and closer to what might be called *practical* perfection.

This accomplishment may be largely credited to Quality Control, a program which reaches deeply into every complex operation of Ford and of its 700 major suppliers.

Quality Control is much more than a system of rigid inspection covering every step of manufacture.

It employs physics, chemistry, metallurgy, spectroscopy and the X-ray to keep machines and materials up to Ford standards. It builds up in the skilled worker, the pride he feels in a job well done. It recaptures in this age of mass production, the values of old-time craftsmanship and the sense of personal accomplishment.

The resulting quality can be defined, measured, predicted, planned for. It backs up the value delivered to the ultimate purchaser of Ford, Lincoln, Mercury cars, and Ford trucks and tractors.

Given quality designing and quality engineering, Quality Control starts with raw materials. Ford engineers and chemists test carloads of coal and sand and shiploads of ore to see that raw materials meet Ford specifications. Then, quality-conscious workers, constantly checking their own and their machines' precision, transform these raw materials into parts of cars. The quality plan extends into the most minute operation of manufacture. Assembled, the quality-produced cars roll off the line onto the dealer's floor.

Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers follow through from there with an elaborate nation-wide reporting system. Their comments and suggestions, statistically analyzed, provide Ford with an invaluable check on the progress of the quality plan. Customers, too, provide a constant reminder that "Quality and Demand Go Hand in Hand."

Much has been achieved, but the search for perfection still goes on. At Ford, Quality Control is a deliberate, planned, company-wide effort to extend a great Ford tradition—the tradition of good value.

Quality of product is the basis of "The Ford Idea"—making the best possible products in the best possible way—for the benefit of all.



6. 1950 MERCURY "America's No. 1 Economy Car." Pitted against thirty leading automobiles, Mercury set a gasoline mileage record of 26.52 miles per gallon in the 751-mile Mobilgas Grand Canyon Economy Run. Two quality advantages that made Mercury the Sweepstakes Winner: V-type, 8-cylinder production engine; Mercury's gas-saving Touch-O-Matic Overdrive. The test demonstrated that strict Quality Control pays off in quality performance.



7. HENRY FORD II (right) and Production Manager W. D. Singleton (left) congratulate John M. Hislop, veteran Ford employee at the Chester, Pa., Ford assembly plant, who submitted the prize-winning slogan on the importance of building quality into the company's product. Knowing that quality increases sales, that sales mean more production, and that more production makes for job security, Mr. Hislop wrote, "QUALITY AND DEMAND GO HAND IN HAND." Mr. Ford presented him with a new Ford Custom Sedan—quality insured—as Number One Prize in national company-wide competition.

*Sophie WAS A
"SHOW-ME" GIRL...*

*Wilma WAS A
"WOE-ME" GIRL*

Better be shown than be sorry!

Always ask to see the word "Sanforized" on the label before you buy cottons—and avoid shrinkage woes forever!



Before you buy a cotton dress, be sure the style will never shrink away. Look for the "Sanforized" trade-mark.



Before you buy sportswear or play clothes, better see that word "Sanforized," and save yourself from shrinkage troubles.



Before you buy a slip, be sure it'll never shrink into a strait jacket! Does the label say "Sanforized"?



Before you buy children's clothes, see the "Sanforized" label. Keep those clothes fitting till they're outgrown by natural causes.

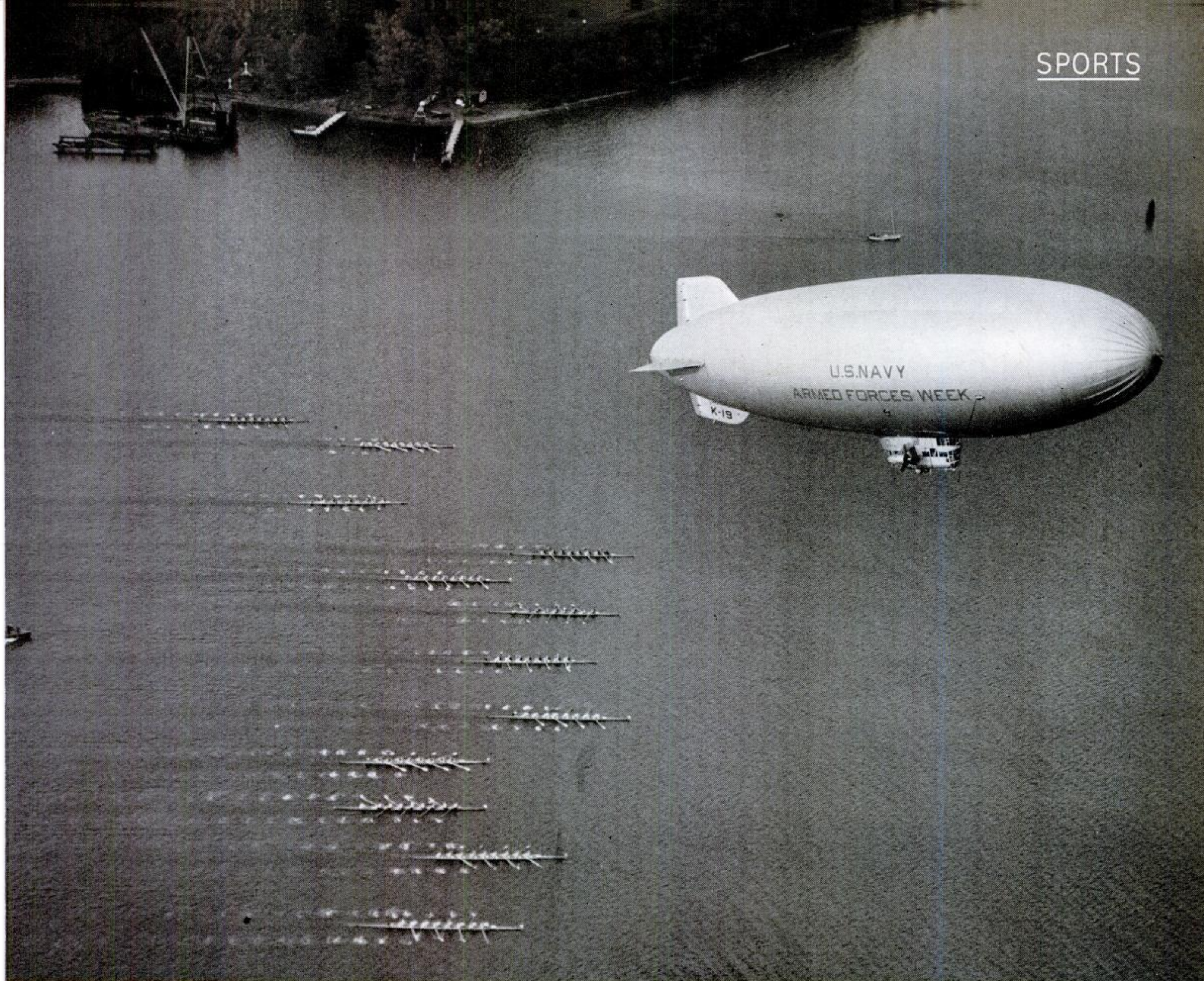
•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

SEEING IS BELIEVING! MAKE EVEN

YOUR FAVORITE SALESGIRL SHOW YOU

"SANFORIZED" ON THE LABEL!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



THREE-QUARTER MARK on Severn River finds leaders bunched. From top, crews are: Rutgers, Wisconsin,

Boston University, Princeton, Yale, Pennsylvania, Harvard, M.I.T., Cornell, Navy, Syracuse, Columbia.

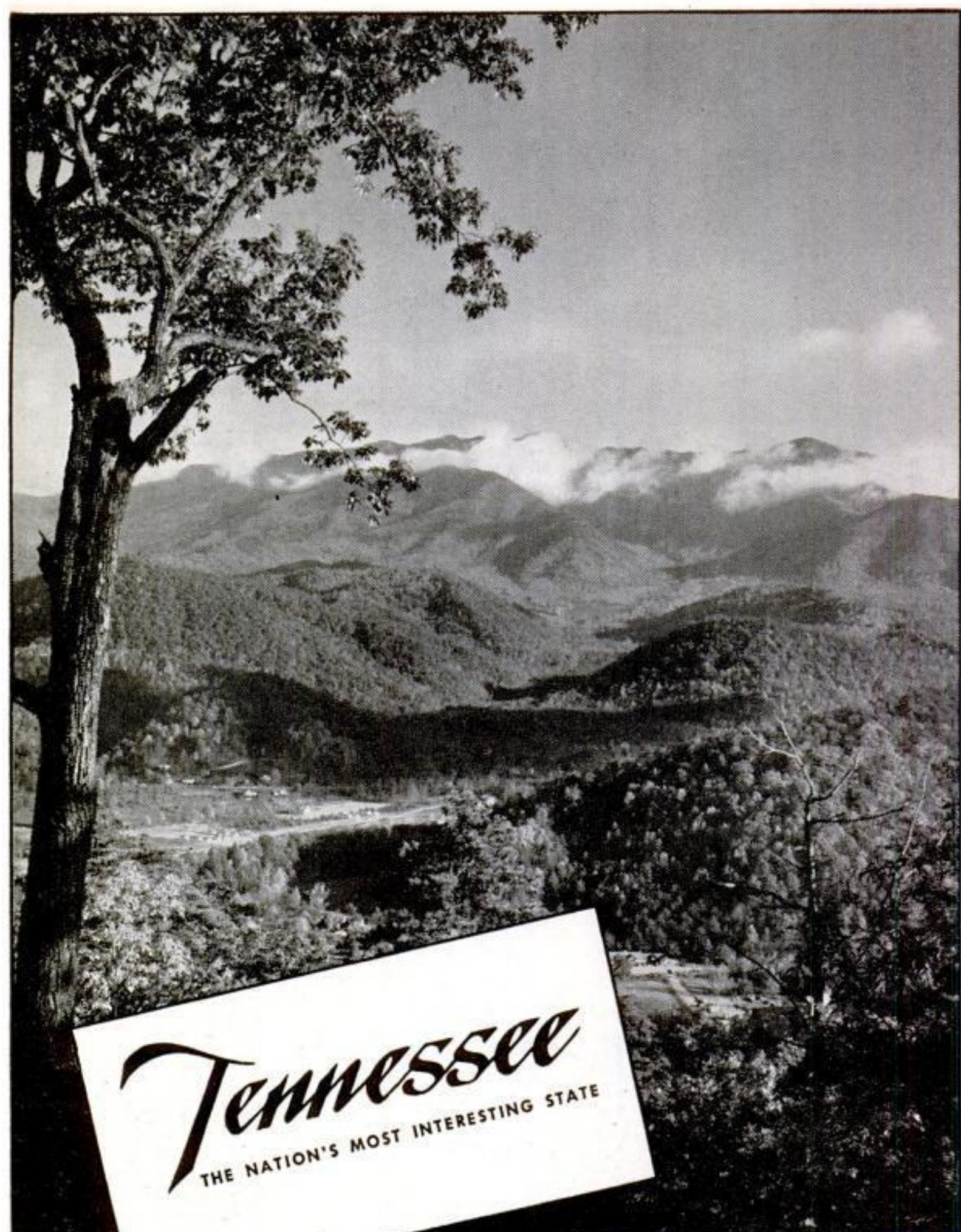
WINNER BY AN OAR

Favored Harvard crew loses race to M.I.T. by a tenth of a second

Intercollegiate rowing for the past 25 years has been dominated by Western universities such as Washington (LIFE, June 20, 1949) and California. In the east, where oarsmanship has flourished for over 100 years, Harvard has lately been the crew to beat. Two weeks ago, when 12 shells lined up on the Severn River near Annapolis, Md. for the final race of the Eastern sprint regatta, the Crimson were a good bet to preserve their undefeated 1950 record. Pennsylvania, with Single Sculls Champion Jack Kelly at stroke, was rated second. Behind them came the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a Johnny-come-lately in rowing, which had got its start in 1913 with crew equipment provided by Harvard and which had twice lost to Harvard earlier this year. During most of the 2,000-meter race Penn and Princeton led the pack. In the last quarter mile Harvard and M.I.T. shot into the lead and crossed the finish line together. It took the judges 10 minutes to announce that underdog M.I.T. had won. The winning margin: one tenth of a second.



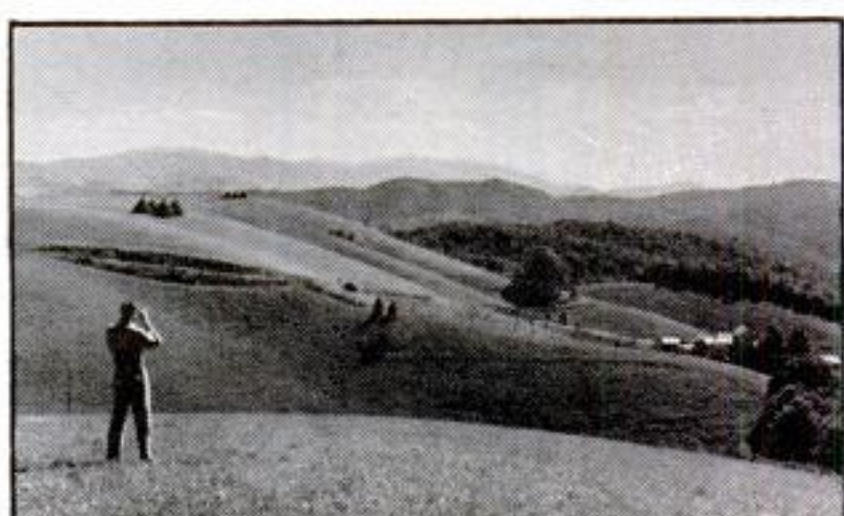
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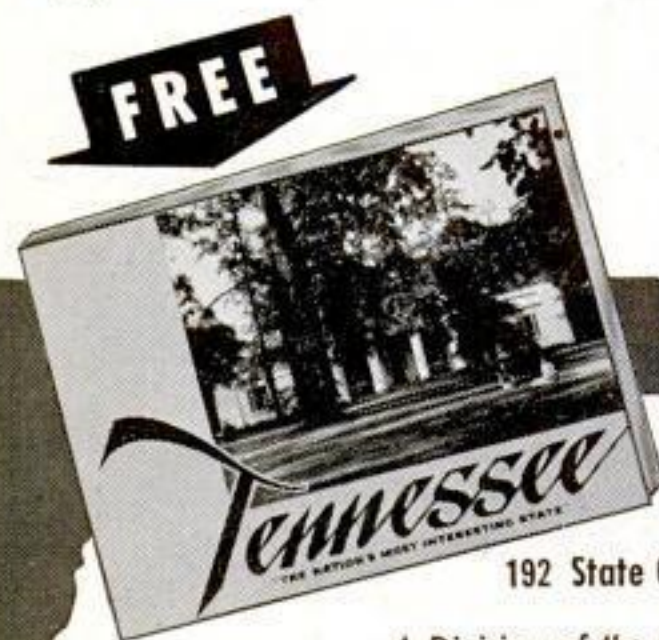
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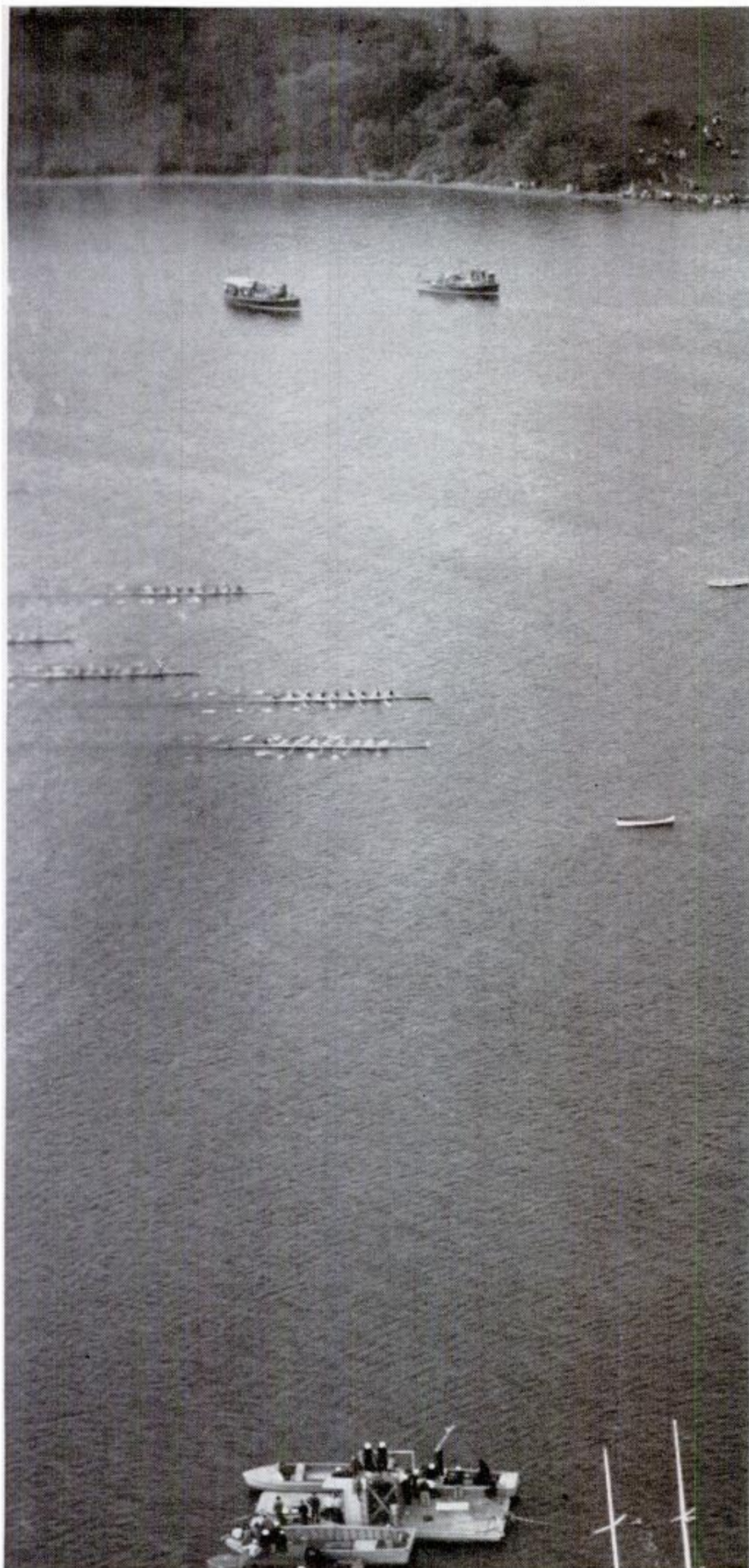
Crew Race CONTINUED



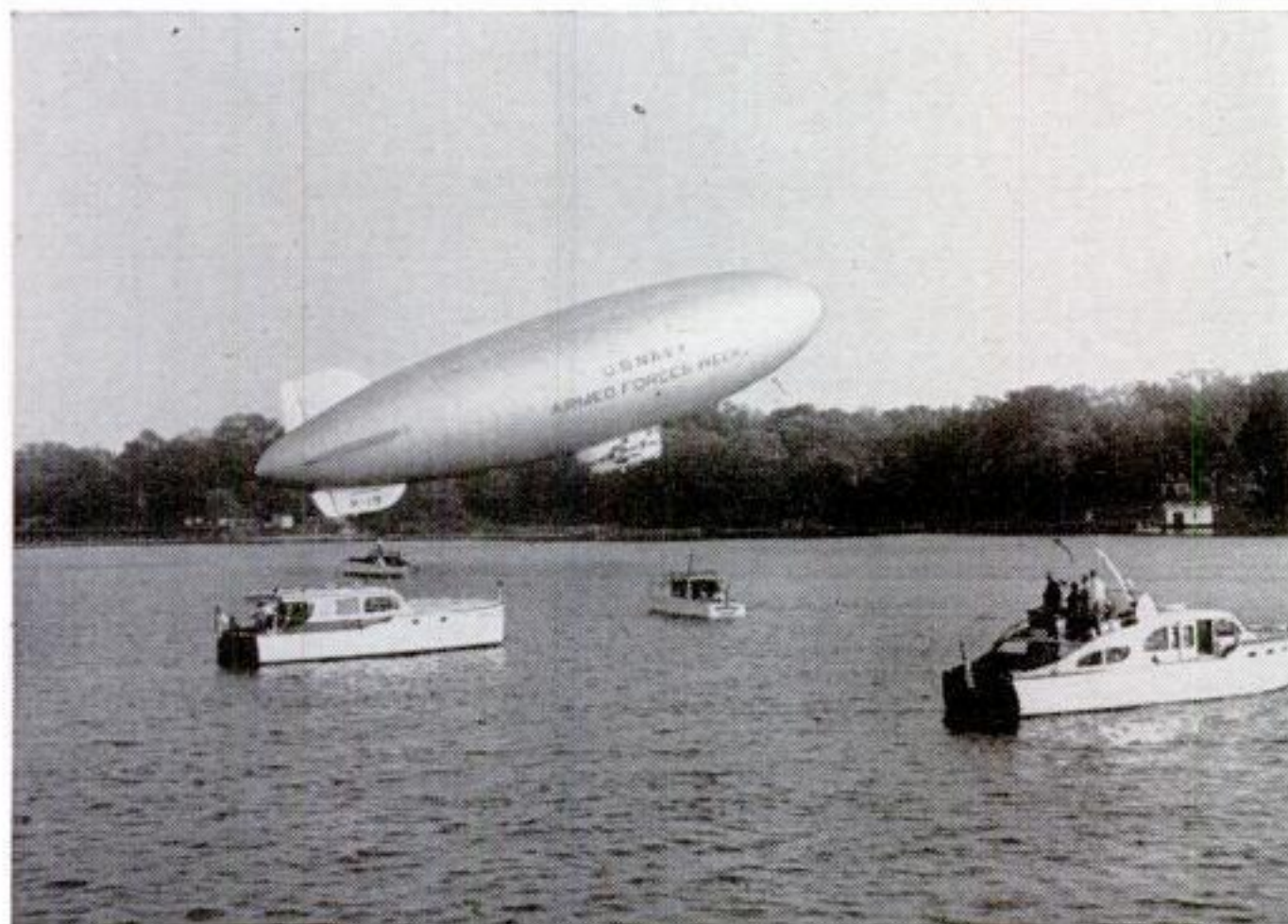
BEFORE START of race crews await the gun while Boston University boat (third from top) backs into position on line marked by row of moored dinghies.



AT FINISH LINE M.I.T. crew (near camera) barely edges out Harvard. On Lake Carnegie two weeks before, Harvard beat M.I.T. by only one foot.



NECK AND NECK Harvard, which seems to be leading, and M.I.T. near the finish (*dinghies at right*). Princeton (*top*) and Penn finished third and fourth.



BLIMP BLOOPER occurred when this Navy airship came too low making turn after following race down the river, and nearly dunked its tail in the water.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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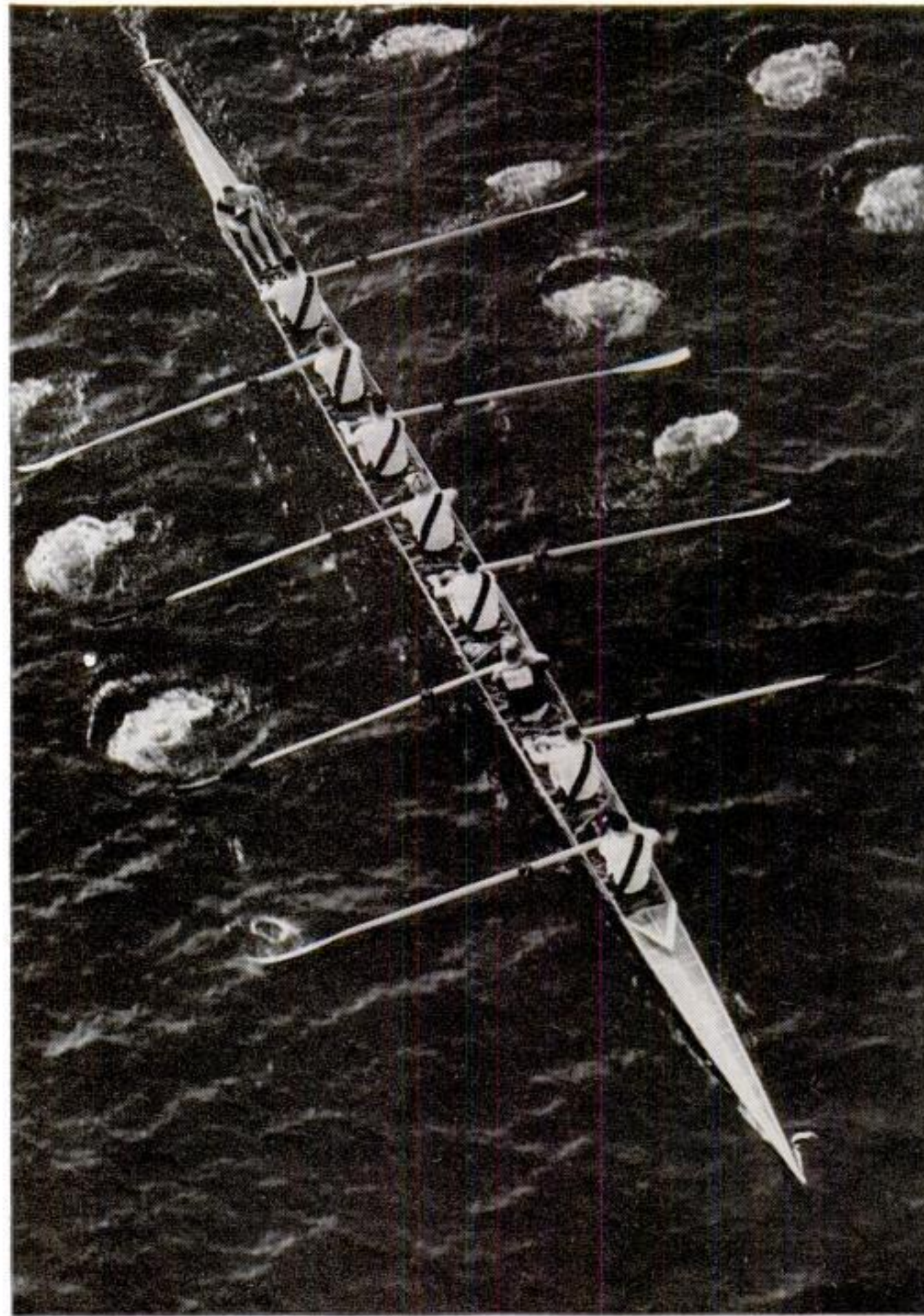
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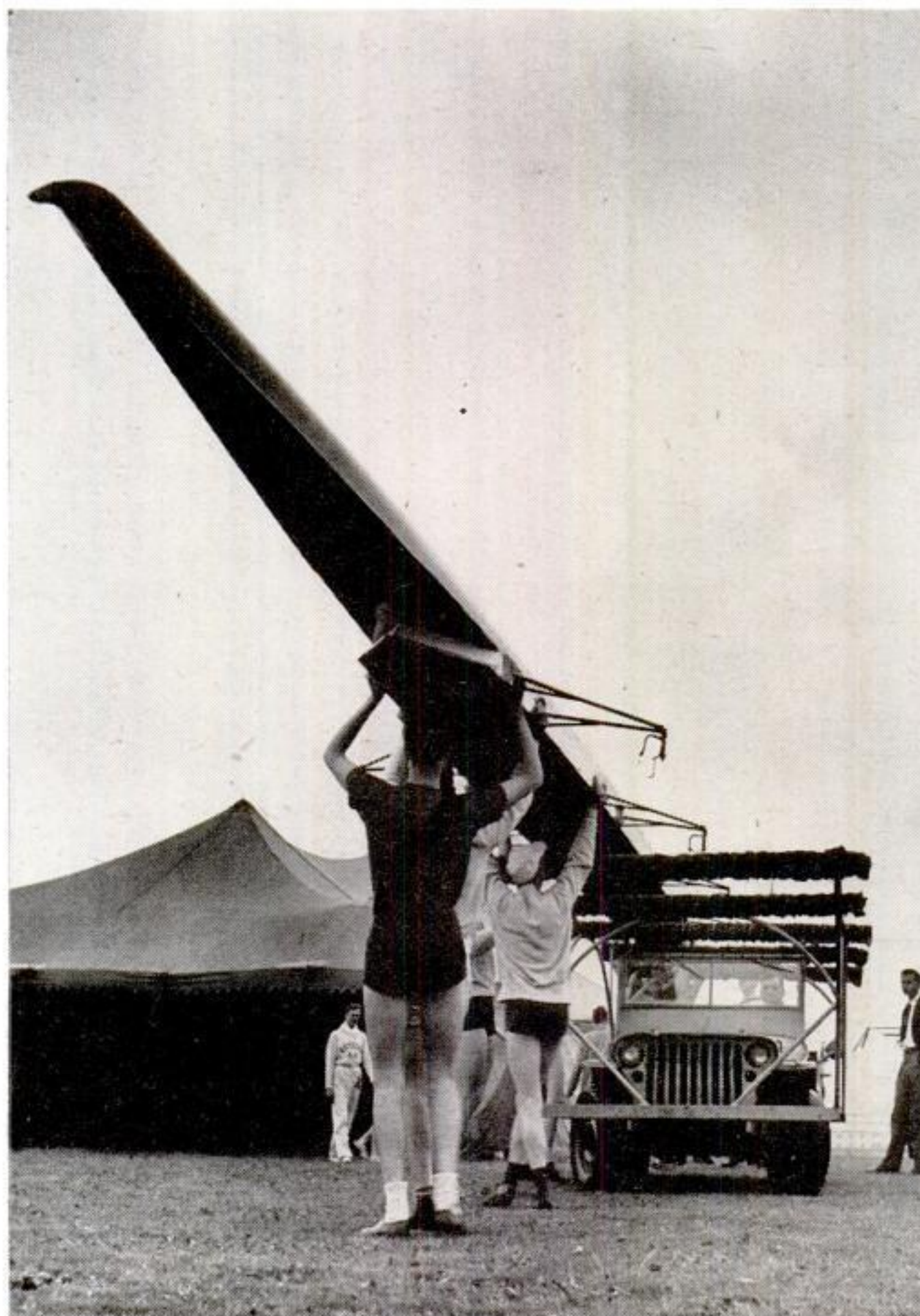
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NAVY OARS make lines of whirlpools at end of powerful stroke as the crew sprints toward the line. The Annapolis boat finished the race in eighth place.



NAVY LOAN is lifted from jeep by Rutgers freshmen after their shell was damaged in transit. Thirty-four boat meet was largest in U.S. rowing history.

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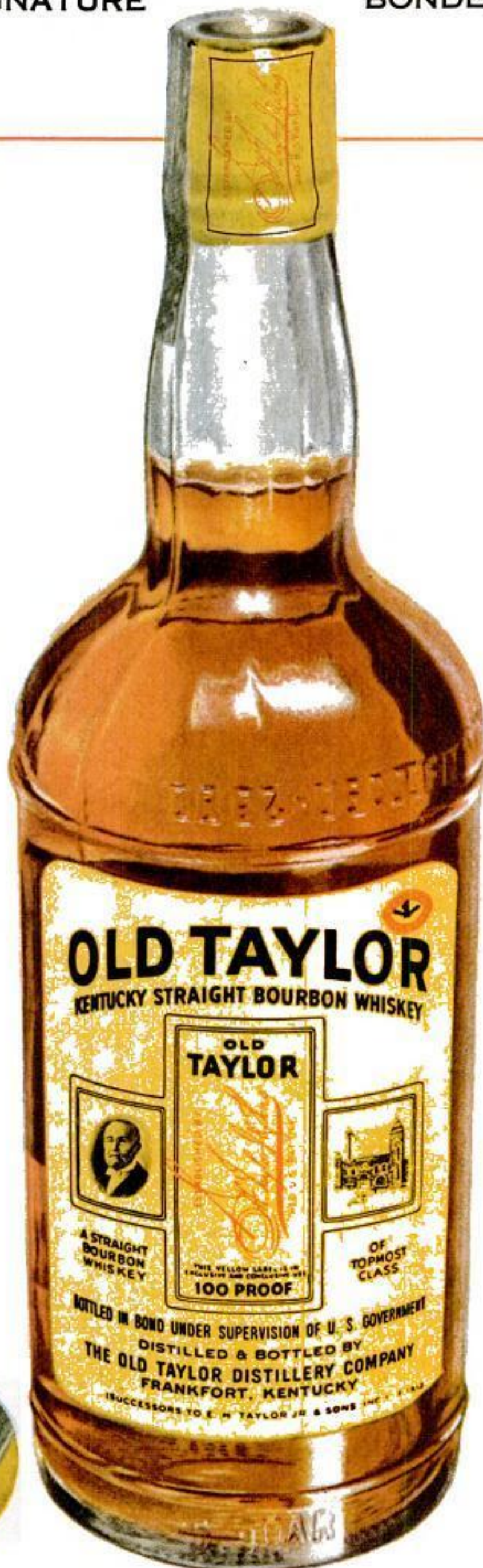
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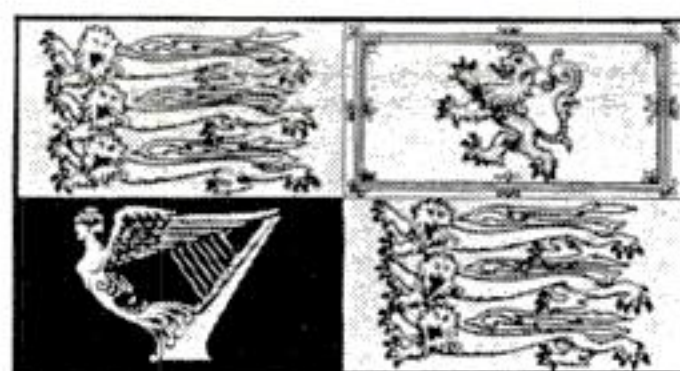
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MY FATHER IN HIS ROBES OF STATE

This portrait by Sir Luke Fildes commemorates my father's Coronation in June 1911. Under the ermine robe he wears the uniform of an Admiral of

the Fleet. Around his shoulders is the collar [chain] of the Order of the Garter. Visible above it is the cross of the Royal Victorian Order.



THE ROYAL STANDARD

A KING'S STORY

PART II

The Heir Apparent, in love, ponders withdrawing from the succession. As King he finds in himself "the seeds of irreconcilable conflict"

BY EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

ON Dec. 12, 1928, at Buckingham Palace, my father underwent an operation for a streptococcus infection. Thereafter, because the surgical wound in his back seemed stubbornly slow to heal, his convalescence was slow. The King's impromptu strictures on the ineptitude and incompetence of the British medical profession, from which his chief physician, Lord Dawson, was not excluded, were marvelous to overhear. But my father was, in truth, a very sick man, far sicker than the British public ever knew.

While I was still racing back to Great Britain aboard the light cruiser *Enterprise*, my father had caused to be set up a Council of State, consisting of my mother, my brother Bertie, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor and myself, with authority to conduct state business in the sovereign's name. In this capacity we approved Orders in Council, submissions and government appointments and signed commissions for the armed forces. For me this shared responsibility of acting for my father was all the more interesting because I was enabled for the first time to read various secret official communications, including Foreign Office telegrams, but not the minutes of Cabinet meetings which only the King's Private Secretary, the venerable Lord Stamfordham, was allowed to see.

A letter that I wrote my father at the time suggests the different ways in which, during his incapacity, I acted for him:

Dearest Papa,

... Mama tells me that I may write to you now which is good news

... Mama will have told you of our visit to the Industries Fair at the White City. It was very kind of her to go as it encourages the manufacturers who need that now. Her energy is amazing and she had everyone tired out that morning. ...

I received the new Japanese Ambassador this morning and accepted his credentials on your behalf and this afternoon I gave your cup away at the shire horse show in Islington. So we are trying to keep things going while you are still laid up and there is no reason for you to worry your head over a thing. ...

Your devoted son
David

In February the King was moved to Bognor, on the Sussex coast, where I often visited him. One afternoon as I was starting back to London my mother asked me to her

room for a private talk. She expressed her satisfaction with the way I was carrying on for my father. Then with that quiet indirection which marks her approach to delicate situations she surprised me by asking whether I did not think it might be better on the whole if I were to give up steeplechasing.

"Is it because you think I might get hurt?" I asked.

"Partly that," my mother answered. "But with Papa so ill and unable to get around, and your having to do so much more it would seem better if you did not take these chances."

"But I don't fall very often," I protested.

"I realize that. Nevertheless I know it would please your Papa if you would give up race-riding and be content with fox hunting."

"If it will save you further anxiety," I assured her, "I shall of course do what you and Papa wish."

And so I reluctantly abandoned the one pursuit which gave outlet to my competitive spirit. Thereafter the fields of Leicestershire saw little of me and for relaxation I turned increasingly to golf, the game of more cautious men.

About this time, January 1929, I had an unexpected meeting with Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister. It was my first object lesson in the workings of an astute political mind.

The British coal industry was by then already in a bad way, and indeed had been so since the end of the war. Many collieries were being forced to shut down uneconomic pits, leaving whole communities without work and on the dole. The tragic story was gradually unfolded

in the correspondence addressed to me as Prince of Wales. Miners who had served in the war wrote me of their pitiable circumstances and begged me to use my influence with the Government to do something for them.

It therefore seemed only right that I should concern myself with this sad development, and I was debating how best to proceed when a North Country businessman, Sir Alexander Leith, approached me with a proposal that I make an extensive tour of the Durham and Northumberland coal fields, which were among the hardest hit. I was assured by Sir Alexander that my appearance might put some heart back into the miners and show them that they were not entirely forgotten. My princely peregrinations having taken me into this region in better days, it seemed all the more



During the 1935 Jubilee celebration my parents made a number of ceremonial drives. As High Steward of Windsor, I formally welcomed my mother when she arrived at the Castle.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

important that I should see it in its adversity. And since Sir Alexander was a pillar of the Conservative party, I accepted his sponsorship without question.

It was bitter cold. The afternoon before I was to leave London there came from the Prime Minister a message that he wished to see me at once. Puzzled as to the reason for so urgent a request, I went at once to the House of Commons and was ushered into Mr. Baldwin's office. Offering me a chair, he said, "Sir, I have just heard about your proposed trip to Durham. I would like to know under whose auspices you are going."

"But why, Mr. Baldwin?" I asked, truly astonished. "It has never been my understanding that I am expected to notify the Government of my movements."

"No, Sir," he answered. "The difficulty here is that your visit to the coal fields of the North Country is bound to have political repercussions."

"You know I stand outside politics," I answered. "My only reason for going is to see for myself what the shutting down of so many mines has done to the people who depend upon them for a living."

Mr. Baldwin seemed not to hear. Almost coldly, he said, "The Government is well aware of the conditions in the coal-mining districts. It is doing everything possible to ameliorate them. As you know, a General Election is only four months away, and unemployment may well be used as a stick with which to beat my party."

Only then did I grasp the hidden basis of the Prime Minister's concern. Could he suspect that I had allowed myself to be "used" by the Opposition? The idea was so preposterous I hesitated to dignify it with a disclaimer.

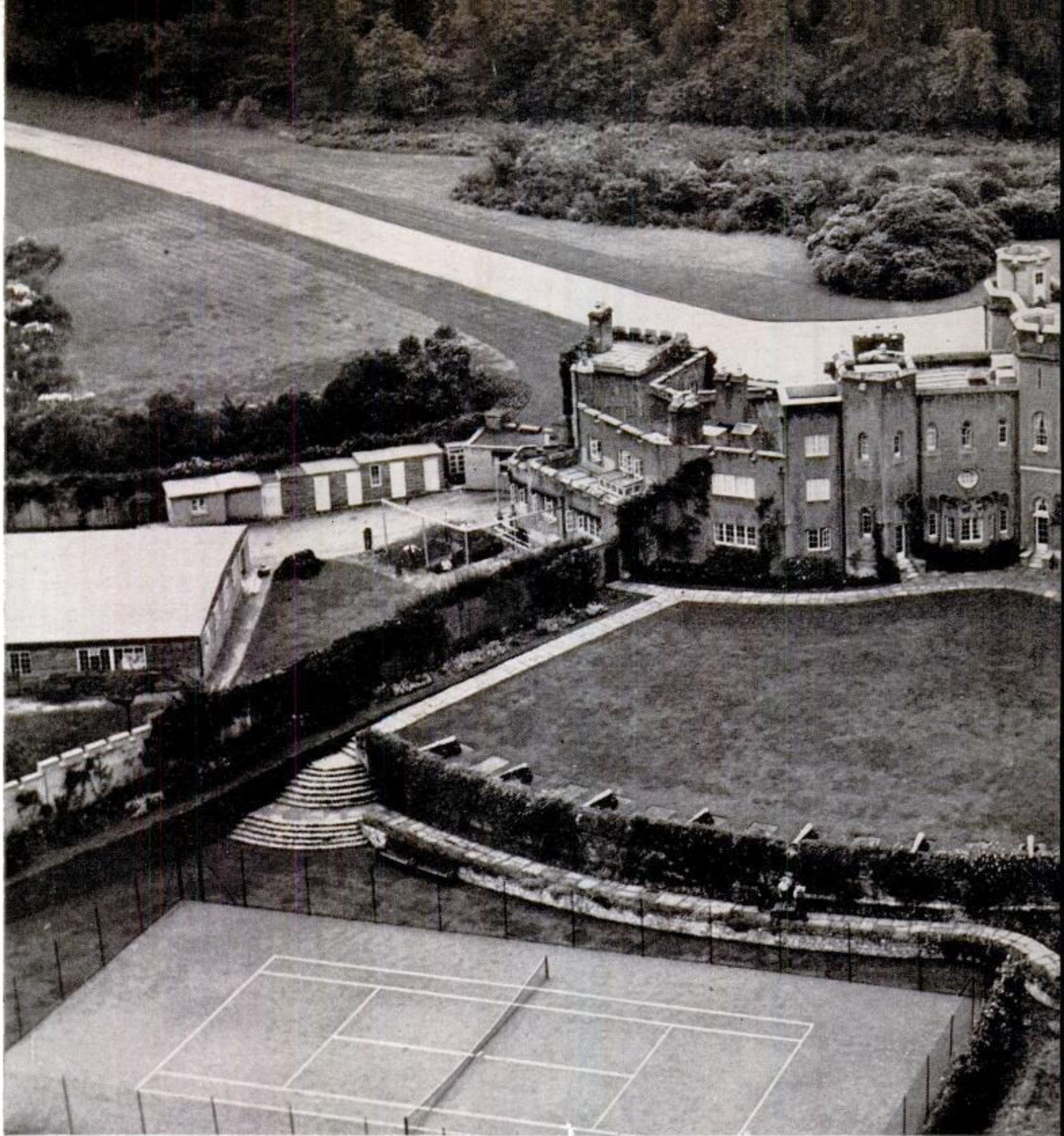
"As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin," I said, "the idea of this trip originated with a member of your own party, Alexander Leith."

At the mention of the name, the Prime Minister leaped to his feet. "Oh, so it was Alexander Leith who suggested that you should go to Durham," he said incredulously.

The Prime Minister exuded relief. "A first-class man," he said jovially. "You could not be in better hands. Of course this information puts quite a different face on the matter. Forgive me, I'm afraid I must go back to the House." Showing me to the door, he said, "I hope you have a successful trip, Sir, and don't find the cold too trying."



The Fort became for me a peaceful, almost enchanted anchorage where I found refuge from the cares of my life.



This Eighteenth Century structure, Fort Belvedere, was my home during my last years

in Great Britain. I remodeled the interior so that it provided modern accommodations for

OF my father's eventual recovery it could be said that his was perhaps the only case in medical history in which a side-splitting joke literally and explicitly achieved happier results than the surgeons.

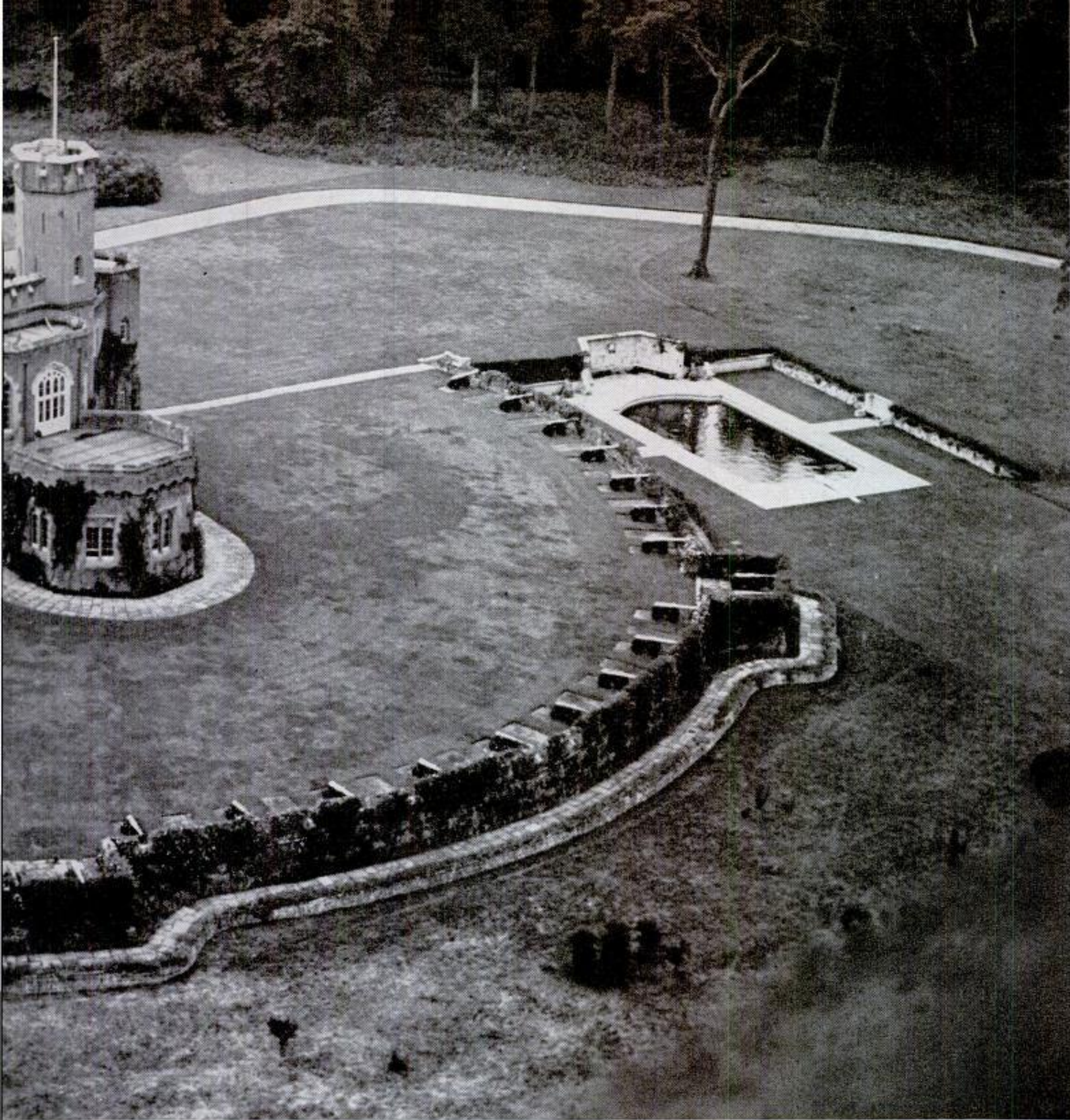
In the spring of that year the King was well enough to leave Bognor and go to Windsor Castle, but his convalescence continued to be harassed by frequent relapses. In May the General Election brought down Mr. Baldwin's Conservative government and returned to power the Socialist leader, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, an event which my father, despite his high personal regard for the Scottish statesman, could hardly have taken as an encouraging sign. On top of everything else, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, had been pressing my father's secretariat to allow him to set aside a Sunday in the near future as a day of National Thanksgiving for the King's recovery. The difficulty was that the plan envisaged the King's appearance at a huge service in Westminster Abbey conducted by the Archbishop himself.

Since the true state of the King's health was still far removed from the happy condition hopefully anticipated by Dr. Lang, those of us who were close to the sickroom were inclined to regard the Archbishop's project as a trifle premature. However Dr. Lang was an old and close friend: my father was reluctant to disappoint him; and in the end his doctors decided—against their better judgment, I always believed—that Sunday, July 7, would be a safe date.

When, early that month, my father returned to Buckingham Palace, which he had

not seen since the previous February, the fever unaccountably came back. The day before the elaborate religious display intended to celebrate the King's recovery, he received one of his Socialist ministers, Mr. James H. Thomas, an old Welsh railway union leader with a marvelous fund of vernacular stories. My father was laughing in full-chested enjoyment at one of these when suddenly he checked himself as if in pain. As the too successful storyteller looked on aghast, my father ran his hand down his back, saying, "I must excuse myself. Something seems to have happened to this damn wound." When his shirt was opened it was discovered that under the stress of his laughter an abscess below the ribs had burst. Although Mr. Thomas was at first overcome by remorse, he was later relieved to learn that his story had had the fortunate effect of exposing the real cause of my father's continued weakness—the presence of tiny bone splinters left behind in the wound after the previous operation.

Happily the fever went; though weak my father insisted on going through with the great service the next day. Whether Archbishop Lang ever truly appreciated how much my father suffered that Sunday in the interest of national rejoicing I never knew, but certainly the thousands who cheered the King as he drove through the streets with my mother to the Abbey had no inkling. It was all very moving. However my father was not unaware of the underlying irony, and on returning to the Palace he remarked to his physician, Lord Dawson, "Fancy a Thanksgiving Service with an open wound in your back."



ten guests. From this location near Windsor Great Park, London was only 22 miles away;

A second operation successfully dealt with the infection.

By the end of August my father was strong enough to journey to his beloved Sandringham in Norfolk. There he presently resumed his pheasant and partridge shooting, though never again on the same vigorous scale. When I returned to the Big House for the annual family Christmas party, I noted the addition of an elevator to save him the strain of walking upstairs.

The new year (1930) found me off again to East Africa. This time I was lured back to shoot big game not with a rifle but with a Bell & Howell motion picture camera, my new hobby. Having observed how vanity had betrayed my friends into defacing the drawing rooms of their otherwise handsome homes with unsightly stuffed trophies of the chase, I had decided that for myself a living record on film of my expedition would be a more satisfying, and certainly less cumbersome, souvenir. Beginning with a two-week walking safari in the elephant country around Voi, in Kenya, I progressed on foot through Uganda, the Pygmy forest of the Belgian Congo, whence by steamer and airplane I made my way down the White Nile through the Sudan past Khartoum to Cairo. A wonderful trip, productive of fine pictures, it was marred only by my contracting malaria.

MY return to Great Britain in April 1930 introduced me to a new and absorbing interest. The summer before, Fort Belvedere, one of the "Grace and Favour" houses near Windsor—i.e., houses at the sovereign's

on a clear day you could make out St. Paul's dome with a spyglass.

disposal—fell vacant. When I went to my father to ask whether I might live there, he was surprised. "What could you possibly want that queer old place for? Those damn weekends, I suppose." But then he smiled. "Well, if you want it, you can have it."

I thanked him. My real reason for wanting the place lay deeper than that. I was 35 years old: the rolling stone was beginning to seek a resting place. Until then my only residence had been York House in St. James's Palace, which, because it was so much the center of my official life, was more an office than a home. Moreover I was, like my father, a man of the countryside. However much I might enjoy London's metropolitan amenities, I preferred them in short doses. If my work kept me in the city longer than a few days at a time, I would begin to feel caged. It had therefore been my practice, since the conclusion of my imperial voyages in 1925, to spend my weekends and holidays in small rented country houses, selected because of their proximity to good golf courses. But I had begun to weary of living in other people's places, and when chance led me to Fort Belvedere, a voice inside me said that here was the place that I was looking for. The initial work of reconditioning went forward while I was away in Africa, and on my return I moved in.

"The Fort"—as I chose to call it—began in the 18th Century merely as an ornamental triangular pavilion. Some 80 years later the famous architect, Wyattville, whom George IV had commissioned to restore Windsor Castle, was directed by the same monarch to enlarge the structure—so the legend goes

—to accommodate one of his favorites. Among Wyattville's happiest additions was a tall tower, higher than the surrounding trees, which enhanced the effect of an ancient castle in a forest. By the time I came upon it, it had become a pseudo-Gothic hodgepodge. An intrusion of yew trees kept one side of the house in perpetual shadow, staining the wall with green acidulous mold. But the half-buried beauty of the place leaped to my eye. Northward the land descends in a gentle slope toward Virginia Water where as a child I had paddled in rowboats with Mary and my brothers. Here the grassy approaches were guarded by an arc of stone battlements, with more than a score of handsome 18th Century bronze cannon mounted in the embrasures. Windsor Castle was six miles away, on the opposite side of the Great Park.

I find a new contentment

I HAD a wonderful time fixing up The Fort, both inside and out. It was a joy that I was loath to share with others; though I naturally sought professional advice, the finished result in the main represented my ideas, and being mine they were modern. Inside I introduced, to the extent that space and the old walls allowed, many of the creature conveniences that I had sampled and enjoyed in the New World. Outside the changes also went on apace. Down came the gloomy encroaching yew trees, to let in light and air. A muddy lily pond below the battlements was transformed into a swimming pool. I cut winding paths through the pine and birch trees, revealing the true enchantment of the woodland setting. As the sheer pleasures of creation took possession of me, the landscape gardener displaced the fox hunter and, to some extent, the golfer. I found a new contentment in working about The Fort with my own hands—planting the herbaceous borders, moving shrubs, mowing the hay in the summer, building a rock garden with cascades supplied by water pumped up from a dam which I had installed below Virginia Water.

I was in such a hurry to make the place over that I begrudged as lost a daylight hour that did not see the work going forward. I came to love The Fort as I loved no other material thing—perhaps because it was so much my own creation.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



With my guests I cleared away the dank laurels in The Fort's gardens. My brother Bertie (left) often came over to help.



After the Jubilee Service (pp. 68, 69) my family appeared on the balcony at Buckingham Palace. From left: my brother Bertie, now George VI; my sister Mary, the Princess Royal; my father; my nephew Gerald Lascelles; Mary's husband Lord Harewood; my niece Elizabeth; another

nephew George Lascelles (hidden); my mother; my brother Harry, Duke of Gloucester; the Duchess of Kent; my brother George, Duke of Kent; the Duchess of York, now Queen Elizabeth; my aunt, Queen Maud of Norway; myself; and my uncle and aunt, Lord Athlone and Princess Alice.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

One result of my taking over some of my father's work was that I became increasingly involved in more sophisticated official and social duties. Many important people came to see me—statesmen, businessmen, foreign diplomats, men distinguished in all professions and people whom I had met on my travels—and I was obliged to give more formal dinners than before. Feeling the need of a more attractive background in which to entertain, I rearranged and refurnished the reception rooms of my London residence. In the course of these changes I provided at one end of the house two rooms for my youngest brother, George, who, leaving the Royal Navy after 10 years' service, came at this juncture to live with me. Possessed of unusual charm of manner and a quick sense of humor, and talented in many directions, he had an undoubted flair for the arts. He played the piano, knew a good deal about music and had a knowledgeable eye for antiques. Being somewhat Bohemian by inclination, he had understandably found life in the Navy a bit confining, and I dare say that he received with relief a suggestion that he take up his share of the increasing burden of public duties falling upon the King's sons. We were together a great deal during the next four years. It was a happy association. Then he left my roof in 1934 to marry Princess Marina of Greece. His tragic death in an airplane accident in 1942 while on active service cut short, at 39, a promising princely career.

BY this time the term "air consciousness" had come to denote a modern outlook. Notwithstanding my new-found horticultural diversions at The Fort, I was eager to test the exciting new experience which it offered. I had, as a matter of fact, flown a little at the front toward the end of the First World War and might well have gone on to qualify as a pilot had I not been so injudicious as to attract publicity by making a flight near London with a Canadian ace, a V.C. who at the time had a wounded arm in a sling and was obliged to fly the machine with only one hand. Taking a poor view of this incident, my father sternly ordered me to stay on the ground. A decade passed before I flew again. However, by

1929 aviation had made such spectacular progress that I approached my father again. My father offered no objections to my buying a small De Havilland Gypsy Moth—a surprising concession in view of his ban on steeplechasing only a few months before.

Hardly was I again in the air before the old desire to learn to fly myself revived; unknown to my father, I began to take lessons at Northolt airdrome, near London. Meanwhile Harry and George had also taken up flying, and it became a race between them and myself as to which of us would solo first. I had many hours of dual instruction. Then one memorable summer evening the great test came. After some time in the air I landed with the feeling that I had done somewhat better than usual. Then my instructor jumped from the machine. I noted with surprise that he had the control stick in his hand. With a dramatic gesture he waved me into the air alone. Taking off, I completed without mishap two extremely lonely circuits of the field. Back on the ground, my first act was to telephone my brothers. "I've beaten you to it," I announced triumphantly to each. But I never again flew alone. Although I traveled a lot thereafter by air, I left the piloting to experts.

In January 1931 I set out for South America with my brother George upon what proved to be the last of my overseas voyages in the interest of my country. My ostensible purpose was to open the British Empire Trade

Exposition at Buenos Aires. My real mission, however, was to try to recapture for British commerce the great South American markets into which the U.S. and German competition had in previous years made deep inroads. On my first trip to Latin America in 1925 I had felt that I lost a good deal through not being able to speak Spanish. This time I made a serious attempt to learn the language. By the time I reached the Argentine I knew enough to be able to converse in it and even to risk in Spanish a few paragraphs of my major speech at the exposition which was broadcast to the world. From the opposition benches in the House of Commons came by cable an encouraging tribute. WELL DONE SIR STOP MY WARMEST AND MOST RESPECTFUL CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR SPEECH STOP SPANISH PUNDITS DELIGHTED WITH YOUR PRONUNCIATION STOP. It was signed STANLEY BALDWIN.

While I was away my father suffered two grievous blows in the deaths of the two members of his household closest to him. The first to go in January was Sir Charles Cust, with whom my father had been associated for 54 years. They had joined the Royal Navy together in 1877; their relationship was far more that of friends than of sovereign and courtier. Then, only two months later, his private secretary Arthur Bigge, Lord Stamfordham, who had served Queen Victoria first as an Artillery Officer in Zululand and later as a member of her secretariat, died at 81. Of him my father's biographer wrote, "If ever a man upheld King, Church and State, it was he." Although nearly half a century separated us, he was never wanting in his understanding of my problems and difficulties; he was truly a friend at Court to my brothers and myself. The sorrow which overwhelmed us all was touchingly expressed in a letter from my mother:

... I cannot say what a real grief this is to us both for we had such confidence in him and in all our many worries and difficulties always turned to him for advice. As to poor Papa he is quite knocked over by the blow. He has had a tiresome cough for some time owing to the fearful east wind we have been having all March, and the depression and grief caused by Bigge's death has made him worse and today he is very sorry for himself and is keeping in his rooms.



This picture of a municipal tree-planting I view with unprincely emotions. Never again was I to have Mr. Baldwin at such a disadvantage.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 71. PICTURES ON NEXT FOUR PAGES



MY MOTHER IN HER ROBES OF STATE

This painting by Sir William Llewellyn shows my mother wearing a circlet of diamonds and pearls. Her Crown rests on the table beside her. Effective

though the portrait undoubtedly is, I have always judged it a trifle too stiff, too regal. Grace and serenity adorned my mother's queenliness.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SILVER JUBILEE



FOR the members of my family the Silver Jubilee celebrating my father's 25th year on the British Throne was an intensely stirring experience. The crowning event was the majestic service at St. Paul's on May 6, 1935. The day was radiant, the air soft and the spring flowers in Green Park were in full bloom as my parents rode through gaily decorated streets to the Cathedral. My father described the scene in his diary: "... The greatest number of people in the streets that I have ever seen in my life, the enthusiasm was indeed most touching. ... The thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral was

very fine, 4,406 people present. ... On our return we went out on the centre balcony [of Buckingham Palace] & were cheered by an enormous crowd. ... By only one post in the morning, I received 610 letters."

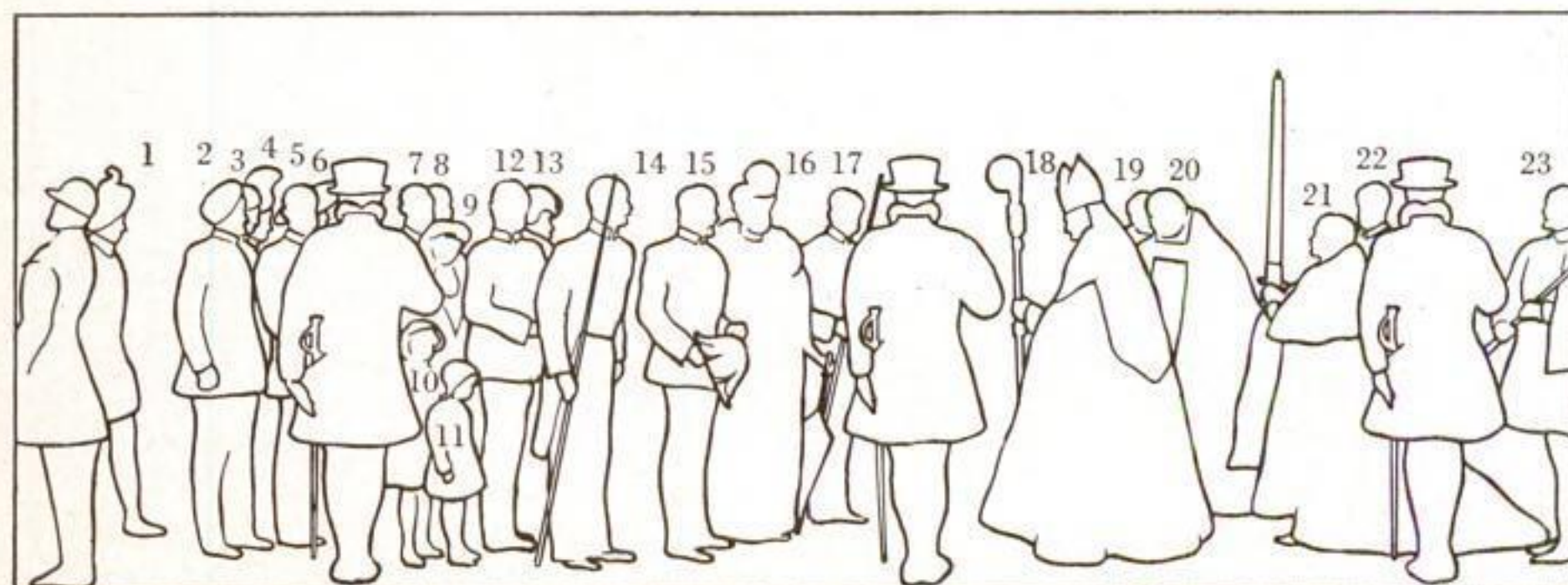
This painting by Frank O. Salisbury shows the royal procession entering the Cathedral. I am in the uniform of the Welsh Guards, standing beside my aunt Maud, the Queen of Norway, and behind my father's Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cromer, who has his wand of office in his hand. Just behind me is my younger brother, the present King, his wife and the two young princesses. The

Indian princes in the procession were all honorary Indian aides-de-camp to the King.

The almost continuous Jubilee celebrations that spring and summer taxed my father's strength and, equally, his sense of proportion. "All this fuss and expense," he grumbled. "What will people think, in these hard and anxious times?" All the same, he was pleased and gratified by the signs of respect and reverence accorded him from every side. It was a heartening climax to a reign that had weathered war and depression.

Eight months after the Jubilee Service my father was dead.

AT ST. PAUL'S



PERSONAGES PRESENT

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 THE NAWAB OF TIWANA | 13 THE QUEEN OF NORWAY |
| 2 THE MAHARAJA OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR | 14 THE EARL OF CROMER |
| 3 THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER | 15 KING GEORGE V |
| 4 THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA | 16 QUEEN MARY |
| 5 THE DUKE OF KENT | 17 THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY |
| 6 THE DUCHESS OF KENT | 18 THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY |
| 7 THE DUKE OF YORK | 19 THE ARCHDEACON OF ST. PAUL'S |
| 8 THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER | 20 THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S |
| 9 THE DUCHESS OF YORK | 21 THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON |
| 10 PRINCESS ELIZABETH | 22 THE DUKE OF NORFOLK |
| 11 PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE | 23 THE GARTER KING OF ARMS |
| 12 THE PRINCE OF WALES | |

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MY BROTHERS AND I AT OUR FATHER'S BIER

After my father died in January 1936 his body lay in state at Westminster Hall. The night before it was taken to Windsor for burial my brothers

and I joined the vigil of the officers of the Guards at the catafalque. This painting commemorates our filial homage to the dead King.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

In the summer of 1931 the world depression struck Great Britain with full force. More than two and a half million men were out of work. There were hunger marches from the Provinces and angry street demonstrations when they reached London. By midsummer the finances of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Socialist government were on the verge of collapse. Hastening to London from Balmoral, my father intervened in the constitutional processes for the third time in his long reign, to bring about the formation of a National Government under the Socialist leader.

Blow now followed blow. Only a month later the Government's attempts to economize led to a mutiny of the Atlantic Fleet at Invergordon over the inequalities in a general reduction of pay. Nothing that had ever happened before during my lifetime was more wounding to British pride. I had served in the Navy; I could not bring myself to believe that it had happened. Then the Government announced that Great Britain had gone off the gold standard, an event as shattering to the United Kingdom's position as the world's banker as the mutiny of the Fleet had been to British prestige.

As I look back over the events of 1931 as they affected me, two scenes at once stand out. The first takes me back to a hotel suite at Fontainebleau near Paris. There I had called upon Alfonso XIII of Spain, only two weeks after a revolution had forced him, his Queen, who was my second cousin, and their family to flee their country. Alfonso had been born a king—an autocrat yet at the same time a truly great Spaniard devoted to his people. I had visited him at his Court at Madrid and Sevilla where he held an imperious sway unknown in constitutional monarchy. Now he was bewildered but unbowed; he was sure that the Spanish people would soon call him back.

The other scene takes me to the Picture Gallery at Buckingham Palace where my parents in November received the delegates to the India Round Table Conference. The screen of black morning coats suddenly parted and I descried an extraordinary figure, a bald wizened Indian clad in a dhoti and sandals, advancing toward my father. It was Mahatma Gandhi. Only nine years before, when I was in India on my father's business, the Viceroy had thrown this man into jail for sedition. Now the King-Emperor was shaking his hand. Standing with me and looking on were a group of bejeweled Indian princes whom I had known and with whom I had played polo. Nodding his head, one of them murmured, "This will cost you India."

Idle men, dejected groups

IN making the rounds of my father's depression-ridden realm I witnessed many grim sights—throngs of idle men everywhere, with no place to go. In town after town, village after village throughout the industrial areas one would come upon dejected groups, aimlessly milling in the streets or standing about in the squares outside the labor exchanges and in front of the pubs which they lacked the means to patronize. In common with many thoughtful men at the time I felt that unless the despair was arrested a large part of British manhood would sink into a slough of despond, never to rise.

One of my rounds took me to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The war had transformed Tyne-



So my father was buried, on Jan. 28, 1936, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle. It fell to me, as the eldest son, to scatter on the coffin

earth brought from the royal burial ground at Frogmore. The Archbishop of Canterbury is reading the burial service.

side into a great shipbuilding center. Walking about the dismal cottages on the riverbank I came upon a man. He was around 40, poorly but cleanly dressed, erect and with an honest face. I singled him out for a talk.

"What is your trade?" I asked.

"Foreman Riveter, Sir," he answered.

"How long is it since you have worked?"

"Five years, Sir."

His eyes searched mine. What response could I make? That the Monarchy was not responsible for his plight? That the Government was doing all it could? That he had only to be patient? What possible solace would that have given to a man who had been on the dole for five years?

From 1931 onward various schemes were put forward by individuals and groups for mitigating the lot of the jobless by voluntary action. And to provide these unfortunate people with some means of recreation, some escape from their cheerless homes and the dull defeatism of the streets, there evolved an ambitious plan for establishing throughout the so-called "distressed areas" social centers for unemployed workingmen. Financed by voluntary contributions, it became one of the activities of the National Council of Social Service.

One of the prime movers of this scheme was a remarkable character, Commander J. B. Adams, whom I had first met in Durham

in 1929. A former naval officer, he had served with Shackleton in the Antarctic. A landowner in Yorkshire and a member of White's Club, which was a pole removed from the accustomed haunts of "do-gooders," he unconcernedly went about 20th Century Britain garbed in the tweed Inverness cape and curly-brimmed bowler hat of a Victorian squire. He had opened in 1910 in Yorkshire the first labor exchange office in Great Britain. And as the depression deepened he took the lead in organizing all kinds of social service projects in the North Country.

Bill Adams saw nothing wrong about a Prince with a social conscience. With him as my guide I made several extensive tours of coal-mining villages and industrial centers in his area, visiting workingmen's clubs that he had organized. I used to admire and envy his rare gift for getting along with people; Bill Adams' bluff seafaring ways generated trust and confidence, and the atmosphere of goodwill that surrounded him made easier my passage through these dispirited communities. Yet on occasion these calls could be for me a severe ordeal. Despite sincere attempts to make these clubs cheerful, they were for the most part dreary places—unused public halls, makeshift wooden structures often ill lit and shabbily furnished with hard, almost forbidding benches and tables. The walls were bare, except for colored



Each member of the Royal Family was required to put in an appearance at one of the Palace garden parties held in July. At the one shown

here I, with my brothers Harry and George, followed my mother through a narrow lane among the guests. Crowds were of course no novelty to us.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

lithographs of my parents and other national figures. The prevailing despair and resentment were often too heavy even for Bill Adams' salty buoyancy to lift. More than once I found myself walking the length of one of these big rooms past row after row of crowded but silent benches, hearing nothing save the creak of the floor boards under my weight.

This reproachful, almost sullen silence was a new experience for me; I was accustomed to cheers. I was expected to talk to the men, but it was hard to decide what to say. About all that could be said was that I sympathized with them in their hardships. I would remind them that the Government was engaged in measures designed to overcome the existing economic problems. I would express the hope that their club would make their days less dreary. I had the feeling that empty as was my mission, my appearance among them was in large measure appreciated and taken as a sign that the Monarchy had not forgotten them in their misfortunes.

As I circulated among the underprivileged I came to realize that something more was needed than merely to make the idleness of the unemployed less dreary. In going down as I did again and again to the slums I presently discerned a field wherein my intervention might do some good—housing. Some of the conditions that I saw sent me back to The Fort almost ill. How could one

hope to build a healthy nation on such wretchedness?

It was a visit to Liverpool with my father's old friend Lord Derby that supplied me with an original idea. Lord Derby was a great figure in Lancashire—the Lord-Lieutenant of the county and the owner of extensive property. Whenever I visited that county I always stopped with him at his country seat, Knowsley Hall. On this occasion he was showing me around a new housing estate built on a site previously occupied by one of the worst slums of that great port. While these new working-class dwellings represented an encouraging start in the right direction, they were, we both agreed, only drops of water in the ocean of human need.

Lord Derby grumbled over the tardiness and lack of initiative displayed by the Government of the day. "Perhaps I may be able to help," I said. And on a sudden inspiration I asked him what he thought of the idea of my inviting the Prime Minister to York House to discuss housing with a few leading men who held the same views as he and I.

"That's a capital idea," said Lord Derby.

A dinner party struck me as the advantageous approach. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald sat on my right and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on my left. The Minister of Health, Sir Edward Hilton Young, sat opposite. The talk went on until midnight. If the Prime Minister had accepted my invitation with pleasure, he took his leave in a different mood. Under the steady cross-fire of criticism he made what struck the rest

of us as rather a lame defense of the Government's housing program.

THE royal power in British politics is limited to the power of suggestion. Beyond this I could not go. However, in the ways that were open to me I tried to bring the subject of housing more and more to the fore. I also had a practical interest in the question. As Duke of Cornwall, I was both beneficiary and administrator of the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, part of the revenues of which paid my expenses. More valuable even than the 120,000 acres of agricultural properties in the west of England were some 80 acres of real estate in London located in Kennington. In the management of the Duchy properties the normal desire for profit was subordinated to the Duke of Cornwall's responsibility to be by example the most enlightened landlord in the United Kingdom. Because the estates were extensive and had always been well run, the revenues were substantial. A larger proportion than was the usual practice was ploughed back for the improvements that were part of the Duchy's long-range policy of management. Nevertheless by 1934 certain blocks of low-rent houses built in Victorian times had deteriorated, despite steady repairs, to a condition only a degree or two removed from that of a slum. To have replaced them with modern buildings incorporating the latest ideas would have required a much bigger outlay than the Duchy could afford. Because it was in a way a trust for the support of the British Heir Apparent, it had

sympathetic response as, "Oh! Sir, how boring for you. Aren't you terribly tired?"

Wallis had read in the newspapers about the Council of Social Service. She wanted to know more about it. I told her what it was and what it was trying to do. And being an American she was curious to learn just what a Prince's working day consisted of. Although the orchestra was making a good deal of noise, I did my best to explain that, too. I have always remembered that evening.

In character Wallis was, and still remains, complex and elusive, and from the first I looked upon her as the most independent woman I had ever met. This refreshing trait of an American woman I was inclined to put down as one of the happier outcomes of the events of 1776. And then one day she began to mean more to me in a way that she did not perhaps comprehend. My impression is that for a long time she remained unaffected by my interest. In ancient times the love of a prince would have been lauded by the poets. The modern folk tale, however, has taken a more rigid form; a prince's heart, like his politics, must remain within the constitutional pale. But my heart refused to be so confined; and presently and imperceptibly the hope formed that one day I might be able to share my life with her, just how I did not know.

It was all quite vague but none the less vivid, this dream of being able to bring into my life that which for so long had been lacking, without which my service to the State would have seemed an empty thing. It was, of course, my intention to discuss the matter some day with my father, but this was not going to be an easy thing to do. He was almost 70 and steadily failing as his reign entered its 25th year in 1935. Moreover I could not discount the possibility of my having to withdraw altogether from the line of succession if my hope were ever to be fulfilled. However I took comfort from the fact that my brother Bertie, to whom the succession would pass, was in outlook and temperament very much like my father. The patterns of their lives were much the same, with the steady swing of habit taking them both year after year to the same places at the same time and with the same associations. Strongly rooted each in his own existence, they tended to be withdrawn from the hurry and push of life that I relished. Both were devoted family men, a quality that goes a long way for a king in a constitutional monarchy.

"All . . . married but David"

THESE were my thoughts that momentous spring of 1935 as the British people prepared to celebrate my father's Silver Jubilee. Although the unstinted outpourings of affection from all parts of the Empire gratified him, the continuous ceremonies and functions wore him out. It was hardly a propitious time to disturb him. The summer saw him off as usual for Balmoral and me on a shooting trip in Austria and Hungary. Then when we were together again in London a remarkable concatenation of events left me no opportunity to talk things over. First my brother Harry, following George's example of the year before, married in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace on Nov. 6. His bride was Lady Alice Scott, the third daughter of my father's old friend, the Duke of Buccleuch, who died just before the wedding. In his diary my father wrote, "Now all the children are married but David." A week later a General Election

returned to power the Conservative party led by Mr. Baldwin, establishing a Government which was to hold office for 10 momentous years. These events engrossed my father's attention. Then, on the early morning of the day he was scheduled to open Parliament, my aunt Princess Victoria died. Aunt "Toria" was not only my father's favorite sister; she was his cherished friend. For many years his days had begun at 9:30 with a telephone call to her. His grief was such that he could not bring himself to face the crowds of London, and the state ceremony was canceled. My father never again appeared in public. Meanwhile events were on the march that all too soon would convulse Europe. The Italian legions were driving into Abyssinia, and the tension between Italy and Great Britain over sanctions added to my father's anxiety. Absorbed by the gathering world crisis, I slipped into the House of Commons one afternoon, and from the Peers' Gallery listened to my friend, Sir Samuel

Hoare, make his moving speech of resignation as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in deference to the fierce public outcry over the pact that he and M. Pierre Laval had devised in Paris.

A few days later I was at Sandringham for the family Christmas gathering. My brothers and their wives were already there. My father had grown thin and bent; we all shared a sense of foreboding that this might well be his last Christmas on earth. So we tried to make it an especially happy one. In the spacious white ballroom of the Big House where we had all had such fun in my grandfather's time, a fourth generation had begun to assert itself. Bertie's two children, Elizabeth, who was then 9, and her sister Margaret Rose, romped around the 20-foot tree. Yet in this closely knit fabric of family ties I felt detached and lonely. My brothers were each secure in their private lives, whereas I was caught up in an inner conflict and would have



Wallis Simpson was presented to my parents at a "Court" in the early '30s and this photograph

of her in presentation gown was taken at the time. We were then almost strangers.



1935, PORQUEROLLES, FRANCE



I TOOK THESE PICTURES OF WALLIS SIMPSON, HER DOG SLIPPER AND MY OWN SHADOW AT PORQUEROLLES

INFORMAL PHOTOS FROM MY ALBUMS

None of these photographs, taken in the mid-'30s, has been published before. Some I took myself with a Leica which provided me with a new hobby. The Mediterranean pictures were taken around

Cannes where I spent a summer in a villa with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, on whose yacht *Angélique* the photograph at the lower left was taken, were old American friends of Wallis'.



DICKIE MOUNTBATTEN, HERMAN AND KATHARINE ROGERS, WALLIS



THIS IS THE LOVELY BAY ON THE ISLAND OF CORSICA WHERE WE SWAM

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

no peace of mind until I had resolved it. But again this was hardly the time or the place. My father died before another opportunity presented itself.

On Thursday afternoon Jan. 16, 1936 I was out shooting with friends in Windsor Great Park. An urgent note from my mother was brought to me in the field. "I think you ought to know that Papa is not very well," the note began, and in the quiet detached way that I knew so well my mother went on to say that while she herself did not consider the danger immediate, Lord Dawson, my father's doctor, was "not too pleased with Papa's state at the present moment." She therefore suggested that I "propose" myself for the coming weekend at Sandringham, but to do so in such a casual manner that my father should not suspect that I had been summoned because of his condition.

Rather than wait until the Saturday I flew to Sandringham the next morning in my own airplane. The air was clear, and as the semicircle of the Wash came slowly into view, leaden-gray under the winter sun, a sudden impulse made me signal the pilot to make a wide circle around the estate. Here was my father's home, a place which he preferred to palaces and where since boyhood he had known happiness to a degree experienced by few men and almost never by kings. The Big House, set off by formal lawns from the surrounding woods, seemed the embodiment of my father's life and philosophy—secure, unchanging, apart. It was hard from me to believe that his life was coming to an end.

An old Tibetan wrapper

MY father was in his bedroom. My sister Mary was with him. Dressed in an old Tibetan wrapper, a faded relic of his visits to India, he was sitting in his favorite chair in front of a crackling fire. He seemed to be drowsing. The small sounds attending my entrance aroused him and the light of recognition momentarily flickered in his eyes. In one corner was a simple brass bed in which my grandfather had slept before him. I exchanged low whispers with Mary who, on my mother's summons, had come from Yorkshire. My father suddenly roused himself. He asked Mary whether she had been skating. There had been a sharp frost during the night and the pond below the window was covered with thin ice. My father's mind must have been traveling far back into the past and the wonderful skating parties that he and the rest of us had had there when we were young. Then he dozed off again and Mary beckoned me to leave the room.

Next day my father was worse. It was plain now to all of us that nothing could save him, but so far we had refrained from admitting the dreadful fact to one another.

Sunday I went to London to inform the Prime Minister that the King was not expected to live more than two or three days. I went directly to No. 10 Downing Street. It was Mrs. Baldwin's birthday; she gave us tea. When I had informed the Prime Minister of the grave news from Sandringham, he murmured his sympathy, adding almost wistfully, "I wonder if you know, Sir, that another great Englishman, a contemporary of your father's, died yesterday." My expression must have been blank for without waiting for my answer Mr. Baldwin continued, "But of course, Sir, you have a great deal on your mind. I should not have

expected you to know. It was Rudyard Kipling, my first cousin."

DURING these last days, while my father lay beyond recovery, the red boxes containing urgent state papers requiring his signature had steadily accumulated on his desk. With a view to breaking this block in constitutional business some Privy Councilors had been summoned from London on Monday morning for the purpose of reconstituting a Council of State similar to that set up during my father's first serious illness in 1928. This time it consisted only of my mother, my three brothers and myself. During the few hours this Council was in being we set ourselves to the task of dealing with the contents of the King's boxes. Signing documents provided a distraction from the strain of waiting. When a King starts to die the whole world crowds in for the death watch, to follow with morbid curiosity every detail in the pathetic process of mortality. Of the shadowy figures that slipped in and out of my father's room as the end approached I particularly remember two. One was the doctor, Lord Dawson, as much courtier as physician, who composed the memorable bulletins; the other was the Archbishop of Canterbury, a noiseless spectre in black gaiters.

All was still as we—his wife and children—stood together by my father's bedside waiting for life to be extinguished. Death came to him five minutes before midnight. And while my mind was still trying to comprehend the profound event that had in that instant occurred, my mother did an unexpected thing. She took my hand in hers and kissed it; before I could stop him my brother George, who was standing beside her, stepped forward and followed her example. The action embarrassed me. Nevertheless, these two spontaneous gestures served to remind me, however needlessly, that I was King.

ACCORDING to ancient usage the first public act of a new sovereign is to present himself before an Accession Privy Council, composed principally of existing and former cabinet ministers, princes of the blood royal and other eminent persons who, in combination with the High Commissioners for the Dominions and India and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London are responsible for the proclamation of his accession to the Throne. For this purpose I repaired next morning to London in my own airplane, thereby creating, without realizing it, a kingly precedent, for my father had never flown in his life. That afternoon more than 100 Privy Councilors assembled in the Banqueting Hall at St. James's Palace. There they swore allegiance to me after the Clerk of the Council, Sir Maurice Hankey, had read to them the sonorous proclamation:

... We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm ... do now hereby with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege, Lord Edward the Eighth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. ...

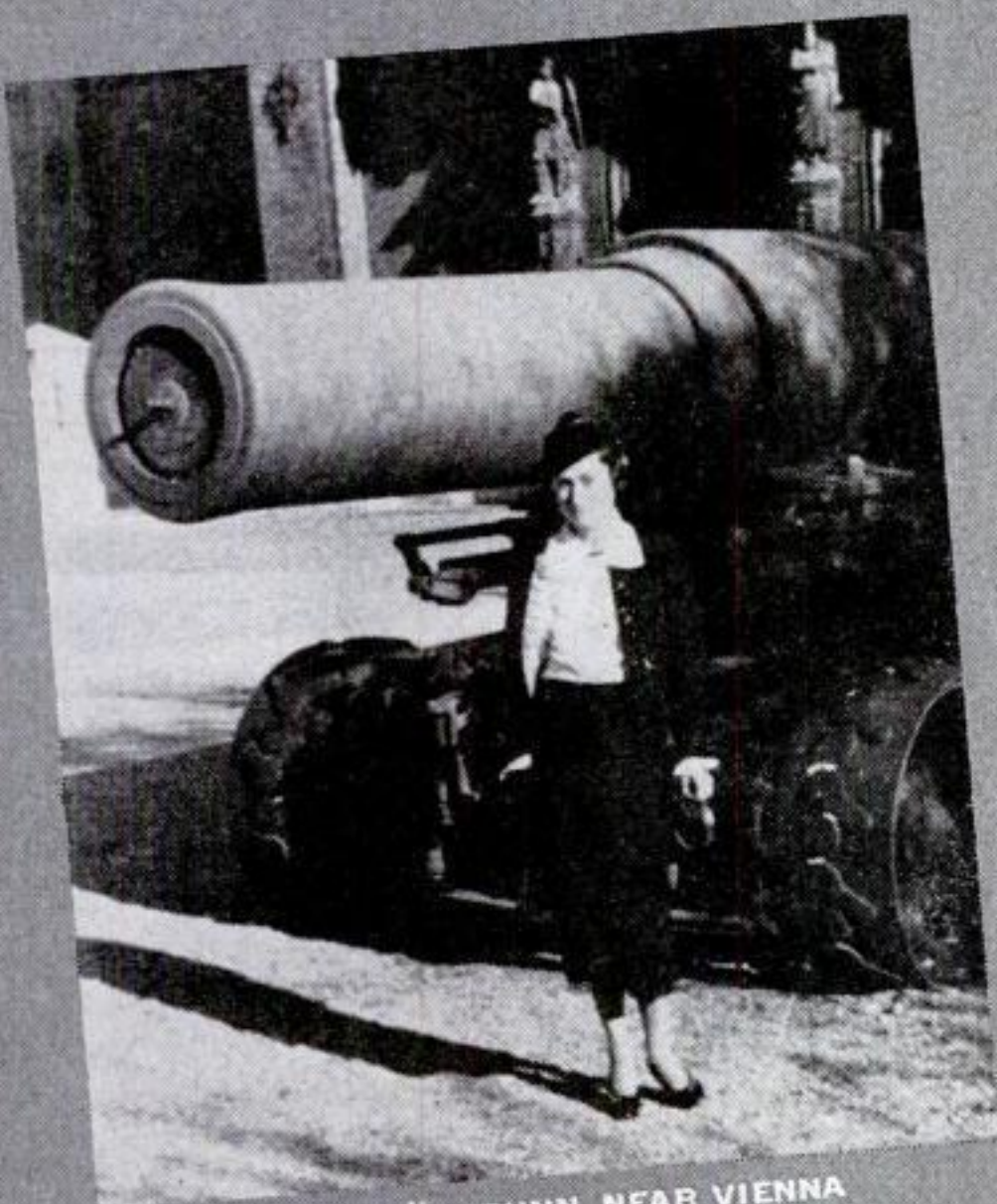
A moment later I presented myself to this distinguished company, composed in large



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A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

measure of men whose lives were associated with my father's reign. My appearance before them was brief, yet I daresay the emotions of some were as tense as mine as I addressed them in the following terms:

When my Father stood here 26 years ago he declared that one of the objects of his life would be to uphold constitutional government. In this I am determined to follow in my Father's footsteps and to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my Subjects.

I place my reliance upon the loyalty and affection of my peoples throughout the Empire, and upon the wisdom of their Parliaments, to support me in this heavy task, and I pray God will guide me to perform it.

Then I had to arrange for the burial of my father, and toward that end I called a meeting of a committee of the civil and military officials responsible for the ceremonial. The funeral of a British sovereign inevitably requires a vast public show—a display of state pomp and circumstance which inescapably runs counter to the bereaved family's desire for privacy and simplicity. My mother shrank from a repetition of the prolonged manifestations of grief that had marked the obsequies of my grandfather. Her one request to me before I left Sandringham was that my father should not remain unburied more than a week. When I conveyed this wish to the committee they quickly assured me that it could be carried out.

The fact of my accession was to be publicly proclaimed at four different points in London—first by the Garter King of Arms in Friary Court, St. James's Palace, then by Heralds at Charing Cross, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange. I arranged for a few friends, including Wallis, to watch the first ceremony from a room at St. James's that provided a good view of the proceedings in Friary Court.

Then at the last moment I asked myself what was wrong in watching myself being proclaimed the King. So I hurried across Ambassadors' Court and joined them. The impulse was well rewarded, for the scene was picturesque and colorful, with mace bearers and trumpeters in attendance in state dress. As the tremendous words rolled out—the symmetrical polished words of sovereignty and dominion—I was swept by conflicting emotions. There was a flash of pride in becoming King-Emperor of the vast and liberal Commonwealth I knew so well. At the same time these words seemed to tell me that my relation with Wallis had entered a more significant stage. "It has been very moving," Wallis said as we walked away, "but it has also made me realize how different your life is going to be."

And so for some sad days we parted.

ON my return to Sandringham I went directly to the little church where I found my father's coffin resting before the altar, watched over by gamekeepers, gardeners and other faithful retainers who in this way were able to pay a last tribute not only to their King but to a beloved squire. Next morning the coffin, on a gun carriage, set out for Wolferton railroad station three miles away where a special train waited to carry my father's body back to London. I followed on foot with my three brothers and my brother-in-law, Lord Harewood, immediately behind me. My mother and my sister rode in a carriage. Then came a groom leading my father's white shooting pony, Jock. Bringing up the rear of the simple procession were some hundreds of plainly dressed men and women, tenants and workers on the estate, neighbors and friends.

The morning was bright and frosty; there was a biting cold wind off the North Sea. Just as we topped the hill above the station the stillness was broken by a wild familiar sound—the crow of a cock pheasant. And we glanced up in time to see a solitary bird flying across the road directly overhead. In the flashing symbolism of that felicitous incident our sadness momentarily disappeared. The thought occurred to us all that had my father been vouchsafed one last view of Sandringham it would have been something like that, a pheasant traveling high and fast on the wind, the kind of shot he loved.

The final rites were held in St. George's Chapel at Windsor beneath the silken banners of the Knights of the Garter. As the coffin began to sink on slow and noiseless pulleys into the vault below and the Archbishop of Canterbury recited the famous passage from the burial service—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—I scattered over it the symbolic earth from a silver bowl handed to me by Sir Derek Keppel, Master of my father's Household and a longtime friend.

BUT now the Royal Standard flying from the clock tower of St. James's Palace was a warning that my freer life as Prince of Wales was over. I settled down to what one of my equestrian, gloomily

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Fish in Comfort

USE

6-12
TRADE-MARKS
SIX • TWELVE

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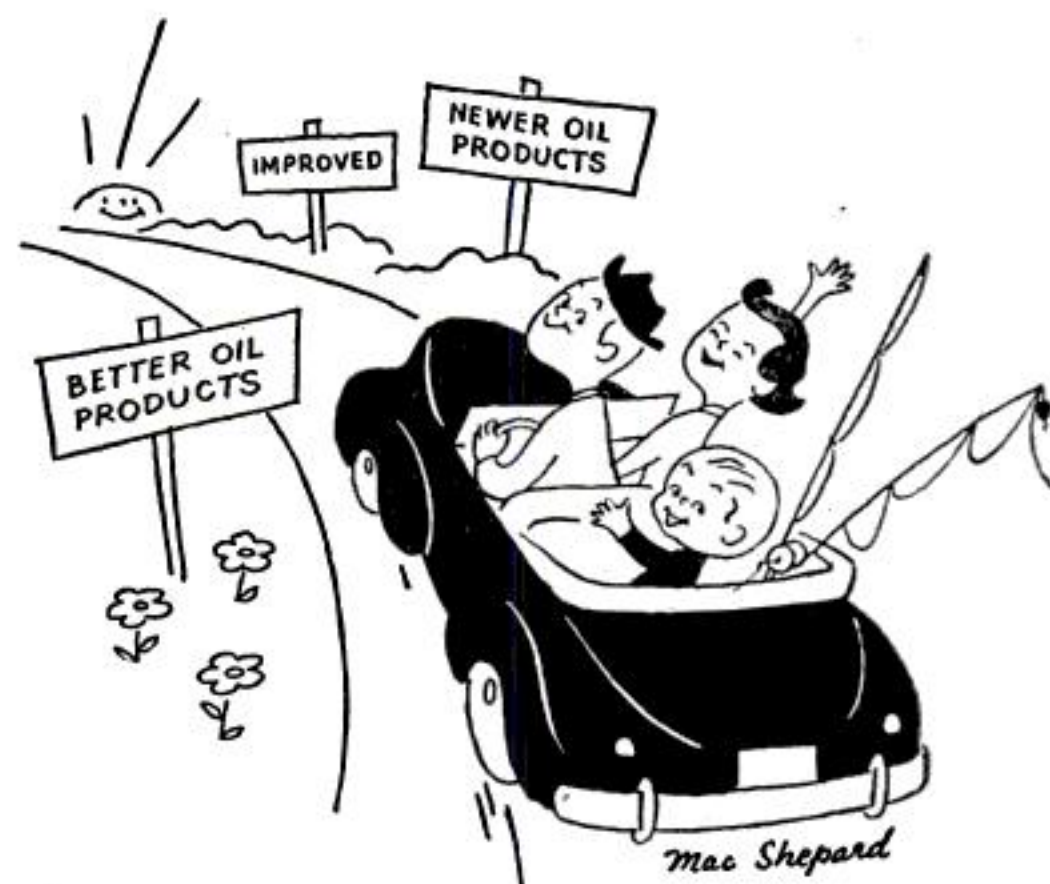
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My first insight into the human consequences of depression came in January 1929 when I toured the coal fields. Many distorted motives were attributed to this tour. It was said, in effect, that I was a kind of

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

surveying my crowded calendar, described as "the King business." By long-standing custom the members of the household of the former monarch remain undisturbed in their posts for six months. Also by custom the old Civil List—the sum voted by Parliament to the Sovereign for maintaining the "honour and dignity of the Crown"—continues for the same period. This period of grace, by guaranteeing the *status quo ante* at the outset of a new reign, assures the monarchy that unhurried carry of continuity by which the British set great store. It also enabled me to take stock of the obligations devolving upon me in my new position.

In certain outward respects my life went on much as before. My mother stayed on at Buckingham Palace while I remained at York House. However, in order to be closer to the Palace secretariat, running smoothly under the experienced direction of my father's private secretary, Lord Wigram, I transferred my office to the Palace, occupying on the ground floor a small waiting room, decorated and furnished in Oriental style. It looked out upon the great Court Yard through two windows; on all but the brightest days I kept a light burning on my desk. I would motor there every morning in one of my father's Daimlers. Had I had my way, that noble vehicle, known to my brothers and myself as the "Crystal Palace," would have remained in the garage, and I would have walked, as most people do, to work. But I knew better.

Auspicious signs were not wanting on the surface at the outset of my reign. And it is interesting to record now that the most felicitous expressions of confidence emanated from the two sources of power which 11 months later were so influential in bringing that reign to an end.

First the London *Times* enumerated with gratification a rather extensive catalogue of kingly attributes which it professed to find in me. And noting that the new King was a bachelor, it observed that "in the life of responsibility day in and day out, which will henceforth be his, he will lack the help and counsel of a consort"—a sentiment that was to echo mutely in my ears at the end when the *Times*, once again the "Thunderer," turned its wrath against the woman of my choice.

And my Prime Minister also found much to praise in welcoming my accession to the throne. He reminded Parliament of my broad experience in public affairs, of the universal goodwill which had

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Socialist. Actually, as I explain in this instalment, it was a Tory businessman who gave me the idea, thinking it would assure the miners that they had not been forgotten.

been the fruit of my travels, and of my own unique knowledge of the various conditions under which my subjects lived not only in the British Isles but throughout the Empire. Almost joyfully Mr. Baldwin exclaimed, "He has the secret of youth in the prime of age."

The secret of youth in the prime of age—this exciting ingredient, or elixir, whatever it was that the Prime Minister had detected, sounded fine, exactly the right thing for a King inaugurating his reign in an era which had put the highest premium upon youthful vigor and adaptability.

"King in an up-to-date way"

EXACTLY what kind of King did I wish to be? I was of course anxious to be a successful King, but a King in an up-to-date way. Ever since I first started to travel overseas I had been fascinated by commerce. I knew as much as any King that ever lived about raw materials—where they came from, how they were produced and later processed industrially for the use of mankind. I enjoyed the company of businessmen. I had seen the workers at their jobs and in their homes; I had some idea of what was going on inside their heads. No other King can have inspected so many factories, gone down so many mines, tramped so many shipyards or followed so many assembly lines as I had. Of all the titles ever applied to me, hereditary or complimentary, none ever gave me more private satisfaction than the newspaper soubriquets acknowledging these services—"Britain's First Ambassador" and "Britain's Best Salesman."

One way or another the British people had contributed a great deal towards my preparation for kingship. It was my hope to be able to repay them by concentrating upon that which I knew best: by reminding them in the limited ways open to a King of their stake as an Empire in world trade and throwing the prestige and glamour of the Crown's solicitude around the workaday matters of commerce.

However, contrary to a belief held by some, I brought to the Throne no ambitious blueprints for reform; I had no desire to go down in history as Edward the Reformer. Edward the Innovator—that might have been more to the point. Yet I harbored no scheme for a violent reorientation of the ways of the Court. Indeed my most radical innovation in the composition of the Royal Household was the appointment of an officer designated "The Captain of the King's Flight." In truth all that I ever had in mind was to throw open the windows and let in some of the fresh air that I had become

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Let's go 'round the world in 1980!"



"Around the world! Not in this tub, Skipper! Not ever!"

"Look, I'm serious. We'll travel in comfort. Rio—Honolulu—Tahiti. If we like some place particularly well, we'll stop off and stay awhile."

"Sounds lovely. And how do you know that we'll have the money then for our grand tour?"

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A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

accustomed to breathe as Prince of Wales. My modest ambition was to broaden the base of the monarchy a little more—to make it a little more responsive to the changing circumstances of my time—to bring, if I could, to the tasks of kingship a fresh and original mind.

However, I was to discover during my brief but scarcely uneventful reign that though according to the familiar shibboleth a King could do no wrong, immunity clothes him only so long as he stays more or less prudently within the stock role. The risks that were inherent in even the most innocent divergences are illustrated by a simple incident arising out of my use of an umbrella.

There being no Prince of Wales, I continued as King to administer the Duchy of Cornwall estates. Early in my reign I called a meeting of the Duchy Council. The afternoon was rainy; but since it was only a two-minute walk from the Palace to the Duchy offices, I decided not to order the Daimler but to walk instead. So, calling for my bowler hat and umbrella, and accompanied by an old member of my staff, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, similarly equipped, I sallied forth. And that for me would have been the end of the episode but for the chance that a newspaper photographer who had stationed himself at the door of 10 Buckingham Gate for a routine picture of the King disembarking from the royal motor car happened to spot the Admiral and myself as we came striding across the street.

The result was a scene that must have been repeated ten thousand times that day in London—two men in City clothes, one with a briefcase, the other with upturned collar, striding along under umbrellas on their way to a business appointment. But because one of the two men was the King, the picture was widely published and its informality appeared to please many of my subjects. However, as Wallis was to discover a few evenings later, there was at least one whom it failed to please.

At a dinner party in London she found herself placed beside a prominent member of Parliament, a confidant of the Prime Minister and an influential figure in the Conservative party. Halfway through dinner this man turned to her and said gravely, "I am told that you know the King." Her answer that she did encouraged him to bring up a matter over which he had obviously been brooding. "Did you see that newspaper photograph of His Majesty walking from the Palace in the rain?" Wallis had of course seen it and was about to remark that she had thought it natural and amusing when her neighbor exclaimed with a visible shudder, "That umbrella! Since you know the King won't you ask him to be more careful in the future as to how he is photographed?" His undoubted disapproval took Wallis aback. After all, what could be the harm in the King's using an umbrella? However, the Parliamentarian seemed so perturbed that she suppressed a temptation to make light of the matter. Instead she countered by suggesting that it would be presumptuous of her, an American, to advise the King of England upon a point of behavior so patently British. The man seemed not to hear. "The monarchy must remain on its pedestal, above the commonplace. We can't have the King doing this kind of thing. He has the Daimler."

"Just something in the air"

HOWEVER solidly I may have stood with the mass of the British people, I was soberly aware that my popularity was not quite so general as a superficial reading of the newspapers, or the public utterances of men of affairs, might have led one to believe. It is natural for those who participated in and influenced the actions of one reign to regard the advent of its successor with some suspicion. So far as I could judge, there was no actual hostility. It was just something in the air—the first nip that presages the autumn frost, and I was to feel the chill within a few days after I ascended the Throne.

The afternoon after my father's funeral the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had called at the Palace to pay his respects to my mother upstairs, asked to be received by me. Before describing this audience I will digress for a moment to explain my feelings towards this strange, brilliant man whose hidden influence was to weigh so heavily against me at the end.

The Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang as Primate of all England held the most exalted ecclesiastical post in the Realm, ranking in fact in the Tables of Precedence immediately after the Royal Family and before the Prime Minister. But what counted even more was his long-standing, intimate friendship with my father. He was a frequent guest of my parents and close to the Court. He had undoubted charm of manner and when we were all very young he had made a favorable impression upon us. But as I grew older my opinion of him changed. Later on when I had occasion to watch him conduct a religious service or hear him speak at a public dinner—an art in which he had few equals—I decided that for a prelate he was almost too suave, too worldly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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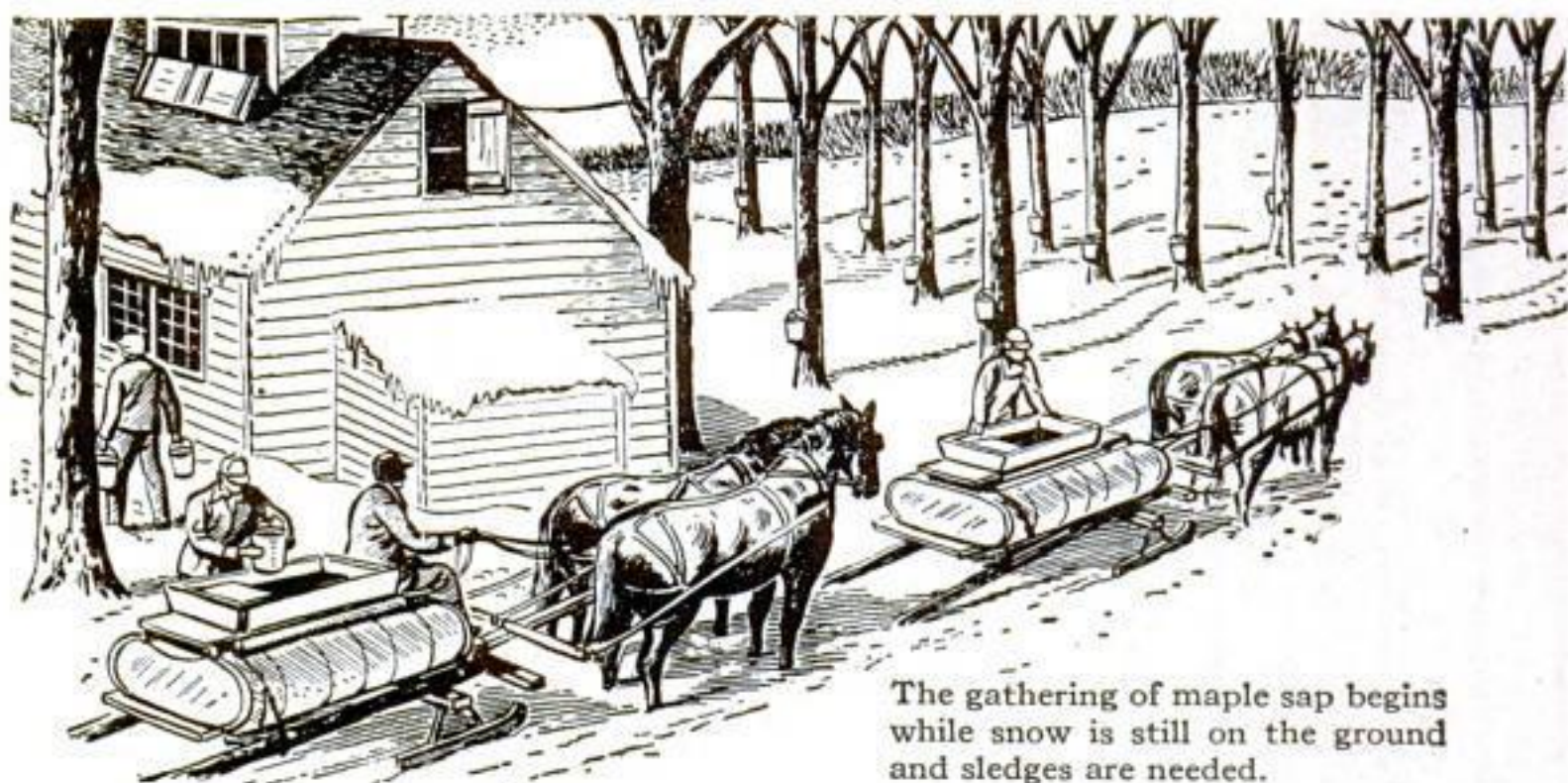


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MAPLE SUNDAE: Pour Vermont Maid Syrup over vanilla ice cream. Sprinkle with chopped nut meats if desired. So quick and easy, and truly delicious—either for family or for guests.

Vermont Maid Syrup



This is the picture the publication of which had a curious, and to me unexpected, aftermath. It shows me carrying an umbrella on a short walk with Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey. Editors were delighted with the

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

When, therefore, the Archbishop glided into my office that afternoon, I could not bring myself to greet him with perhaps as much warmth as had previously pervaded his relations with the sovereign. Dr. Lang, sensing the chill in my manner, spoke right out, saying that he was sorry that over the years we had failed to come to know each other better. Announcing that he intended to be frank and forthright, he said that he supposed that I must be aware that my father had at various times discussed me with him. "It would be a pity, Sir," he said, "if you were to misjudge me in this connection. Believe me, I appreciate that you are different from your father. I want you to know that whenever the late King questioned your conduct I tried in your interest to present it in the most favorable light."

My conduct, I wondered? What was Dr. Lang driving at? No man likes to be told that his character had provided a topic of conversation between his father and a third person. At any rate, the Archbishop's disclosure was certainly an unpropitious note with which to inaugurate the formal relations between a sovereign and his primate. It was unfortunate, but there it was. No doubt the Archbishop was as relieved as I when the audience came to an end.

There was nothing more. Yet the air in the room was heavy with portent when the Archbishop left. Nothing specific was ever mentioned, but I knew that the Archbishop intended that I should know what was the hidden burden of his discourse. That encounter was the first intimation that I carried within myself the seeds of an irreconcilable conflict.

What was at stake, of course, was the question of my right to compose my life on the Throne in terms of my own philosophy. Afterwards it was to be suggested that my actions were governed by a "craving for private happiness." The inference was that I had sought



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picture of the King walking in the rain, but it offended those who felt that an umbrella detracted from the formality which they expected of the King in public.

a life within a life, a private life separate from the public one. This was an unhappy, even an unjust, imputation. I had always known that the existence of a constitutional monarch is indivisible in all its aspects. My father's life was an ideal expression of this harmony. Indeed, for many of his subjects the interwoven fabric of his character, his interests and his habits, revealed during a reign spanning a quarter of a century, came to represent the model of kingship. Yet man himself is always changing; and while the parts played by kings tend to become somewhat stereotyped, the sons of kings do not. Unfortunately perhaps for the uniformity of the line of succession, they cannot be stamped out of sheet steel.

"The fault lay not in my stars"

I BEGAN my reign with good heart and high aspirations. Yet it was plain to me from the outset that however wholeheartedly I might adapt myself to the familiar outward forms of kingship—not merely with regard to the state duties, but equally in the carrying on of the personal pursuits, the race-horse breeding, the yacht racing, the stamp collection and the sporting amenities of Sandringham and Balmoral—I could not wholly satisfy the expectations of those for whom the rigid modes of my father's era had come to exemplify the only admissible standard for a King. In the clash that followed some professed to see the workings of fate. But the fault lay not in my stars but in my genes. I was what I was—a man with a profound faith in God and the highest sense of duty. But I was also acutely conscious of belonging to my times. And it therefore seemed important that the British people should know that, even if I had become King, my philosophy had not changed.

An opportunity presented itself when on Sunday March 1st, Saint David's Day, I broadcast for the first time as King to the people of the British Empire. Whenever a sovereign makes an official speech

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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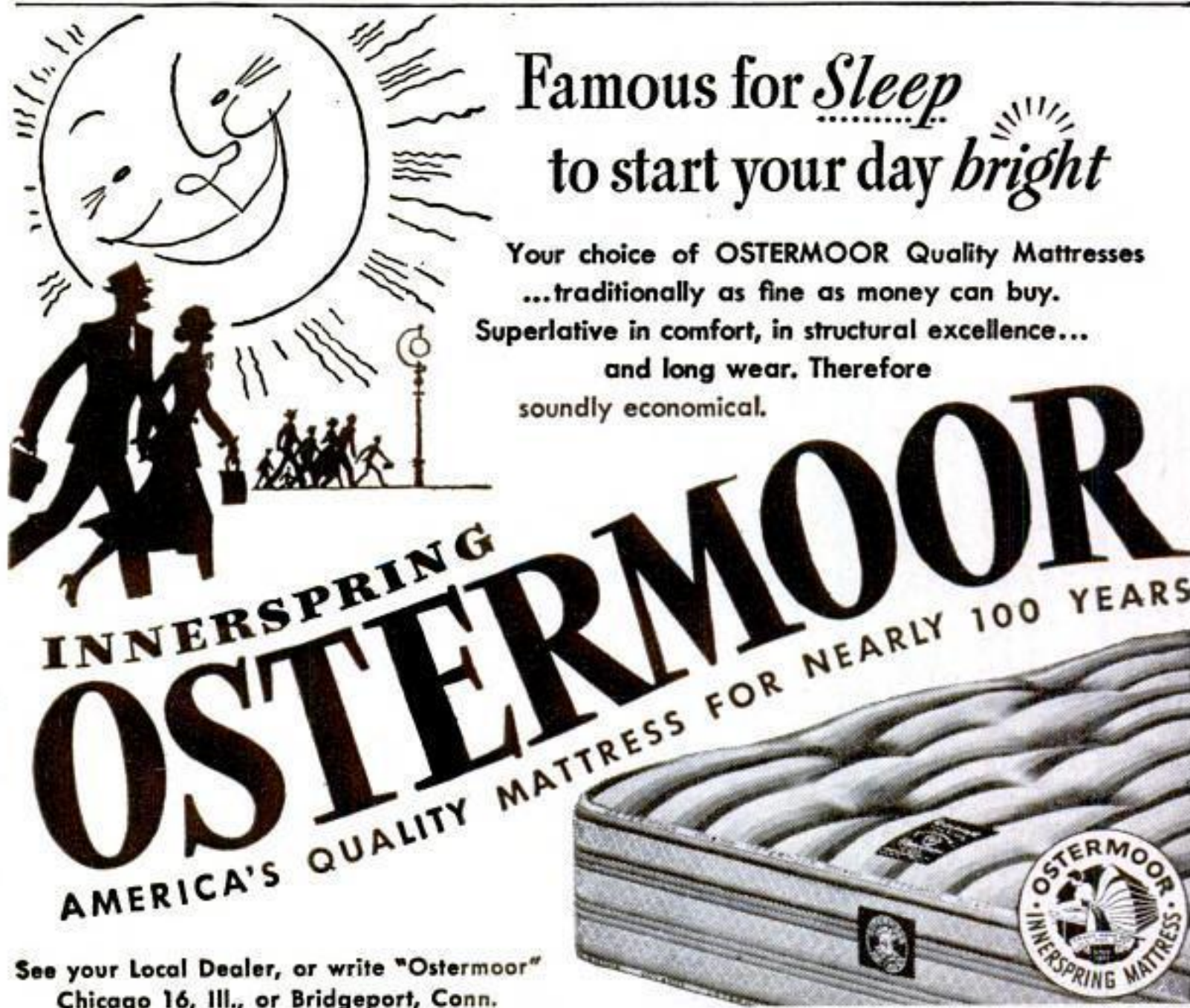
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This photograph was taken in March 1936, when I made my St. David's Day broadcast, my first radio address as King. Newspapers later published it to illustrate the story of my Abdication.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

it is the function of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs to make sure that the King says nothing that might conflict with the policy of his Government. The Home Office therefore submitted a draft—a noble sample of Whitehall rhetoric—which I painstakingly rewrote into my own simple style.

The broadcast was to be for the most part a heartfelt tribute to my father's long reign, a reminder of his services to the Empire, and an expression of my desire to carry on his work. But I decided to close with a statement of my own. This I embodied in a final paragraph which, after some thought, I decided not to include in the text sent back to the Home Office. There was no question of the omitted paragraph possibly offending my ministers, for the content could not have been further removed from politics. I simply wanted that part of my speech to be a surprise. This is what it was: "I am better known to you as Prince of Wales—as a man who, during the war and since, has had the opportunity of getting to know the people of nearly every country of the world, under all conditions and circumstances. And, although I now speak to you as King, I am still that same man who has had that experience and whose constant effort it will be to continue to promote the well-being of his fellow men. . . ."

THE CRISIS BEGINS

In next week's issue the Duke of Windsor tells for the first time his own story of the beginning of the crisis over a King's love that rocked an Empire and fascinated a world. He recalls:

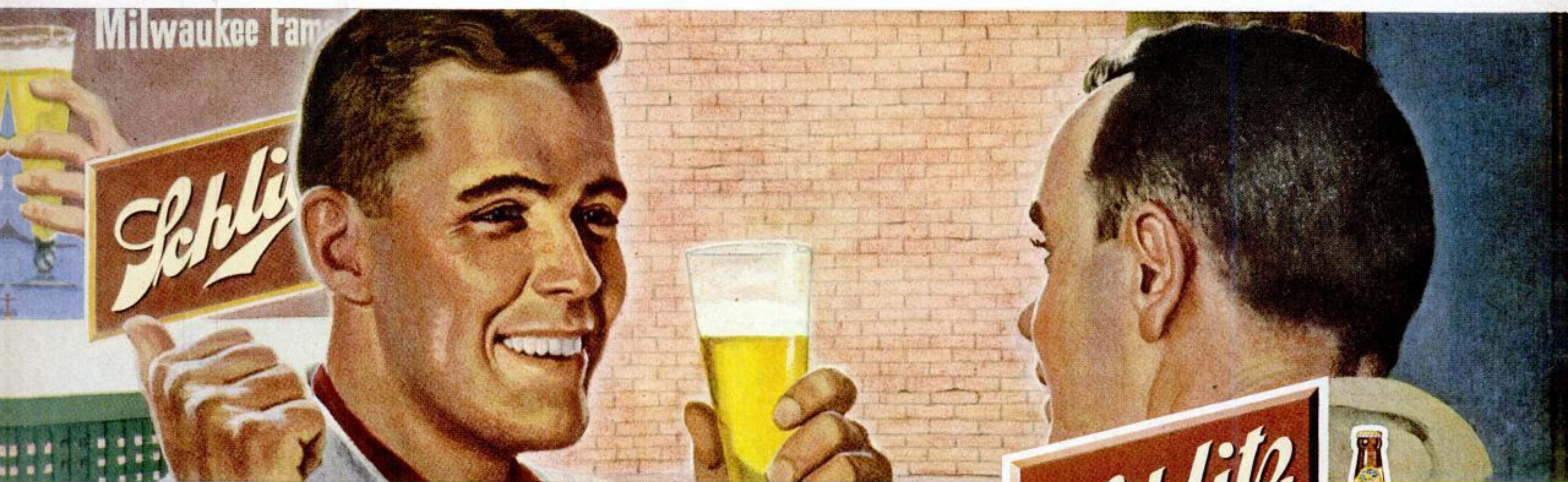
- ▶ The ominous letter that began, "I feel it my duty to bring to your notice the following facts . . ."
- ▶ The behind-the-scenes roles of Lord Beaverbrook—"I have taken the King's shilling"—and Archbishop of Canterbury—"a shadowy, hovering presence"
- ▶ How Stanley Baldwin asked for a whisky at 10 a.m.
- ▶ His first talk with his mother about his love
- ▶ The first time he said, "I am prepared to go"
- ▶ And how, finally, the storm broke.



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



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ARCHAEOLOGY

PRE-AZTEC STONE FACE

Replica of massive head is moved to Manhattan

The great stone face at right, a mysterious, massive relic of Mexico's oldest civilization, lay lost for centuries in the tangled jungles of Vera Cruz. Until Dr. Matthew W. Stirling of the Smithsonian Institution uncovered it five years ago, no modern man had seen it. Possibly the statue represents a king of the Olmecs, a people who flourished in the New World at the time of Christ, long before the Mayas and Aztecs. The great head measures 9 feet from end to end and 6 feet in width and is a product, according to Dr. Stirling, of the earliest high culture in the Western Hemisphere.

This month the American Museum of Natural History unveiled a 2-ton plaster model (*below*) of the great stone face. To make a cast in the jungle (*pp. 90, 92*), bring it out to Mexico City where the big model was made, and finally move it in sections to New York, took two years. How the ancient Olmecs carved the 15-ton original out of a single block of basalt and moved it 60 miles from the nearest source of this rock leaves scientists mystified.



FACE LIES IN RAVINE WHERE FOR CENTURIES IT WAS COVERED BY JUNGLE



NINE FEET HIGH, the reproduction of the stone face stands in Mexican Hall of American Museum of Natural History. It is hollow, the inside reinforced by steel.

Plaster casts could not be made of back of original, which in model is filled in. Pockmarks which show 2,000 years of erosion on original are reproduced faithfully here.

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Stone Face CONTINUED



STARTING PLASTER CAST, workman from Mexican museum divides stone face into 24-inch squares, smooths plaster into panels two inches thick.

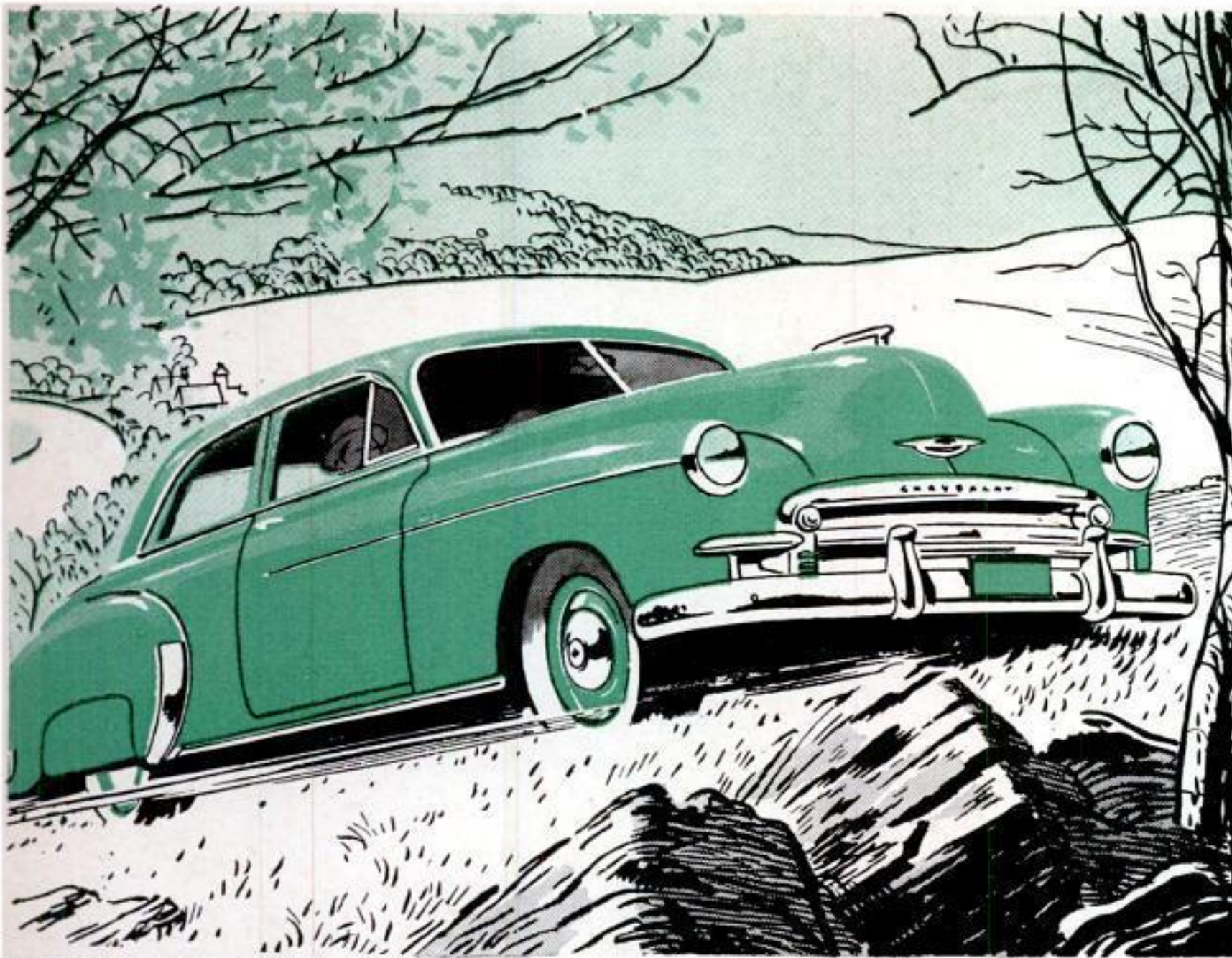


SHELTER to protect wet plaster against rain was built out of jungle trees. The roof was thatched with palm leaves. Rain fell intermittently during work.

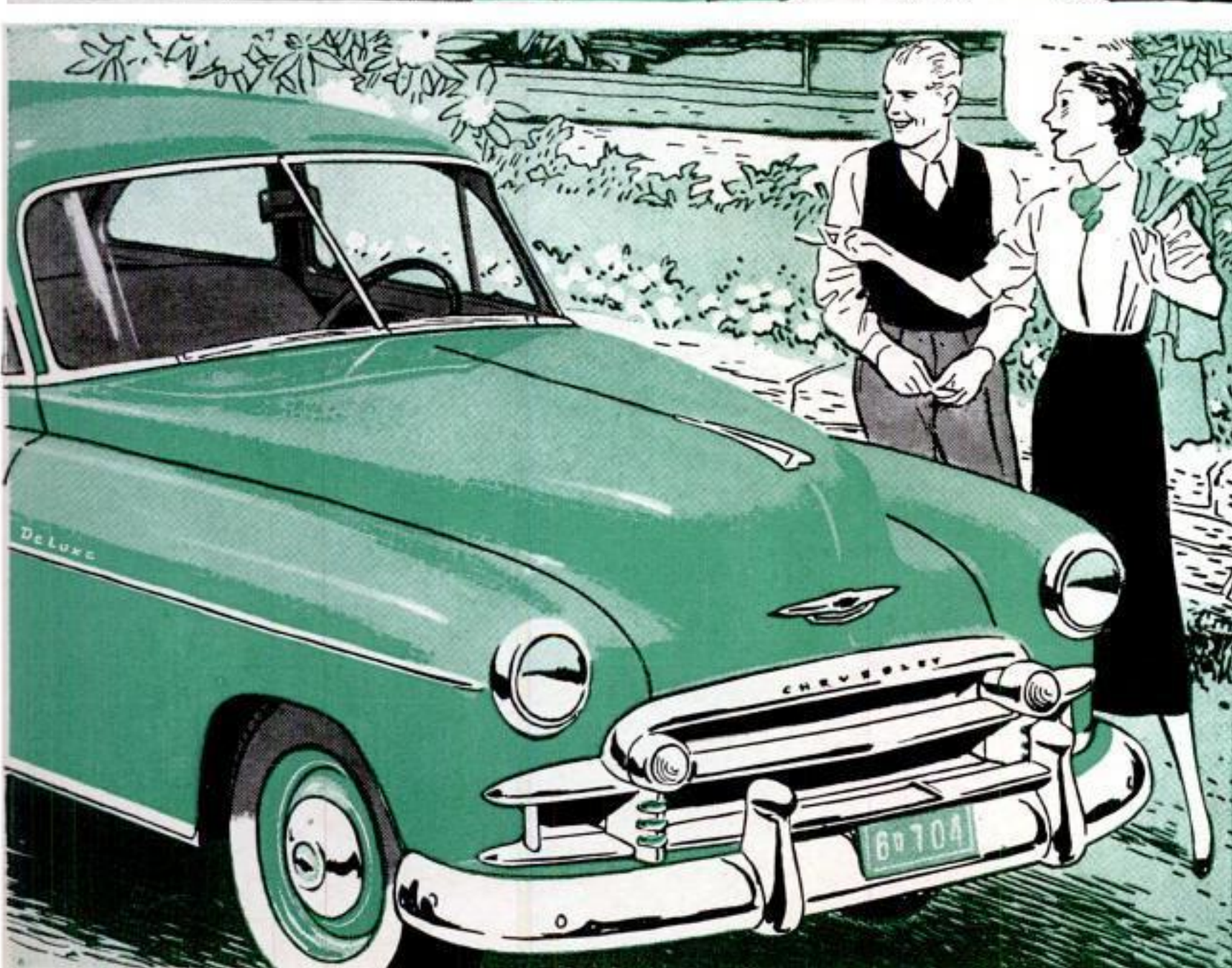


IN SHADE of the leaf roof, workman (top) puts on a strengthening second coat of plaster. The mold is left intact until all sections of it are completely dry.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



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Performance is the payoff! And you'll find that this dynamic new Chevrolet *pays off* with a combination of performance and economy that cannot be duplicated in any other low-priced car. For Chevrolet alone, of all cars in its field, offers you your choice of *two great Valve-in-Head engines*, each with its own particularly efficient type of drive.* Both are performers extraordinary, in traffic, on the



hills, and in over-all driving; both are outstandingly *economical* to operate and maintain; and, of course, both operate with that same *extra-fine* dependability for which Chevrolet is world-famous.

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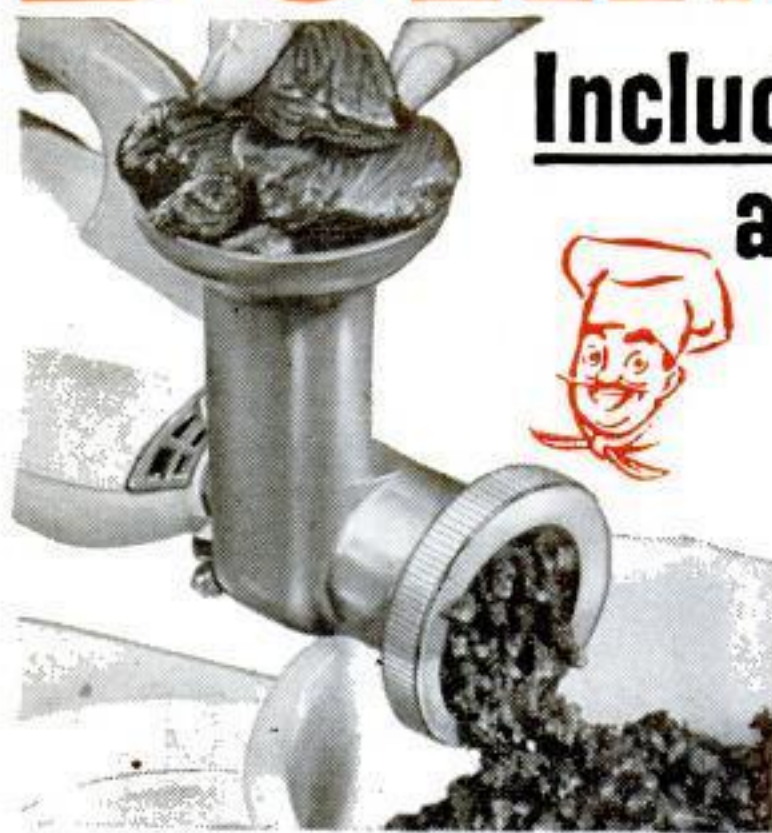
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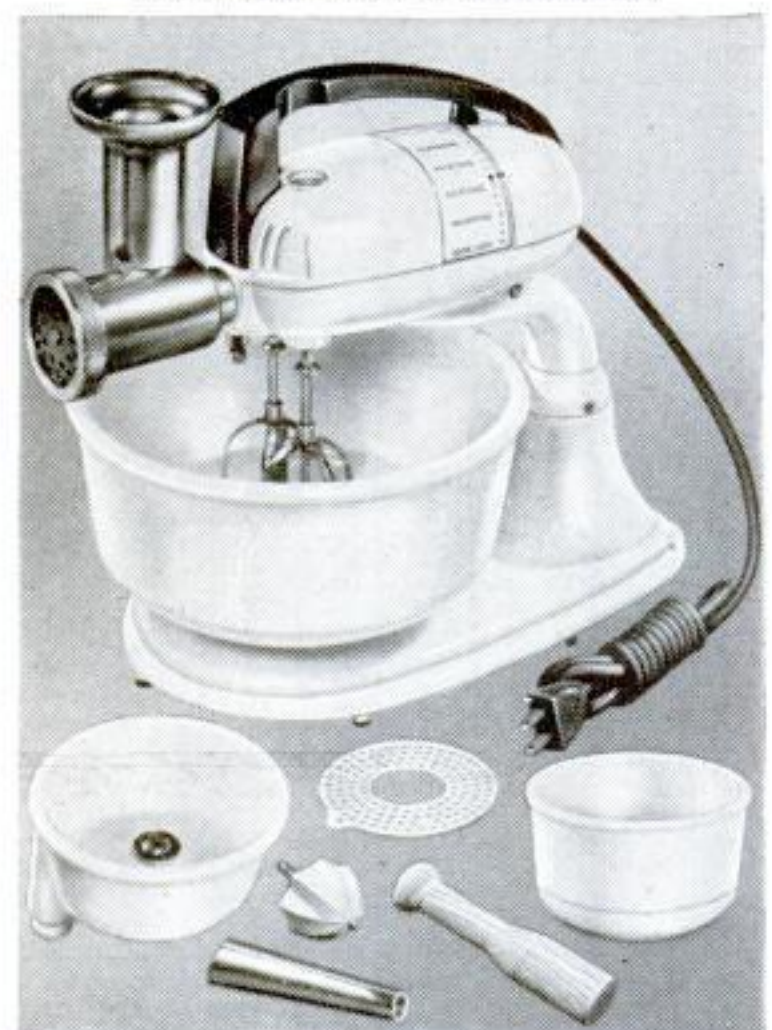


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Dormeyer Mixers are the smart buyers' first choice, because Dormeyer gives you more value at less cost. 10 recipe-tested speeds, automatic beater release, portable mixing, easy bowl adjustment, roll-away draining, rich kitchen-color harmony, are only a few of the wonderful Dormeyer Features. Get Dormeyer and get the most for your mixer money.

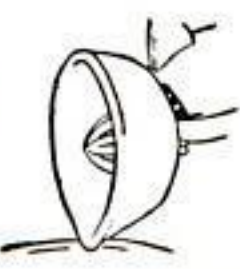
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Stone Face CONTINUED



READY FOR SHIPMENT, the 52 sections of the plaster cast are removed from stone face. Only three of the sections were broken and had to be recast.



STARTING TRIP out of jungle, natives pack plaster sections on backs to camp. They were then shipped to Mexico City where museum's model was cast.

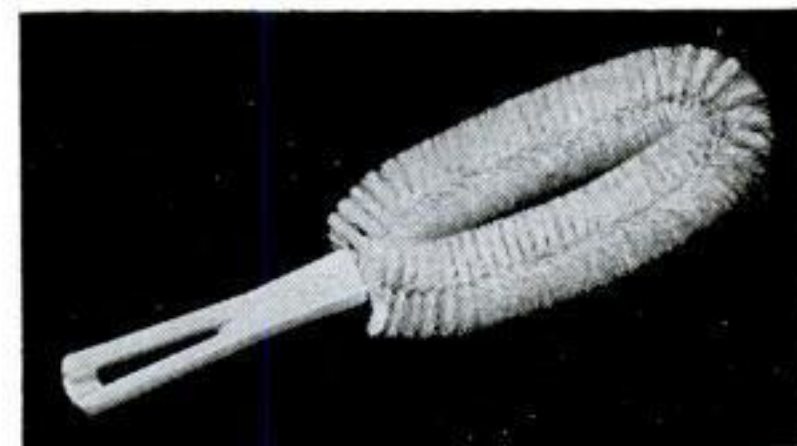
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*Now featured in the famous "In-the-home" shopping service brought you by your Stanley Dealer***

You'll like the "Double-Magic" of this STANLEY FLESH BRUSH—This beautiful white Stanley "Double-Magic" Flesh Brush is superbly shaped to the contours of the body. Its bristles are fine and "gentle." Its exquisite Stanite handle is just the right length and slotted for easy hanging. In the bath, it's ideal to help you get the body scrupulously clean *all over*, to help you reach and cleanse those hard-to-get-at areas on shoulders, back, knees and legs, without tying yourself in a knot. Used for a "dry massage," it's wonderfully relaxing, helps chase fatigue, calms down nervous tension. It sets the skin pleasantly a-tingle, helps to stimulate it to that rosy glow of health. As personal as one's tooth brush, a Stanley Flesh Brush for each member of the family is now a "must" in thousands of American homes.



Ask your Stanley dealer about the special reduced prices for a limited time only on this 4-brush, white-bristle, personal set for women. Also on the fine Stanley 4-brush, black-bristle set for men. This men's set includes: Stanley flesh brush, "life-time" clothes brush, manicure brush, palm brush.



WHITE CLOTHES BRUSH—This is often called the "Bride's Clothes Brush" because it's so dainty and perfect to use even on the finest and sheerest of trousseau garments. Quickly flicks off dust and lint and its pure white bristles help you avoid soiling costly fabrics.



WHITE MANICURE BRUSH—No woman who cherishes the beauty of her hands should be without this attractive toilette accessory. Its bristles brush back fingernail cuticle, help prevent hang-nails, free the nails and knuckles of stains and grime. As indispensable to the office woman as to the housewife.



WHITE PALM BRUSH—This marvelous little brush has as important a place in every bathroom as a cake of soap. You hold it in your hand like soap to scrub with "physician" thoroughness dirt and grime from hands, elbows, knees. Especially essential in summer to keep uncovered elbows and knees looking their feminine best. Children like to keep clean with this brush.

****Shop in Comfort at Stanley Hostess Parties for many other Stanley "Quality Plus" Products**—Stanley Dealers are respected, independent merchants in every community. Each day, 10,000 hospitable women invite these Dealers into their homes to conduct the famous Stanley Hostess Parties. At these Parties, women gather to shop in comfort for Stanley's wide lines of Quality Plus Products. Products to aid in personal grooming! Products to improve the beauty and cleanliness of every room in the

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TWO STUDENT COACHES PUT PAPRIKA
INTO DELTA GAMMA SPANISH DANCE



PAT-A-CAKE SAILOR, Lauren Armstrong of Phi Delta Theta, practices for *Follies* with svelte Delta Gamma girl.



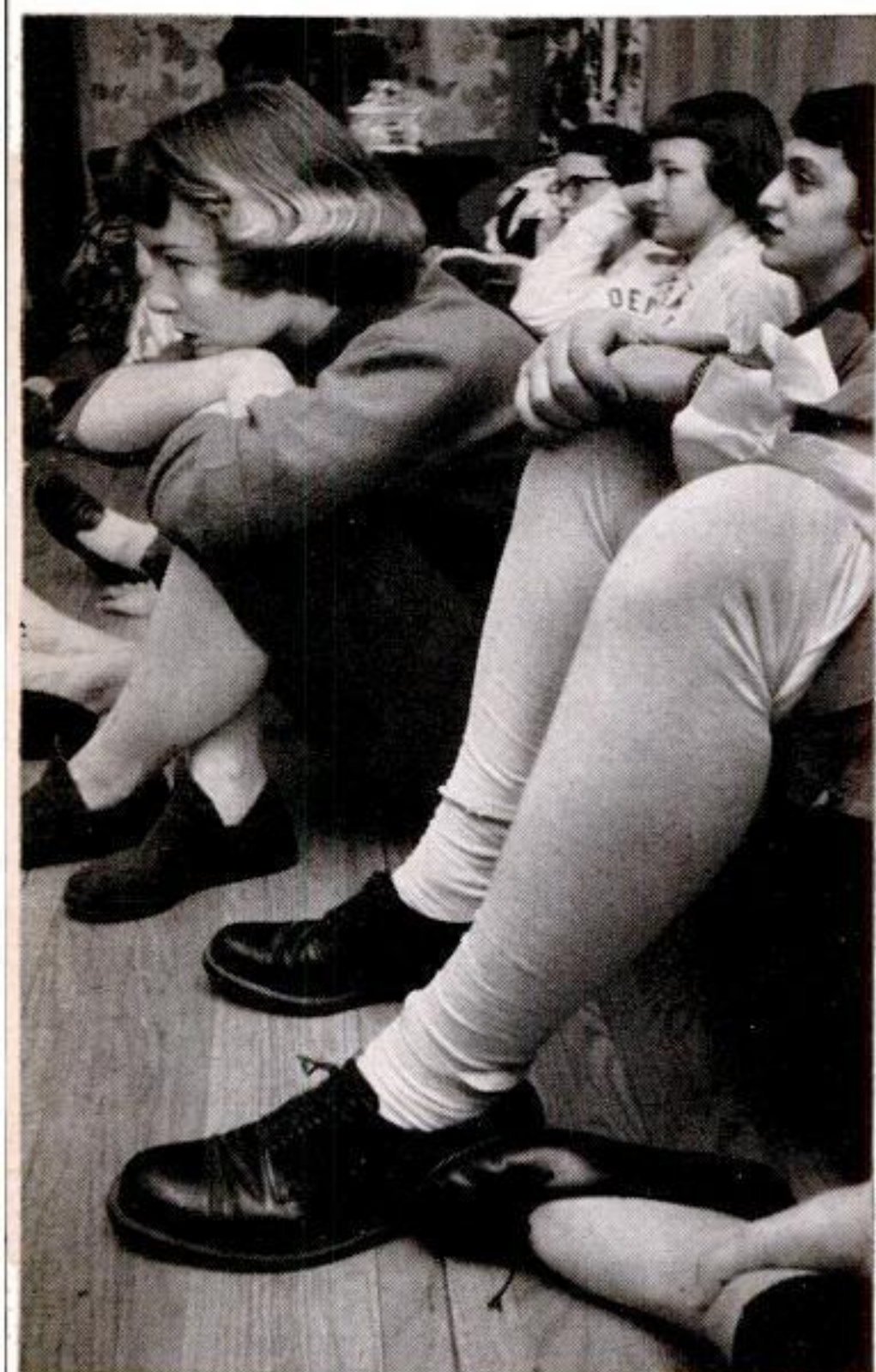
LATINIZING THEMSELVES for the South American number, Delta Gammas apply tawny make-up in house.



MAY SNOW during *Follies* is marked with suitable sign by Kappa Sigma boys dressed as men from Mars for show.



ON OPENING NIGHT Phi Delt boys came over to the Delta Gamma house to get made up for "Silly Sea Scenes."



AT MIDNIGHT REHEARSAL of their act, "Silly Sea Scenes," boys and girls at sorority house sit on the floor.

Of all the springtime college musical shows that bounce out around the country, none kicks up more excitement than the University of North Dakota's *Flickertail Follies*, which celebrated its 25th anniversary this month. Named after the state animal, a spunky little gopher who flicks his tail when he runs, the show consists of a series of competing vaudeville acts. A professional journalism fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, sponsored the show, but various social groups put on the acts. Six trophies are bestowed as first and second prizes on three different types of acts: long, short and combined. Combined acts, put on jointly by sorority and fraternity groups, seem to hold the most fascination for everybody.

The *Follies* got going officially in March, when 16 different groups submitted rough ideas of their acts to a student-faculty committee. Twelve acts were finally accepted and, for the next six weeks, were practiced and polished in residence halls and Greek letter houses. At Delta Gamma, which combined with Phi Delta Theta, girls carted furniture out of their living room so chorus lines could have plenty of knee and elbow room (*opposite page*). Half-finished scenery was stacked against walls. Upstairs, costumes were fitted and sewed. In the last weeks before the show studies were slighted and students dozed in classes. It is a rule though that anybody who falls behind in classwork has to quit the *Follies*. Between worrying and dancing some girls lost 15 pounds.

The show opened in Grand Forks Central High School Auditorium Monday night, May 1, and was presented three times, with a different pair of judges scoring each performance. Here LIFE records some of the goings on which, despite the Red River flood that threatened some first-nighters, three days of untimely snow and a girl's broken leg, made *The Flickertail Follies* of 1950 a Grand Forks smash hit.



RIDING TO SHOW, the Delta Gamma girls sing in bus which takes them through snow and mud to auditorium.

Life Goes to *The Flickertail Follies*

NORTH DAKOTA U. HAS A TALENT CONTEST



No thanks—no more dull books—
Now I sleep with **HORLICKS!**



When you're wide awake at bedtime, sip a pleasant cupful of hot **HORLICKS**. Then Drowsy, Drowsier, Drowsier. It's a natural effect and the natural thing to do to invite restful sleep and banish "Night Starvation." You wake refreshed. Try Horlicks tonight. Your druggist has it.



Now at your soda fountain

COLA MALTED MILK! Horlicks newest Malt-of-the-Month is really making a hit at better soda fountains everywhere. Enjoy this happy combination of America's two all-time favorite soda fountain flavors—Cola and Horlicks. Add a sandwich and you have a tasty, satisfying meal—nutritious, too.



Nibble-size nuggets of real malted milk—Horlicks Tablets are a smart idea when the kids ask for candy—they're packed with nutrition. Plain or chocolate. 10¢ and larger sizes—ask for them at candy counters.



← **REMEMBER THAT
GOOD NAME**



"LOW-BROWS" were acted by Pi Beta Phis and Sigma Chis dressed as Greenwich Villagers tippling from an oversized whisky bottle. This scene, inspired by

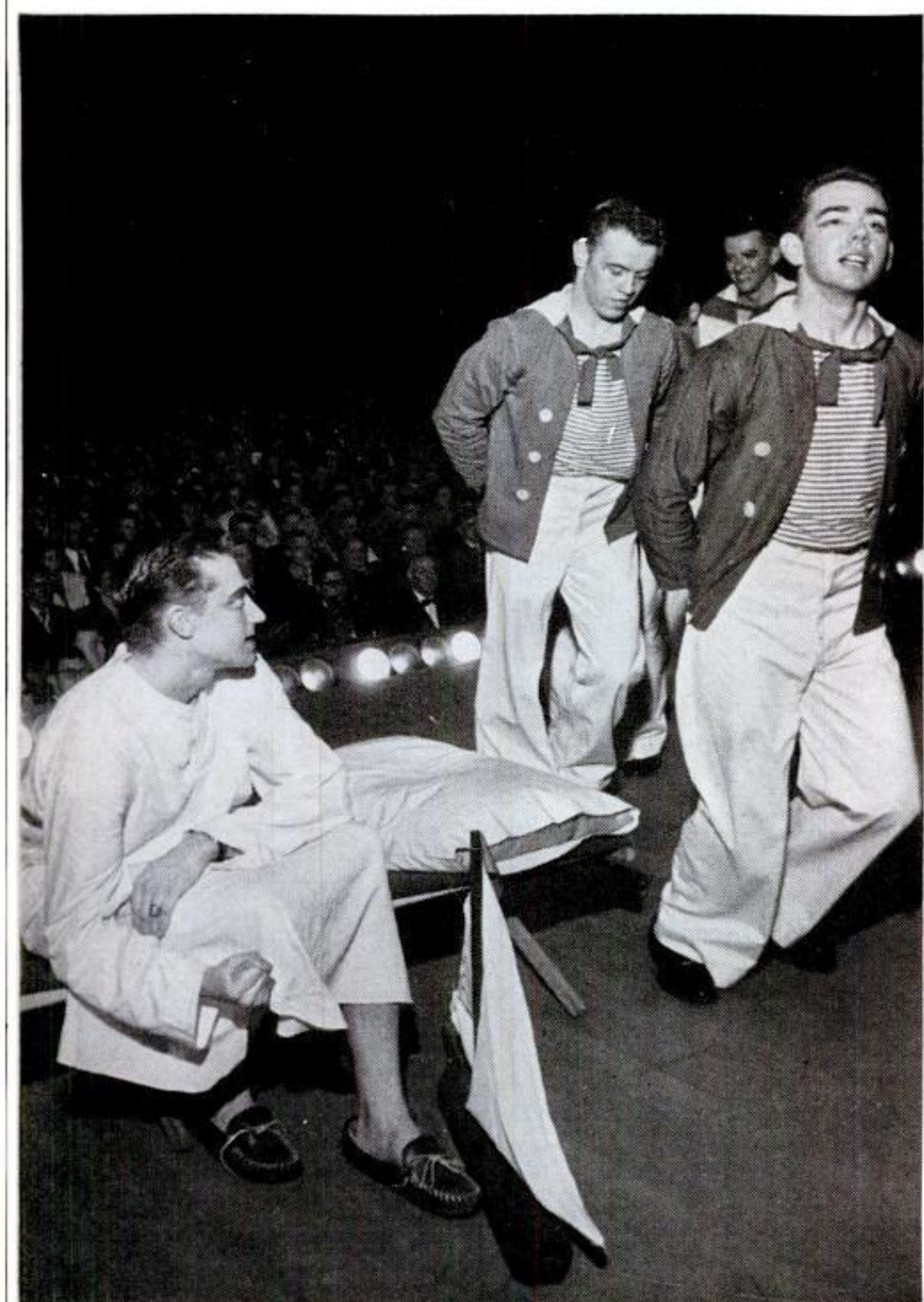


KITTEN ON THE KEYS was danced by Betty Spornitz, representing Larimore Hall, one of two nonfraternal groups in show. Her act won a first prize.

HORLICKS



LIFE's article, "High-brow, Middle-brow, Low-brow," shows some difference of opinion regarding low-brows. LIFE maintained that low-brows drink beer.



TEAM SPIRIT is expressed by James McGuckin of Sigma Nu, who also managed this act, "The Heart of a Sailor." While on stage he egged on fellow actors.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy*



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DULL-LIFELESS



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12 for \$2.25 } double mesh } 12 for \$2.75

Exactly matching shades

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HAIR NET
rules the waves

Flickertail Follies CONTINUED SYLVIA'S SORROWS



ON CRUTCHES, Sylvia Hendrickson of Delta Gamma, who had broken her leg, despaired of ever learning last minute lyrics written into her song, *Minnie from Trinidad*. New lyrics told how Minnie with her crutch had lost her touch.



BACKSTAGE MISERY beset Sylvia while she waited (above, left) to sing *Minnie* in "Silly Sea Scenes" and she was sure she would fail. Later (right), after she flubbed lyrics, she sobbed to a fellow actor that she had ruined show.



BROODING IN CLASSROOM about her fiasco in "Silly Sea Scenes," Sylvia stared at her crutches which were still wrapped in gay tinfoil from the evening's show. At next performances she did far better and was a hit of the show.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Gasoline costs you $\frac{1}{5}$ as much today as it did in 1914

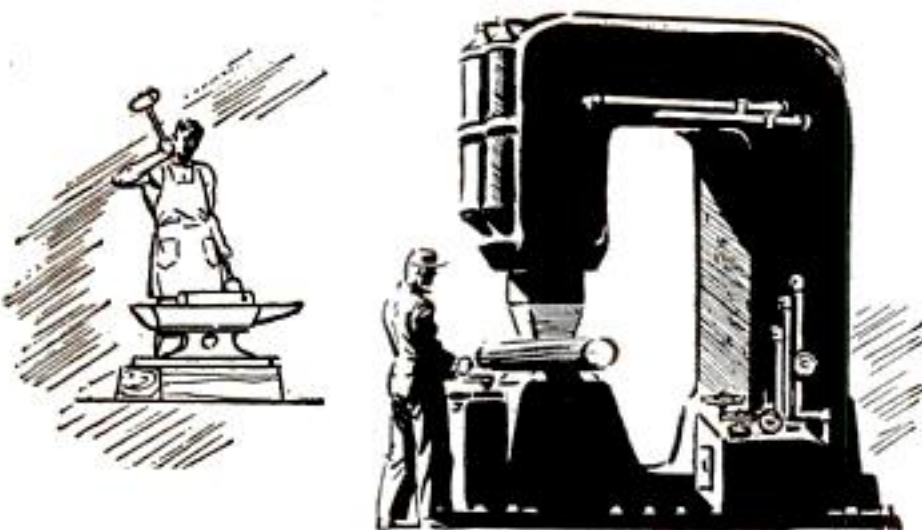


1. In 1914 a gallon of gasoline cost the average U. S. factory worker 42 minutes of work. By 1929 the average U. S. factory worker had to work only 18 minutes to earn enough to buy 1 gallon of gasoline. Today he can buy 1 gallon of gasoline with 12 minutes' work. And at least 3 minutes of that 12 goes for gasoline taxes.

Source: National Industrial Conference Board *Studies in Labor Statistics*, No. 3, 1950.

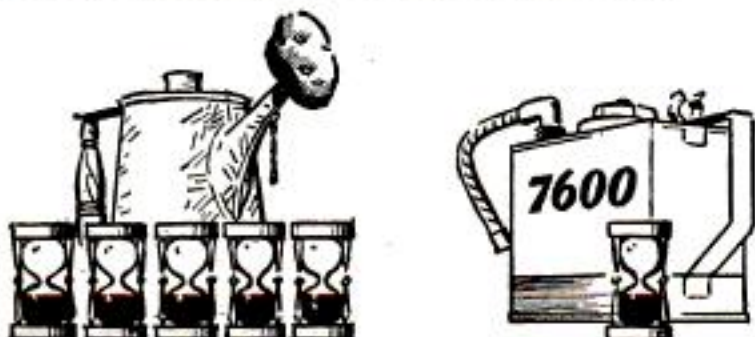


2. In other words, if you eliminate the gasoline taxes (which didn't exist in 1914) and compare the true cost of the product, you find that gasoline costs the U. S. worker just about $\frac{1}{5}$ as much today as it did in 1914 (9 minutes' work vs. 42 minutes' work). What's the reason for this?

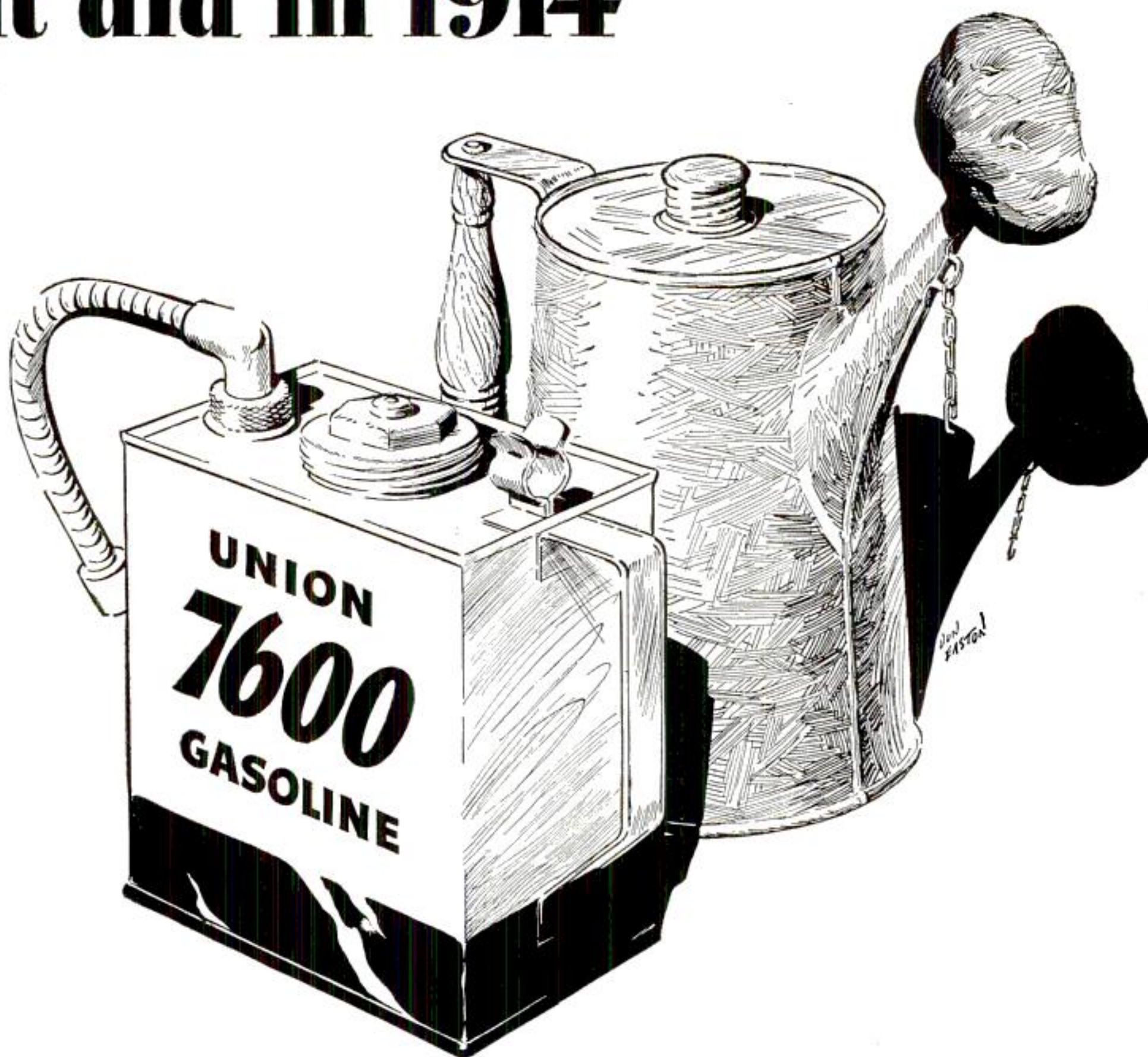


3. To begin with, the U. S. worker can produce 3 times as much goods with an hour's labor today as he could in 1914.* So he has to work only $\frac{1}{3}$ as long. In the second place, gasoline costs less. In spite of the fact that today's gasoline is infinitely superior to the 1914 variety, improved efficiency in our operations enables us to make it for just about $\frac{1}{2}$ the 1914 cost.

*Source: Tables 187 & 192, *America's Needs and Resources*, Twentieth Century Fund, 1947.



4. These savings in our operating costs, combined with the U. S. worker's increased productivity, have reduced the total cost of gasoline to about $\frac{1}{5}$ of what it was in 1914. This remarkable progress is largely due to one thing — *tools*. The 1914 U. S. worker had an average of \$1600 in tools at his disposal. Today's worker has \$6000 worth. Consequently he can earn far more with an hour's labor because he can produce far more.



5. A similar change has taken place in our own operations. Oil is no more plentiful today — in relation to the demand — than it was in 1914. But in the last 36 years Union Oil Company has invested about \$525,000,000 in "tools" and productive facilities. This mechanization of our drilling, refining and distribution operations has enabled us to cut costs tremendously.



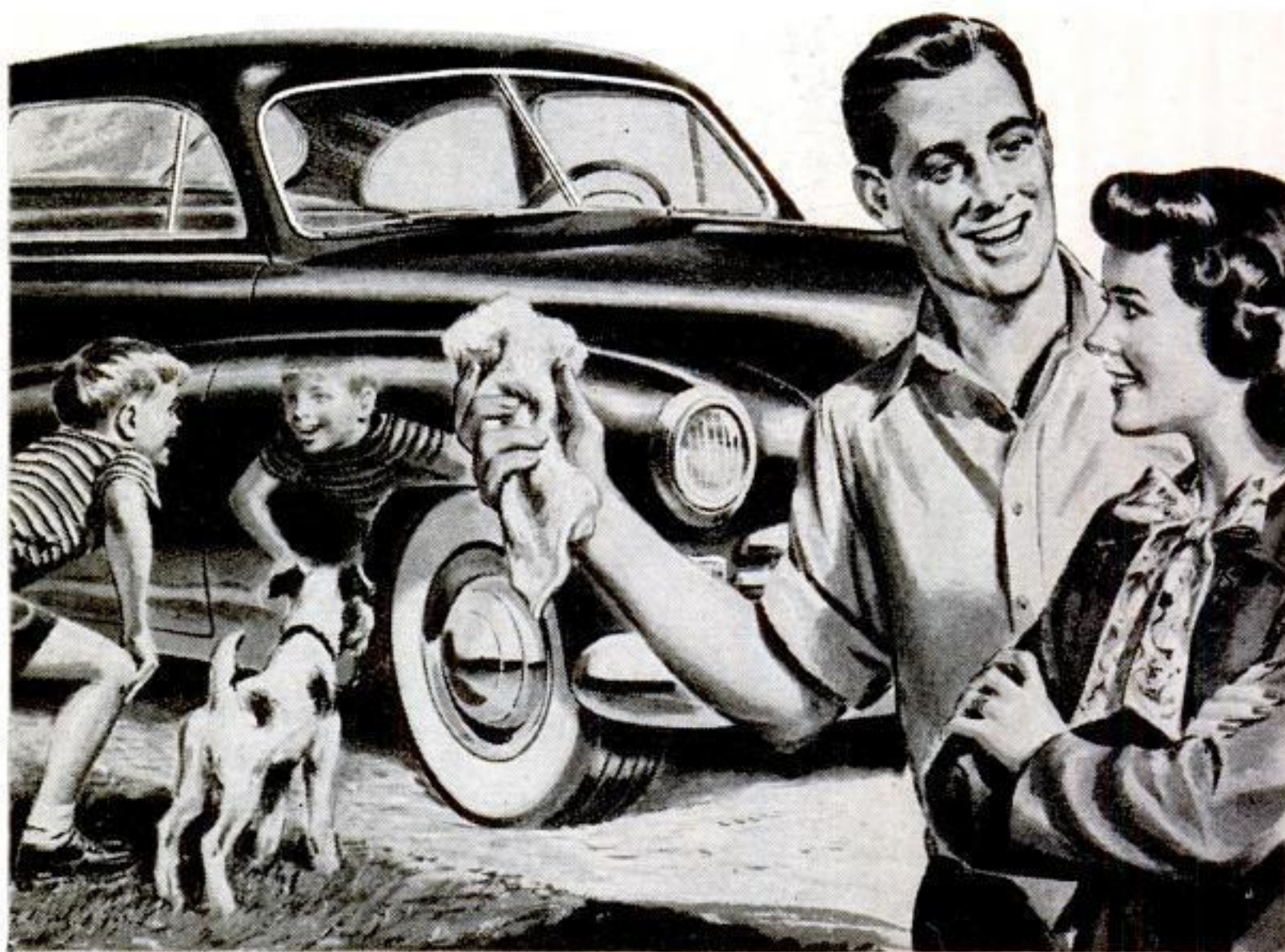
6. The money to buy all those "tools" — both for the U. S. factory worker and Union Oil Company — could come from only two sources: people's savings, and profits plowed back into the business. So the thing to remember is this: Unless we preserve people's incentive to save, and allow American business to make an adequate profit, we'll never make the progress in the future that we've made in the past.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 17, California.

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a new detergent which speeds up car washing and makes manual drying unnecessary. Makes car washing a pleasure.

DU PONT "DUCO" CLEANER
DU PONT "DUCO"-WAX

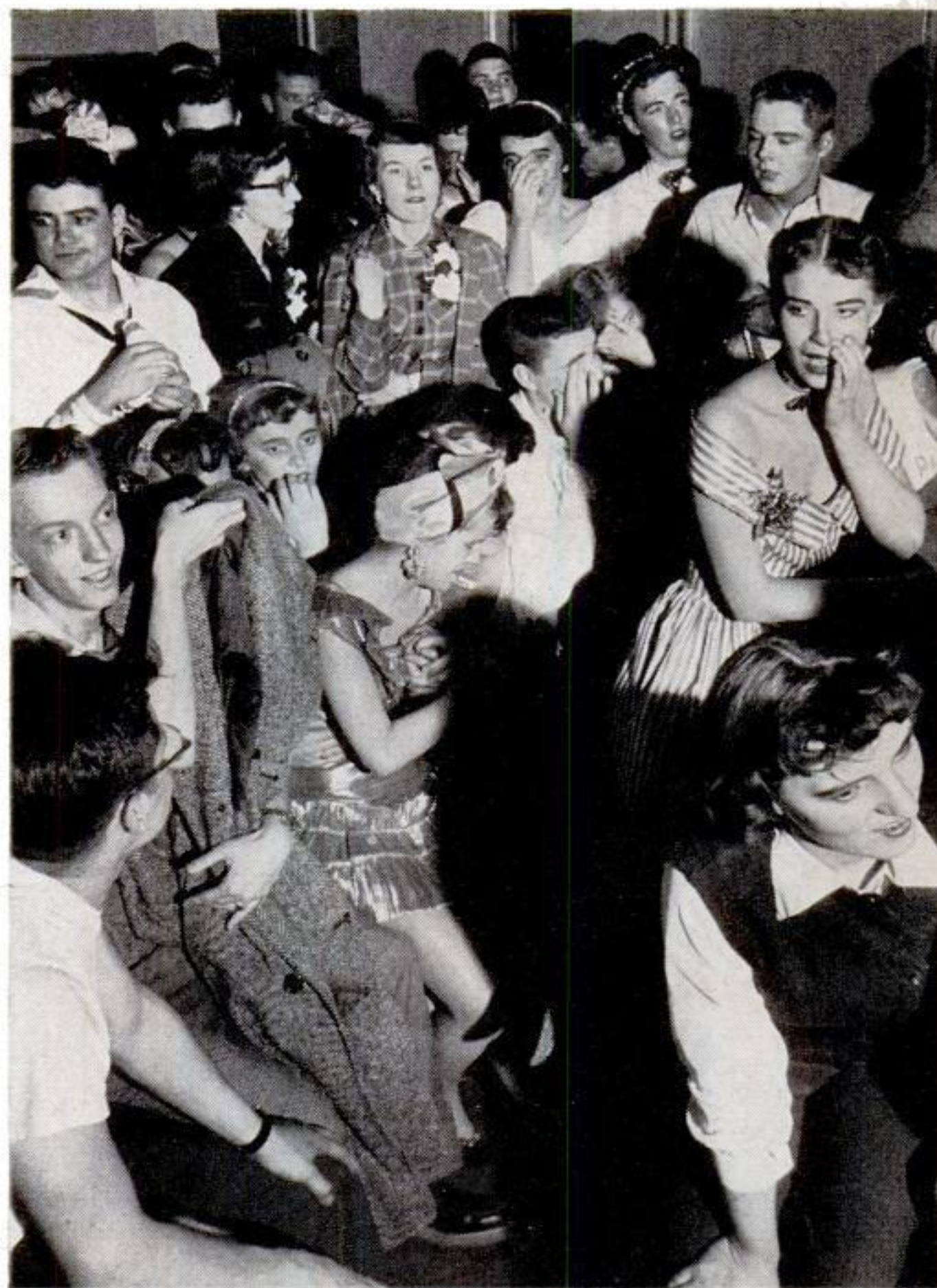
For protecting the finish and producing a lustre which will last for months. 1st, use the liquid "DUCO" CLEANER to remove traffic film and chalked pigment. It's quick, but easy on the finish. 2nd, apply the paste "DUCO"-Wax, which polishes easily to a beautiful, long-lasting lustre.



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Flickertail Follies CONTINUED



AWAITING THE VERDICT from judges who had seen all three performances, members of "Silly Sea Scenes" hear another group being awarded second prize in their category and dolefully feel they have lost out altogether.



CHEERING THEIR VICTORY, cast of "Silly Sea Scenes" goes wild at the announcement that, despite the sorrows of their opening night, the Phi Delta Thetas and Delta Gammas had rallied and won first prize in "combined" class.

Cesar Romero discovers a treasure of finer enjoyment

"I'VE PLAYED MANY ROLES," says Cesar Romero, romantic screen hero, "but my favorite is Cortes, the man who sought the treasures of ancient Mexico." And, like many a man today who seeks a whiskey that's a treasure of richness, Cesar Romero chooses Schenley.



CESAR ROMERO, AS HIMSELF, stops off at his favorite dining place after a hard day at the studio. And, because a fine drink goes with fine food, Cesar specifies Schenley at the bar. "Smooth, sociable Schenley is a favorite with many stars," declares the bartender.



TO MAKE HIS PARTIES PERFECT, Cesar Romero always serves Schenley. "This is a real treasure," says Cesar, pouring rare, finer tasting Schenley for his guests. For when the mood is mellow, nothing compares with the enjoyment of smooth, sociable Schenley.



You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

SCHENLEY

*A Schenley Mark of Merit whiskey
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OLD SCHENLEY, 8 years old.*

OLD SCHENLEY, 100 PROOF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. SCHENLEY RESERVE RARE BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY.





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DISPLAY



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One of the principal public duties expected of me as Prince of Wales was to extend the royal association to all kinds of governmental and

community services. This photograph was taken when I inspected the London Fire Brigade in Victoria Park in 1929.

long been a hard and fast rule of the Duchy Council that it should not speculate or borrow. These blocks of old houses were therefore sold to the London County Council, which was then embarked upon a large slum clearance project. The houses were torn down, but for various reasons part of the site for a long time remained vacant.

About this time I made the acquaintance of a brilliant young architect, a Scot, who had just returned to Great Britain primed with new ideas for the mass production of low-rent housing which he had picked up in America. My conversations with this enthusiastic man started me thinking about the possibility of developing this unused site. It occurred to me that if I could stimulate the interest of farsighted, public-spirited men in the City of London, the Duchy's former land might well be transformed into a model housing development. My old friend Sir Edward Peacock, a senior partner in Baring Brothers who was also Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, was all for the scheme. It was not long before he had collected a keen and influential group of men who were prepared to risk the necessary large investment with only a token return.

The next step was to persuade the London County Council to release the land for the experiment. Toward that end I invited its Socialist Leader, Mr. Herbert Morrison, to meet the men from the City at York House. He turned up one afternoon with several Council officials, including the architect and surveyor. As the meeting progressed it

became clear that the L.C.C. planners were not going to yield the ground which they had captured for their own experiments. So the scheme came to naught. But my instruction in the expediencies of party politics, begun some years earlier under the Conservative Mr. Baldwin, thus progressed under the example provided by the Socialist Mr. Morrison. The incident, however, had an amusing sequel. Having escorted Mr. Morrison to the door, I was hardly back with my friends before he returned with a roguish glint in his eye. "Forgive me, Sir," he explained. "But I appear to have forgotten my briefcase. Have I by any chance left it in the dining room?" My butler went to look and soon returned with the mislaid portfolio.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Morrison, tucking it under his arm. "It would never have done to leave the secrets of the Socialist party at York House, would it, Sir?"

"Mr. Morrison," I chided, "it would be hard to imagine a safer place."

"Always something lacking"

MY life was in many ways a free and ample one. I was, up to a point, my own master, a Prince in a democratic society. Nevertheless there was always something lacking, something not supplied. Given my character, my roving curiosity and independence, my life appeared to form a disconnected pattern—duty without decision, service without responsibility, pomp without power.

In the meantime something had happened which, although I did not realize it at the time, was destined to change the whole course of my life. I met Wallis Warfield Simpson.

We first met during the winter after my return from South America in 1931. I had gone to Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire with my brother George for a weekend's fox hunting. Wallis and her husband Ernest were guests in the same house. It was one of those weekends for which British winters are justly infamous—cold, damp, foggy. Wallis did not ride and obviously had no interest in horses, hounds or hunting in general. She was also plainly in misery from a bad cold in the head. Since a Prince is by custom expected to take the lead in conversing with strangers, and having been informed that she was an American, I was prompted to observe that she must miss central heating, of which there was a lamentable lack in my country and an abundance in hers. The affirmative answer which, under the circumstances, any Briton had reason to expect would then have cleared the way for a casual discussion of the variety of creature comforts available in America, and the conversation would have been safely anchored on firm ground. But instead a verbal chasm opened under my feet. Mrs. Simpson did not miss the great boon which her country had conferred upon the world. On the contrary, she liked the cold houses of Great Britain. A mocking look came into her eyes.

"I am sorry, Sir," she said, "but you have disappointed me."

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Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

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Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

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*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

A KING'S STORY CONTINUED

"In what way?"

"Every American woman who comes to your country is always asked that same question. I had hoped for something more original from the Prince of Wales."

I moved away to talk to the other guests, but the echoes of the passage lingered.

So began our acquaintance. During the next few years we met occasionally in the company of friends at dinner parties in London and more rarely at weekends in the country. Of the slow unfolding of our friendship Wallis tells an amusing story. Not long after our first meeting at Melton Mowbray, we were at a party in London. I am supposed to have asked my hostess, "Haven't I met that lady before?" Then I saw her again at a "Court" in the great ballroom at Buckingham Palace. She was being presented to my parents. I was as usual standing behind their gilt thrones as Wallis approached in the slowly moving line of women brilliant in Court feathers and trains. When her turn came to curtsy, first to my father then to my mother, I was struck by the grace of her carriage and the natural dignity of her movements.

The Simpsons had a small but charming flat in Bryanston Court, in Bryanston Square. Everything in it was in exquisite taste and the food, in my judgment, unrivaled in London. Having been raised in Baltimore, where a fine dinner is measured as one of the highest human accomplishments, Wallis had an expert knowledge of cooking. But beyond all that she had a polarizing attraction for gay, lively and informing company.

"I liked to drop in"

I TRAVELED a good deal during this period. But when I was in London I liked to drop in at Bryanston Court for tea or cocktails, where one met young British and American men of affairs, foreign diplomats and intelligent women. The talk was witty and crackling with the new ideas that were bubbling up furiously in the world of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, the New Deal and Chiang Kai-shek.

Subtle and discriminating, Wallis had an intuitive understanding of the forces and ideas working in society. She was surprisingly well informed about politics and current affairs. I was impressed by her habit of reading the four leading London newspapers every day, from cover to cover. She kept up with the latest books and knew a good deal about the theater. Her conversation was deft and amusing. But most of all I admired her forthrightness. If she disagreed with some point under discussion, she never failed to advance her own views with vigor and spirit. That side of her enchanted me. A man in my position seldom encountered that trait in other people. Never having believed that my offhand judgments were infallible, I always welcomed a chance to argue them through—perhaps because I had had so few opportunities to do so.

And even if nothing else had ever come of our friendship, I should have been eternally grateful to Wallis for one thing: she was genuinely interested in how the Prince of Wales went about his job—if indeed he had a job at all. It all began with something as simple as that.

One evening I invited a few friends, Wallis among them, to dinner at the Dorchester Hotel in London. The conversation turned to my interest in the new social service schemes for the unemployed. It so happened that only that afternoon I had returned to London from Yorkshire, where I had been visiting workingmen's clubs in towns and villages. In the company to which I was accustomed the disclosure of such a chore would usually have brought some such



I think that this photograph was taken at a private dinner party I gave at the Dorchester Hotel in London in 1935.